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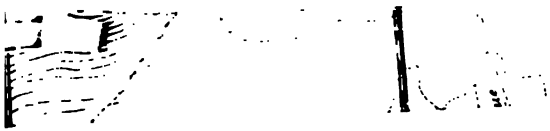

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NARRATIVE

OF A

VISIT TO THE

COURTS OF RUSSIA AND SWEDEN

IN THE YEARS 1830 AND 1831.

BY

CAPTAIN C. COLVILLE FRANKLAND, R.N

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VISIT

TO THE COURTS OF

SWEDEN AND RUSSIA.

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FEB. 9-21.—At mid-day a slight fall of snow. Ice-hills from two till four. (Thermometer —5°.) It was cold and windy, and we had but few *amateures*. It is curious to see the large square blocks of ice which are dug out of the canals, placed upon sledges, and carried glittering along, like so many vast aqua-marinas, to the

different ice-cellars in the town. The operation of cutting out these blocks is simple enough: a party of Mujicks descend upon a particular spot on the ice, which they mark out into a large square; this square they subdivide into a number of smaller parallelograms, and then with iron crows they thump away upon the lines containing one of these parallelograms, until it becomes separated from the mass. The block thus cut out they thrust under the ice, so as to leave room for a small sledge, having its foremost end curved upwards, to be inserted endways into the water, the hindmost end resting upon the edge of the main body of the ice. The detached mass of ice is then pulled from under the surface by means of long poles armed with hooks, turned upon one of its sides, and drawn towards the sledge, the curved end of which receives it; the sledge then becomes a lever, and raises the block out of the water. It is then hauled out, and placed apart, ready for transport. Many of these blocks, ranged by the side of each other upon the

canals and upon the Neva, produce the most beautiful effect, resembling vast crystals slightly tinged with green.

The fact of a palace of ice being erected by Elizabeth, is too well known, to need any comment of mine; but it is not equally well known that the great Catharine, in order to revenge herself upon a fair lady who had presumed to rival her in the affections of one of her lovers, actually forced the unfortunate pair to marry, and to pass their bridal-night upon *a bedstead and mattress of hewn ice*, taking care, likewise, that the wedding should be *consummated* upon so *inappropriate a couch*. In the morning they were both sent into Siberia.

The Carnival having begun, the police has erected in the great square, opposite to the winter palace, two Montagnes Russes for the amusement of the people. These are not near so high as ours of the Galernoy Hof; but I dare say will be better constructed.

I passed the evening at the Boulgakows'.

Feb. 10-22.—Morning fine and mild, with no wind. Thermometer —3°. Ice-hills from two until four. In the evening I drove to the Boleslas Potoçkis' and the Kutusoffs', but finding nobody at home, went to the Modènes' at the Anniskoff Palace, where I passed the evening very agreeably. There was a certain Madame Abrizkoff née Scheremetieff, who has been in England, in France, and Italy. She invited me to come in the month of August to the fair of Nizny Novgorod, near which place she has a château, where she proposes to me to come and pass some time, promising to do the honours of the country to me, and to show me *La vie du Seigneur Russe à la campagne*. I fear that I cannot accept of her offer.

The Duc de Mortemart and his secretary came in the course of the evening, and found already in the society a French nobleman,* a partizan of the exiled Court's, charged with

* Comte D——s.

a secret mission from Charles X. There is some intrigue on foot relative to the re-establishment of the old Bourbons, in the person of the young Dieu Donné.

This was disagreeable enough, though both parties kept their countenance perfectly.

The Supplement of to-day gives an account of the advance of the army under Diebitch into the kingdom of Poland, which crossed the Bug on the 30th ultimo. A rapid thaw having taken place on the 29th, the operations of the army were a good deal embarrassed by the dreadful state of the roads. The Bug was passed at two points, at Brok and at Nur, the troops marching upon the ice, but with the greatest precaution. There was a slight affair on the 31st, between the 6th corps and the Poles, at the passage of the Livic, where the bridges being destroyed, the Russians were obliged to construct others at Liev and Stara Wiesi. At the former of these points, the Poles, supported by some guns, endeavoured to prevent the re-establishment of the bridge,

but were driven off by the Russian artillery and a brigade of light infantry. The Poles lost five killed, the Russians had six wounded. On the 28th, at Siedlic, there was likewise an affair between the Cossacks of Colonel Anrep and two squadrons of Polish Hulans,* in which the Cossacks were the victors.

The Marshal describes the state of the Poles to be one of the greatest confusion and alarm. He found everywhere plenty of provisions and of forage, which they had not time to carry off, so unexpected was the invasion.

The state of the Russian force is most brilliant. The Marshal's head-quarters is at Wengrow, at about forty miles from Warsaw. The Cæsarevitch with the reserve is close to him at Sokolow. The despatch is dated 1st February.

Feb. 11-23.—Morning fine and sunny.—(Thermometer —1°.) I have an incipient sore

* The fact is, that the Hulans very roughly handled a battalion of infantry, killing 150 of them.

throat. At noon slight snow. Ice-hills from two till four, when home to dress for dinner with Bazil Gallitzin. I passed the evening at the Lisianskis'.

Feb. 12-24.—Fine and calm. (Thermometer —5°.) I shook off a feverish sort of feeling by incessant motion upon the Ice-hills, from two till four: I got, however, one fall in conducting young Novasiltzoff, which hurt my right leg and the end of the *os coccygis*. Upon examining my *traineau*, I found the irons bent all on one side, and this was the cause of my upsetting. I was very stiff all the evening, and hardly able to walk. The fore part of my leg is contused and swelled; but the stiffness lies in the upper part of the calf.

I passed the evening at Madame Klein's, where Ludolf, Gritti, Mademoiselle Krauser, Madame Klein, and myself, made much music, until past midnight.

We expect soon to hear of a general affair before the walls of Praga. The Marshal calculated upon giving battle upon the 8-20th.

Feb. 13-25.—Morning bright and sunny. The snow is melting upon the roofs of the houses which look to the southward. I am stiff and lame. (Thermometer —3°.) In the afternoon a good deal of snow fell, which very much spoiled our sport upon the ice-hills, where Miss —— had an upset. I passed the evening at the Kutusoffs' and the Austrian Ambassadress's.

We hear to-day of a revolt having broken out at Mantua, Modena, and Bologna. The Austrians have 80,000 men along the line of the Po. They will soon put down any thing like political movements in Italy. Rumours are afloat of a general action between Diebitch and the Poles; the Russians are said to have lost many men and cannon.

Feb. 14-26.—Morning dark, but mild. (Thermometer —3°.) Ice-hills from two till three, when home to meet Rubini. I dined at Gritti's, and spent the evening at the Modènes' and the Princess Youssoupoff's. Last night, or rather very early this morning, a

courier from Count Diebitch arrived, bringing a despatch from the Marshal. It seems that a succession of very sanguinary affairs took place on the 5th, 6th, and 7th. The Poles fought most desperately, but have fallen back upon Warsaw; the forces were about equal on either side, (50 or 60,000 men.) The Russians have lost about 2000 killed and wounded, and one or two Generals. General Afrossimoff has lost a leg. Colonel Anrep is said to be killed, and an aide-de-camp of the Marshal's, a Prince Gallitzin, likewise.*

Diebitch's head-quarters was established at Grochow, four leagues from Prague. It is said that the people of Warsaw have burned the bridge over the Vistula, so that the corps which had thrown itself into Prague, must fight desperately; but will, in all probability, be annihilated. The Poles are said to have lost a few cannon. The Emperor announced the intelligence of the battles this morning at the parade.

* They both came to life again.

There is now no hope of accommodation with Poland.

At night it snowed considerably.

Feb. 15-27.—The morning dark and gloomy, a great deal of snow has fallen in the course of the night. (Thermometer —4°.) I have a disagreeably sore throat and slight cold in the head. I suppose it is the prevalent influenza, called here "*la gripe*," which almost every body, from the Empress downwards, has had. This morning the baptism of the little Grand-Duchess takes place at the winter palace. Strangers are not invited, except of the corps diplomatique, so that I lose this ceremony.

I passed the afternoon upon the ice-hills, and the evening at home, nursing my cold and sore throat.

I give here a short sketch of the military affairs in Poland, during the movement of the army from Wengrow upon Milosna, and the subsequent battle of Grochow.

The Commander-in-chief having been informed that the Poles had concentrated their

force, and that the vanguard, composed of six regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, and a party of Krakus, (partizan light horse,) and four batteries of artillery, had taken post under the town of Kalusin, gave orders to attack them on the 5th. The troops, under the orders of the Cæsarévitch, advanced rapidly towards the town, attacked the Poles, and defeated them, after an obstinate resistance. His Imperial Highness occupied Kalusin, and pursued the Poles as far as Minsk, upon the great road, and by that of Jakubow. The Russians lost in this affair fifty killed and wounded.

Meanwhile General Rosen, upon the right wing, placing himself at the head of his advanced guard, attacked the Poles, who, being favoured by the nature of the ground, defended themselves with the greatest valour. The fight lasted already three hours, when the Russians advanced to the charge with the bayonet, upon which the Poles fled, and were pursued as far as Dobré. The Russians lost upon this point of attack 400 killed and wounded. Among

the former, Colonel Philimonoff, of the Hulans of Volhynia.

On the 6th the Commander-in-chief ordered another attack. The column on the left, commanded by Count Pahlen, occupied Minsk at eight o'clock in the morning, and pushed its advanced posts as far as Milosna. General Rosen, profiting by the advantages of the evening preceding, pursued the Poles, and halted at a short distance from Okuniew.

During this day the Poles defended themselves with less obstinacy than on the 5th; they lost many men, particularly in the 4th regiment of the line, whose colonel, Bohuslanski, as well as its lieutenant-colonel, Czaïkowski, are badly wounded. The Russians took *one* piece of cannon, and 200 men and officers, among whom Colonel Sawicki, of the 4th regiment of chasseurs.

The Marshal praises highly the conduct of General Rosen, and of the whole 6th corps of infantry, (chiefly Lithuanians.)

After having pursued the Poles, during two

days, from Wengrow to Liev, Stanislawow, and Okuniew, with the corps of General Rosen, and upon the road of Kalusin, Minsk, and Milosna, with the corps of General Pahlen, a general action took place on the 7th, within eight wersts of Praga.

On debouching from the defiles of the village of Grochow, the Poles, whose whole force was concentrated upon the lines before mentioned, fell in with the heads of the columns Rosen and Pahlen. At the commencement of the engagement, about ten in the morning, the head of the column Pahlen had considerably the disadvantage, for, from the nature of the ground, he could not deploy into line-of-battle, or oppose any considerable force to the Poles. During three hours, one brigade of chasseurs of the 1st division of infantry, and the 5th regiment of chasseurs, one brigade 3rd division of Hulans, one brigade 1st division of hussars, with a few artillery, had to sustain the charges of two divisions, (one of infantry and one of cavalry,) supported by forty guns.

Count Pahlen, in short, was obliged to give way, and to fall back upon the road of Milosna, a distance of two wersts. While this was going on, the Marshal, coming upon the ground, ordered up a strong reinforcement of artillery, and desired the Chef d'Etat Major, Count Toll, to reconnoitre *more closely* the position of the enemy. Count Toll reported that the intention of the enemy seemed to be to prevent the junction of the two columns Rosen and Pahlen, against the former of whom they had opposed one division of infantry, a division of Hulans, and a numerous artillery. Count Toll had therefore reinforced Rosen's vanguard with artillery and troops that came up, and supported his right wing with the regiment of Ingria, a battalion of marine; and his centre with four pieces of horse artillery, and four of foot artillery.

The Marshal, upon hearing this report from Count Toll, proceeded in all haste to the head of his second division of infantry, reinforced its right wing, and ordered his escort, consisting

of a half squadron of hussars of Lubno, to fall, with a battalion of sappers which was with him, upon the light troops of the enemy, who were preparing to occupy the principal height upon the edge of the road, and to possess themselves of a battery which was established there.

The battle now changed; the Russians pressed forward; General Toll headed the right wing of the first corps. On the centre and left, Count Pahlen overthrew the Poles in all directions; and the regiment of chasseurs à cheval of the King of Wurtemburgh broke the Polish infantry, killed many men, and took several officers prisoners, among the rest Major Bortkiewicz.

Towards four o'clock in the evening, the General Aide-de-camp Toll found himself in communication with the advanced-guard of General Rosen, commanded by Lieutenant-general Wlodek; it was followed by the 24th and 25th divisions, which had formed the extreme right of the line of operations.

The Field-Marshal not having at the time of his despatch received the reports of all the corps, cannot give the details of this sanguinary action, which began at eight wersts and finished at four wersts from Praga.

The Polish force consisted of 60,000 men, infantry and cavalry, with eighty pieces of cannon. The Russians at the commencement had only a few troops engaged, but from the arrival of reinforcements up to the end of the action, may have had about 60 or 70,000 men in battle.

The Marshal says, " less than half his army, which consists of about 130,000 men, was engaged. The guards, the division of cuirassiers, and the grenadiers of Novgorod, were not in the action. The Field-marshal estimates his loss at 2000 killed and wounded, *(say double the number, vide Brailow and Varna)*; among the latter, Generals Souchozanet, Vlassoff, and Afrossimoff, and Colonel Bodisko and some other officers.

The Poles lost many killed, and five hundred prisoners, among whom many officers. They were commanded by Prince Radziwill; but

Chlopiçki is supposed to have directed all the movements of the army.

It would seem from the above report, that the Russians have not much to boast of, and that they have received a very severe lesson in the outset. That the Poles have fallen back upon Praga, is probably part of their plan of operations; and if they have only lost *one* solitary piece of cannon, they have defended themselves heroically. Their attempt to separate Pahlen from Rosen was well conceived, and had it succeeded, would have led to very different results from those which Diebitch now reports to the Emperor.

We may soon expect to hear of a dreadful slaughter under the walls of Praga and Warsaw. The memory of Suvaroff will stimulate the Russian soldiery, while the recollection of his barbarities will madden the Poles into desperate and reckless resistance.

Feb. 16-28.—Splendid sunshine. Thermometer —4°. Ice-hills from two till four: the great sport of to-day consisted in dashing rapidly

up a little mound raised at the end of one of the ice-roads. This feat could not be performed without a career of considerable velocity; for if the momentum were not sufficiently great, the sledge would only go half-way up the mound and then run back again, oversetting its director upon his back. Those who were successful, were received on the further side of the mound by a heap of snow, upon which they fell softly enough.

I passed the evening very agreeably at Lord Heytesbury's, where I remained until midnight, without being aware of how fast the time fled. I ought to have gone to two *soirées dançantes.*

Feb. 17. (March 1.)—Bright sunshine. Thermometer —8°. Ice-hills from two till half-past three, when home to meet Rubini. The evening I passed at Pachkoff's, rehearsing quintettos and sestettos in Elisa and Claudio, and Italiana in Algieri.—The Master did not come, and Catharine Lisianski accompanied us as Maîtresse de Chapelle.

This day a commercial express arrived, stating

that the corps-d'armée which had thrown itself into Praga, had managed to re-establish the bridge across the Vistula, and had evacuated Praga, retiring into the city. Diebitch had occupied Praga, but the tête du pont was in the possession of the Poles.

Feb. 18. (March 2.) — Bright sunshine. Thermometer —5°. Ice-hills until four. I have been obliged to-day to discharge my traineau, because the dealer has lately by degrees changed horse, sledge, and coachman. This is a Russian trick, and one to be guarded against solely by a written contract. They begin by serving you well with a good turn-out *(as a decoy)*; after the first month is over, they begin to train off, and to send you, one by one, worse horse, carriage, and driver, until the whole equipage is quite different from that with which you began.

A courier from Diebitch arrived this morning. The Field Marshal was on the 12-24th before Praga, waiting for the arrival of the grenadiers of Novgorod (which corps is 40,000

strong) to attack the place. This intelligence contradicts that brought by the commercial express yesterday evening. The Poles had concentrated their whole force at Praga. The slaughter will be dreadful, for very little quarter is given on either side. Diebitch describes the animosity between the two armies as being quite terrible; he cannot stop the slaughter.

I passed the evening at the Lisianskis', quietly enough, for Rubini did not attend.

Feb. 19. (March 3.)—Dark, and threatening to snow. At noon a slight fall of snow. Thermometer —4°. Ice-hills from two till four. At seven I went to Pachkoff's to rehearse. Zomboni and Rubini attended as Maîtres de Chapelle. At half-past nine I went with Count Ludolf to Madame Klein's, where we sang the whole night long: in short, we were perfect *fanatics.*

We hear to-day that Geismar's corps has been entirely destroyed by the Poles. He has lost eleven pieces of cannon. These guns with their tumbrils must be a very seasonable prize

to the Poles, who have not either too many guns or too much ammunition. The corps of grenadiers has joined Diebitch before Praga. The Marshal has now a force of 100,000 men with him.

Geismar had pushed on too far, as if he had been making war against the Turks in Bulgaria; Poles are different game. His force consisted of cavalry.

The revolution of Bologna has spread all over the Marches of Ancona; it is said in letters from Tuscany, that there are in the March and in the Bolognese 60,000 National Guards already enrolled! They will not fight, "for a hundred!"

We may expect about Sunday next to hear of a general battle before Praga. Warsaw is abandoned by the peaceable inhabitants.

We hear of another *émeute* in Paris, but that it was quelled by the National Guard.

Feb. 20. (March 4.)—Fine and mild. Thermometer —4°. No wind stirring. Ice-hills from two till four. At seven I went with

Pachkoff to the Lisianskis' to rehearse a trio in the "Esule di Roma." From hence to the Ambassadress of Austria's soirée. A courier arrived this afternoon, bringing the intelligence of the capture of Praga, on the 18th, after an action which lasted from eight in the morning until six in the evening, when it would seem, the Poles, having repaired the bridge across the Vistula, had crossed over to the other side, in the face of Diebitch's 100,000 men. No particulars are yet known.

Feb. 21. (March 5.)—Fine and sunny. Thermometer —2°. I went at two o'clock to rehearse at Pachkoff's; and on my way thither I met their Imperial Majesties on foot, arm-and-arm, on the English quay. They are the most domestic couple in the world. I dined at the Embassy, and spent the evening at the Kossakowskis' and the Youssoupoffs'.

It would seem that the Marshal Diebitch has sustained a severe loss in his action of the 18th. He acknowledges 1000 killed and 3000 wounded (say double of each). The Poles

fought most gallantly; but their second line, composed of peasants armed with scythes and forks, could not resist the artillery and cavalry of the Russian commander. They kept, however, possession of the tête du pont, and the bulk of their army has got across the Vistula into Warsaw. The Provisional Government is said to have escaped to Kalish. The burghers do not like to receive the army and to sustain a siege. They talk of capitulating. I hope they may do so, and thus put an end to the slaughter.

Feb. 22. (March 6.)—Fine and sunny. (At nine o'clock thermometer —11°; at noon, —6°.) I went at midday to Pachkoff's to rehearse; and at half-past two I walked to the ice-hills. The weather was most superb, calm and clear. After dinner I remained at home.

Feb. 23. (March 7.)—Dark with slight fall of snow. Ice-hills from two till four. (Thermometer —4°.) The evening I passed at Pachkoff's amateur concert.

PART 1.

Mademoiselle Cath. Lisianski M. Pachkoff M. Tolstoi	Trio del Esule di Roma, di Paccini.
C. C. F.	Aria, "Ebben si adduni:" Bellini.
Mademoiselle Lisianski Mademoiselle C. Lisianski	"In van infida sorte:" Celli.
M. de Viliourski M. Reinhardt	Morceau concertante, violoncello et pianoforte.
Comtesse Choiseul Catharine Lisianski Marie Lisianski Comte Ludolf Comte Gritti M. Pachkoff C. C. F.	1mo Finale, Italiana in Algieri.

PART 2.

Mademoiselle C. Lisianski	Aria, Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii.
C. C. F.	Aria, "Nel furor delle Tempeste:" Bellini.
Comte Ludolf Comte Gritti M. Pachkoff M. de Choiseul Mademoiselle di Lisianski Mademoiselle C. Lisianski C. C. F.	1mo Finale, Elisa e Claudio.

Maîtres de Chapelle, Rubini e Zomboni.

The company was very brilliant, and the whole went off very well indeed. We supped at Pachkoff's, and returned home at half past two.

Feb. 24. (March 8.)—Beautifully clear and sunny. Thaw in the sun. (Thermometer + 4.) I went to see the amusements of the people upon the great place before the Admiralty. These consisted in *turn-abouts*, perpendicular wheels with chairs attached to them, montagnes Russes, Merry Andrews, tumblers, tight-rope dancers, wild beasts, &c. in short, a sort of fair; but the people of this country are not a gay people, they all looked as serious as if they had been going to a funeral instead of a carnival.

There were many pretty equipages driving about the lines. I met the Emperor on foot, accompanied by Count Tolstoï, Aide-de-Camp General.

In the Newsky Perspective, one of the thermometers, whose tube and bulb were exposed entirely to the sunbeams, showed + 11°. Reau-

mur, while another, not twenty feet farther off on the same side of the street, but shaded by a tall house opposite, marked + 4°. The weather was heavenly, and the *beau monde* everywhere in motion. I dined at Kossakowski's, and met there General Krassinski, the Pole, *ci-devant* Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon. The party consisted, besides our hosts, of la Comtesse Choiseul, General Krassinski, General St. Aldegonde, the Minister of Holland, a Prince Gallitzin, and C. C. F. After dinner the Pole and the Hollander related many curious and *well-authenticated* ghost-stories, some of which they had *themselves witnessed!* I should not have suspected a Dutchman of so much imagination; but he has been much in Sweden, where the people are superstitious, and where lay the scene of his relations.

One of his stories referred to the mysterious box left by Gustavus III. with the University of Upsal, with directions that it should not be opened until fifty years after his death; that period expires next year. The box is supposed

to contain a series of prophetic writings, relative to the history of Sweden, from his time prospectively. That his own death was foretold to him by an apparition in the shape of an old woman, is generally known; it remains to be shown how far the rest of the prophecy has been verified.

The house of the Swedish Mission here is said to be haunted; and his Excellency of Holland declared, that, no later than yesterday, he with his own eyes saw the apparition, in the shape of a human figure holding a lighted taper, walk all round the court of this hotel, and look in at every window. This occurred at six o'clock in the evening. There must be either some strange optical phenomenon connected with this circumstance, or else there must be some charlatanism, in the shape of magic-lanthorns, or phantasmagoria, exercised by some wag upon the credulity of visitors.

I passed the evening at the Comtesse Modène's very agreeably. At night a brilliant aurora borealis. (Thermometer —14°.)

Feb. 25. (March 9.) — Fine and sunny. (Thermometer —10°.) I forgot to mention, that yesterday a courier from Diebitch announced the resignation by Prince Radziwill of the functions of commander-in-chief, the nomination of a colonel to the command of the army, and the consequent retirement of five generals. A flag of truce had been sent by the Poles to Diebitch. The National Guard of Warsaw has declared that it will not defend the city. The affair seems now likely to be at an end.

The Marshal had not yet (19th Feb.—3rd March) taken possession of the tête du pont, because, he says, *he can always have it when he wishes so to do;* but that now it would *cost some loss of life, inasmuch as it is commanded by the cannon of Warsaw.* He had *not yet thrown a bridge over the Vistula, because the state of the river did not permit of that operation; he expects, however, shortly to do so, and to enter the city.*

Chlopicki has been badly wounded in the leg, and one of the generals, Jomircki, has died of a severe wound in the arm. The war as

yet has not assumed a national appearance, but has been confined to the armed force, and the *têtes exaltées* among the noblesse.

Ice-hills from two till four. The pretty Mademoiselle Tolstoï came for the first time, and descended with great fear and agitation. I passed the evening at the Lisianskis', and the night at Madame Divoff's ball. The beauties were La Princesse Trubetzkoi, Mademoiselle Rosetti, and Mademoiselle Novasiltzoff. I went home at half past three.

Feb. 26. (March 10.)—Fine and sunny, with bright blue sky. (Thermometer —10°.) The atmosphere extremely rarified and cold. I walked at two to the Annishkoff Palace to felicitate the Countess Modène, it being her fête. Here I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time the General Kutusoff.

A courier arrived just now, bringing intelligence of an offer, on the part of the Polish army, to treat with Diebitch. The Marshal had not yet been able to throw a bridge across the Vistula.

The Supplement of to-day's Gazette publishes a despatch from Diebitch, containing pretty much, word for word, the intelligence I have given on the 24th. He acknowledges his loss on the 13th to be 8000 killed and wounded!!! instead of 4000 as he first reported. The fact is, that the Russians have lost, since they crossed the Boug, 18,000 men, and the Poles rather more, say 20,000. The conduct of these latter, on the 13th, was heroic, particularly that of the rear-guard, which protected the retreat into Praga. What pity such fine fellows had not been fighting in a cause that has more chance of success!

In the afternoon I walked about the boulevard to witness the amusements of the people. After dinner I called upon the Boulgakows, who were not at home, and I passed the evening at the Modènes' very agreeably. Here were all the ambassadors and corps diplomatique. Count Ludolf was so good as to bring me home in his carriage.

Feb. 27. (March 11.) Fine and sunny, with

clear blue sky. (Thermometer —14°.) I went to the ice-hills at two, but found it too cold and windy to remain long there. From hence I walked, by the bank of the Neva, to the great place before the Admiralty to see the people amuse themselves.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the Neva, even under its garb of snow and ice; carriages, sledges, men, women, children, horses, dogs, &c. cross it in all directions; indeed the distances between the city and the Vassilly Ostroff are most materially shortened by the roads across the ice, which are carefully marked out by the police. Every here and there are spaces railed in, dedicated to the hewers (not of wood, but) of ice, for confectionery, and drawers of water, and washer-women. These blocks placed perpendicularly side by side, glitter in the sun, and look like masses of cippolino marble, or pale green crystal, according to the angle made by the sun's beams upon them, or in other words, according as they are transparent or opaque.

I passed the evening at home, nursing a disagreeable sore throat, which has plagued me ever since the last concert at Pachkoff's.

Feb. 28. (March 12.)—Fine and sunny, with a brightly blue sky. I never saw such fine weather in my life. It is however dreadfully cold. The wind is strong, and due north. (Thermometer —14°.) I walked about the quays and the Place de l'Amirauté, but found the cold too severe to be tolerable. My sore throat is very troublesome, and will continue to be so as long as this weather lasts.

I passed the evening at home with books and meditations, gargles and solitude. The Gazette of to-day announces no deaths at Moscow (from cholera), no new cases, no cures. Sick remaining 11, whereof 10 likely to recover.

CHAPTER II.

Carnival Sports.—Nature of the Population of Petersburgh.—Massacre of Pulawy.—Russian exports, &c. in the years 1829 and 30.—Beauty of the Neva.—Movement of the Poles towards Zamosk.—Dwerniçki's march and battle with Kreutz.—Concert at Pachkoff's.—Tailors dance Mazurka at Petersburgh.—Decline of nationality in Petersburgh.—Te Deum sung for the cessation of Cholera at Moscow.

MARCH 1-13. — Weather delightfully fine and sunny, but extremely cold. (Thermometer —14°.) I walked about all the afternoon, witnessing all the Carnival sports of the people. The same eternal jack-pudding, tumbling, equitation, giants, dwarfs, wild beasts, legerdemain, feats of strength and of balan-

cing prevailed, which one sees upon similar occasions all the world over.

The Emperor in his little sledge, wrapped up in his military cloak, fell into the line of carriages and traineaux. The police soon found him out, and two gens-d'armes followed him at a little distance through the lines. It is delightful to see the Sovereign so constantly mingled with his people.

I waited until four o'clock, in the hope of seeing *les demoiselles de la Communauté noble* paraded in the equipages of the court. However, they came not, and it was too cold to allow of my waiting any longer for them. Yesterday those of St. Catharine made their appearance.

It is only during the last three days that I have been made at all sensible of the extent and nature of the population of this vast city. The human stream throngs the streets in all directions, urging its way towards the scene of amusement with an anxiety quite ridiculous. I regret, however, to add, that the immense

preponderance of shaggy, sheep-skinned, uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, and uncivilised Mujicks over the well-clad and clean European-looking part of the community, produced upon my feelings a sort of disgust and repulsion of which I am ashamed. I felt as if I were standing in the midst of Rome during an invasion of the Huns.

Alas! how little is Russia yet civilized, and how much yet remains to be done to realize the philanthropic intentions of her great and enlightened Sovereigns! Time, time, the great physician, will cure those evils, which nothing else can.

But of this I hope soon to know more, when I can penetrate a little into the interior.

I learn to-day that 20,000 Poles have marched for Volhynia and Podolia, with the romantic but vain hope of cutting their way into Turkey: a project which, if realized, will not much mend their condition. There is now no Turkish Bender to receive these imitators of Charles XII.

I passed the evening agreeably at the Bazaines', where I met the Duc de Mortemart. We hear that in a certain Polish village the peasants rose upon and massacred one hundred Russian soldiers. This is a bad symptom. The Emperor has ordered the village to be razed to the ground.

March 2-14.—Weather bright and sunny. Thermometer —10°. I walked in the Newski Perspective at two, and found the sunny side of the street comparatively warm; the wind is changed to the westward, and is moderate, so that the temperature of to-day is very agreeable.

My two friends, the neighbourly thermometers, are at an immense difference to-day, the one indicating +9°, and the other +1°. The tube and bowl of one of these glasses has been exposed to the sun all the morning, while the other has just begun to receive a slanting ray upon its bowl and lower part of the tube; add to which, the bowl of the former is of gilt metal, and that of the latter is of wood. To-day all is quiet and contemplation, the Russian

Lent having succeeded to the Carnival. This Lent will last seven long weeks, during which time there will be no dancing. Concerts will be the fashionable amusement. Yesterday, Count Stanislas Potoçki gave a grand *dejeuné à la fourchette*, ball, and dinner-party, to which, however, he did not invite me. It is my own fault, for I have not called upon him since his last party.

The massacre of Russian soldiery, mentioned yesterday, occurred at a place called Pulawy, in a country-house belonging to Czartorinski. The unsuspecting Russians all went to sleep without planting any sentinels, and were murdered by the domestics; who, in the houses of the great Polish nobles, are frequently from one hundred to one hundred and fifty in number. A young woman of seventeen years of age seems to have stimulated the people to this horrid act. This is enacting Jael and Sisera with a vengeance.

I passed the evening at the Princess B. Gallitzin's and at Madame de Boulgakow's.

March 3-15. — Shrove-Tuesday. Weather bleak, and snow-showery. The wind comes in gusts from south-east. Thermometer —6°. No sun. The Gazette of to-day announces the total cessation of the cholera in the provinces of the Caucasus, and in the government of Koursk.

At Moscow, on the morning of the 22nd, there were six sick, and during the day one fresh case; on the 23rd, no cures and no deaths; on the 24th there remained seven sick.

From the commencement of the malady there have been 6570 sick, 3713 deaths, and 2850 cures. I walked with Gritti and the young Count Litta in the Newsky Perspective* until dinner-time. I passed the evening at the Bazaines', where I met the Duc de Mortemart and his suite. At half-past ten we all went to the masked-ball at Engelhardt's superb as-

* The Newsky Perspective, or, as it is usually called, Newski Prospekt, is nearly four miles in length from the Admiralty to the Convent of St. Alexander Newski, and is, as Dr. Granville states, thirty feet wider than Oxford-street! There is nothing in Europe to compare to this splendid promenade.

sembly-rooms, where I remained until half-past three. Nothing can be duller than a Russian public masquerade; half of the masks are police-spies, so that no one dares say a word.

March 4-16.—Rapid thaw. Thermometer +6°. Promenade on the Newski with Gritti and Litta, and others; many belles were abroad, among the rest the Demoiselles Ballabine, Dubenski, and Baranoff.

Most extraordinary reports are in circulation respecting the Poles and Diebitch. I do not attach credit to them, as they appear too improbable, and have most likely been put into circulation by the Poles themselves. However, the silence of the Marshal gives some ground for suspicion that all is not quite right.

A courier from Praga is this evening arrived, but I do not hear of any thing interesting that he has brought.

March 5-17.—Fine and sunny, with thaw. Thermometer +5°. The Gazette of to-day publishes the following particulars respecting Russian commerce.

In 1829 the number of arrivals in all the Russian ports was 4748; in 1830, 6128. The exports for those years amounted to

	In 1829.		In 1830.	
Wax	57,890	pouds	52,264	pouds
Iron	1,256,496		1,014,842	
Hides	235,227		304,404	
Flax	2,399,346		2,309,302	
Wood	7,863,041	roubles	8,265,553	roubles
Linseed and Cheneois oil	509,710	pouds	643,662	pouds
Hemp	1,785,510		2,196,727	
Potass	541,746		722,108	
Soap	4,446,948		4,088,932	
Cattle	6,890	head	8,914	head
Tobacco	16,198	pouds	49,342	pouds
Grain	2,594,931	tchetverts	3,628,210	tchetverts

Remark that this comparative increase of exportation has taken place, *in spite of the cholera and the prohibitive system.*

Russia possesses immense resources, and will some day bring them into play.

At one I sallied forth to enjoy the sunshine, and pay a visit to the Duc de Mortemart upon the Russian Quay, above the Hermitage. The weather was divine, the feeling quite vernal.

I never pass by the Neva, whether with its undulating surface of bright clear blue, or whether covered by its thick mantle of ice and snow, without stopping to admire its beauties. The churches and palaces, which deck its banks, glitter with their golden domes and spires, their roofs of red and green, in the sunbeams. I know of nothing more elegant than the taper and gilt spire of the church of St. Peter and St. Paul, rearing its light and slender form into the sky above the fortress of the Neva. The portico of the Exchange (although heavy and crushed by the enormous pedimented roof of the building,) with its two rostral columns and granite wharfs, is an imposing object.

The thaw is proceeding with immense rapidity, and the streets are in an excessively disagreeable state, from slop and melting snow. Nevertheless, such is the luxurious cleanliness of the swept and sanded *trottoirs* in all the principal quarters of Petersburgh all the year round, that the pedestrian may always count upon a pleasant, and comparatively dry and

clean promenade, provided he confine himself to the foot-pavement. The crossings are, however, very bad, and unpaved; which I wonder much at, seeing the extraordinary care bestowed by the police upon the *trottoirs.*

I walked to the ice-hills, which I found nearly deserted, and melting rapidly away, despite an awning which is spread over that one which faces the south. The Duc de Mortemart was there, and had fallen six times, the last of which was in water, and not upon ice, so that he was wet up to the shoulders.

From the ice-hills I walked to the Newski Perspective, and escorted various fair ladies.

The evening I passed at the British Embassy and at Madame Klein's *soirée musicale.*

Deibitch has not yet crossed the Vistula. The Poles continue to parley, and have made several curious proposals.—1st, to *re-elect* the Emperor, who does not consider himself *unelected.*—2ndly, to annull the illegal and violent proceedings of the Diet.—3rdly, to surrender and return to their allegiance, provided their

Constitution, (that with which they have quarrelled, and which was given them by Alexander,) be guaranteed to them. Diebitch has answered all these proposals categorically, and refers them to the Emperor's last Manifesto and Proclamation, in which they are told to surrender their arms, and trust to his magnanimity.

Meanwhile the corps of Poles, which has left Warsaw for the South, is endeavouring by forced marches to reach Zamosk, where they hope to find arms, food, and ammunition; they are said to be 15, or 20,000 strong; General Kreutz retires before them; but General Witt, with a corps of cavalry and grenadiers, 10,000 strong, follows them, and it is thought, will overtake, and bring them to action, so that they will find themselves between two fires.

The plan is well conceived on the part of the Poles, and if it succeed will give a new turn to the war.

The massacre at Pulawy is now said to have been perpetrated by an advanced guard of this

corps, and not by the domestics of Prince Czartorinski. It is, however, pretty clear that the actors in this bloody tragedy were headed by an amazon named Alexandra, a protegée of the Princess Czartorinski's, and who most likely wished to perform the part of a heroine, to emulate the deeds of the Lady of Sarragossa.

March 6-18.—Weather delightfully soft and sunny. (Thermometer +1°.) I think seriously of setting out for Moscow at the end of the month.

I walked in the Newski Perspective from two till four o'clock, enjoying the sun and vernal sensations. My two friends, the thermometers, indicate the one +15°, and the other +8°, in the sun.

I dined at the British Embassy, and studied the Reform question in the papers just arrived. It is astonishing how ill the said papers are informed upon the Polish affair, and how dreadfully they pervert the truth and merits of the case. The evening I passed at the Comtesse Laval's and the Comtesse Modène's.

This evening it froze again, as it did during the night.

March 7-19.—Fine and sunny, with rapid thaw. (Thermometer +4°.) Promenade in the Newski Perspective, where I met their Imperial Majesties, arm in arm, with the little Grand Dukes and Duchesses.

I passed the evening at the Comtesse Choiseul's, where we sang, with Mademoiselle Connor, with Gritti, and Tolstoï, until midnight.

A courier arrived this afternoon from Diebitch. We hear very indistinct accounts of some affairs between Kreutz's corps and the Polish division, which has directed its march upon Volhynia. Lublin has been taken and re-taken.

The Marshal has not yet crossed the Vistula, while the Poles continue to parley and to gain time. It is very difficult to learn the truth; but it is evident that the Russian eagles have been checked in their stoop.

It is thought that the object of the Polish expedition towards Volhynia is to revolutionize

that province. They have but very little chance of reaching that country, and still less of insurrectionizing it, supposing them to reach it. Should they succeed in getting possession of Zamosk, they may still prolong the struggle, hopeless as it is.

March 8-20.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +6°.) I promenaded in the Newski Perspective from two till four, and met a great many of the beau monde.

Various contradictory reports are in circulation respecting the Poles and Diebitch.

March 9-21.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer —2°.) Promenade in the Newski Perspective, and on the English Quay. It freezes on the Neva and in the shade, but in the sun it thaws fast. I met their Imperial Majesties, arm in arm.

The Supplement to the Gazette which appeared to-day, gives a confused account of the operations of the Polish corps commanded by General Dwerniçki, which has marched from Warsaw upon Lublin,—which town it had en-

tered, but was driven out of, after a sanguinary combat, by the corps of General Kreutz. It had, however, managed to push its cavalry forward upon Zamosk, and its main body had retired upon the Vistula, at Rackow, close upon the confines of Gallicia.

The Supplement alludes to the massacre at Pulawy, which it represents as having been perpetrated by the people.

There had been a smart affair in the Palatinate of Ploçk, in which the Poles have been defeated, and an ecclesiastic slain with arms in his hands. This looks like Spain, and like a national resistance.

The Russians have not yet crossed the Vistula, although Dwerniçki did with 15,000 men, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, followed by a second corps of 6000 infantry at Pulawy.

Russia made herself the laughing-stock of military Europe by her Bulgarian campaign of 1828. Does she intend repeating the drama in Poland?

Certainly thus far she has not much to boast

of. We shall see how it will be when her armies have crossed the Vistula.

I passed the evening at Pachkoff's concert. There was a very well executed septuor of Beethoven's, which lasted two mortal hours, and prevented the vocalists from doing much.

Mademoiselle Ballabine performed wonders in a duo for the piano forte upon a theme of Carl Von Weber's.

Act 1.

Preghiera del Mosé	Tutti tutti.
Duo, concertante pour deux pianos	Mademoiselle Ballabine. M. Reinhardt.
Duo di Maometto	Mademoiselle C. Lisianski. M. Pachkoff.
1st part of Beethoven's septuor	Messrs. Luwoff, Wilkourski, and artists.

Act 2.

2nd part of Beethoven's septuor	Detti detti.
Duo di Persiani	Les Demoiselles Lisianski.
Duo Buffo "la Polpetta"	Comtes Ludolf et Gritti.

March 10-22.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer —1°.) Promenade on the Newski, where Thermometer indicated + 15° in the sun. I

dined at Gritti's, and spent the evening at the Connors', where Mademoiselle Valerie, Gritti, Bazil Gallitzin, and I, sang until midnight.

There was a charming little Polish woman there, a Madame Adam from Wilna.* The Princess Jean Soltykoff and her sister Madame Ferzen were of the party. The Princess has invited me to dine with her on Friday.

March 11-23.—Fine and sunny, but with cold wind from north-east. (Thermometer —2°.) Promenade with Prince Sapeiha and Cleptowitch. *Soirée manquee chez les Lisianski.* There are reports from Poland of the recapture of Praga by the revolted; this is not very probable.

March 12-24. — Fine, sunny and warm. (Thermometer + 2°.) Thaw and slop. Promenade upon the English Quay and Newski Perspective with Gritti and Litta. Dinner at the British Embassy, and *soirée musicale* at Madame Klein's.

To-day the most extraordinary reports are in circulation respecting a new revolution in Paris,

* Her husband is a famous *homoapatique physician.*

and the abdication of Louis Philip. These reports are, no doubt, unfounded, but they are signs of the times. The speculators in Polish stock likewise propagate upon Change the most absurd stories. I hear most of these things, but, as will be seen, do not credit them.

March 13-25.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 4°.) Thaw and slop. I drove to the ice-hills, which are in a dreadful state of thaw. I descended, however, seven or eight times. The poor Ambassadress was near meeting with a dangerous accident upon the said mountains yesterday, owing to the awkwardness of a gentleman who was coolly walking along upon the ice-roads with his traineau on his shoulder, while she was coming rapidly past him conducted by young Morgenstern. The gentleman was tripped up, and fell with his elbow upon the Ambassadress's forehead, and the iron of his sledge upon Morgenstern's leg. Her ladyship received a violent blow and contusion, and poor Morgenstern's leg was much cut. However, not at all daunted, the Ambassa-

dress made her appearance again to-day, as if nothing had happened.

I dined at Prince Soltykoff's very agreeably. After dinner Mademoiselle Connor, Gritti, Bazil Gallitzin and —— sang, accompanied by Zomboni. At ten o'clock I went to the Ambassadress of Austria's brilliant soirée, which lasted until two A. M. of

March 14-26.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 8°.) I promenaded in the Newski and upon the English quay with the Ballabines. This rapid thaw has given me a disagreeable cold and sore throat; the latter very foul and ulcerated.

I passed the evening at home in consequence, but could get no repose for those d—d tailors, who gave another ball and supper over my head, which lasted until seven o'clock in the morning. They were, I suppose, all very drunk, for they cheered and hip-hip-hurra'd in concert with the great bell of the Casan church, which (like all other churches in Russia) takes care to prevent the faithful as well as the faith-

less from sleeping after six o'clock, by tolling for a mortal hour every morning. Tailors in England don't waltz or dance quadrilles and mazurkas as they do in Russia.

March 15-27.—Fine and sunny. Thaw and slop. My throat is very much inflamed and ulcerated. (Thermometer —2°.) The fine weather invites all the population to walk upon the quays of the Moïka and Neva; one cannot help observing how fast the national features of the Russians of certain classes are wearing away. Most of the shopkeepers and petty merchants begin to cut off their beards. Their graceful caftan degenerates into a shabby, mean, slovenly great coat of blue cloth, reaching to the heels, and their lofty calpac dwindles into a greasy, graceless sort of travelling cap of black felt, of seal-skin, or blue cloth. The coachmen and Ishvochicks, together with the barbarian Mujick, alone preserve the external symbols of their nation.

Peter the Great thought that by cutting off the coat-skirts and beards of his nobles, he should induce the rest of his nation to do so

likewise, and that by breaking down the barriers of exclusive costume, he should rapidly assimilate the manners and tastes of his nation to those of more civilized countries.

He has succeeded to a certain extent among particular classes, but the mass of the Russian nation is still the same as it was before the sun of Peter appeared above the horizon of the north. The peasant is as ignorant and barbarous as the bears of his forest. But I hope in the course of another month to know more upon this subject, by proceeding into the interior.

I walked upon the quays, and in the Newski Perspective until four o'clock, when home to repose and dine. At ten o'clock I went to the Countess Pouschkin's, where all the beau monde was assembled. I was ill, feverish, and uncomfortable, and did not much enjoy the party. The Kutusoffs have invited me to their *campagne* near Tver, on my return from Moscow.

March 16-28.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 6°.) I walked on the quays and in the Newski with Volkonski and others until four

o'clock. The evening I passed at Madame Kutusoff's and the Comtesse Modène's. We hear of another change of ministry in France.

March 17-29.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 6°.) My throat is better. The weather is heavenly, but the state of the streets dreadful, from the alternate thaw of day and frost of night.

The evening I passed at the British Embassy, and at the pretty little Princess Youssoupoff's. The Ambassadress has a black eye, from her accident on the ice-hills.

March 18-30.—Ditto ditto weather. (Thermometer + 8°.) All the morning employed in learning the part of Idreno to sing for Pachkoff's next concert, when we propose perform- the whole of Semiramide, with quatuor and chorus.

It is so warm that I walked to-day without a great-coat.

The evening I passed at the Lisianskis'.

March 19-31.—Ditto weather. (Thermometer + 4°.) The afternoon cloudy, and threaten-

ing to snow. The glasses all fell many degrees in the course of an hour or two. A little snow fell while I was in the promenade.

I passed the evening at the Lisianskis' rehearsing Semiramide with the chorus belonging to the establishment *des Ecuries de la Cour*. Who would have thought that such was the prevalence of musical taste in Petersburgh, that even the horses of the court have their band and chorus? but so it is.* After the rehearsal, which went off wonderfully well, Gritti and I drove to the Boulgakows', where I had not been for a long while.

March 20. (April 1.) — Weather fine, but variable, mild and vernal in feeling. (Thermometer + 4°.) To-day a *Te Deum* has been sung in all the churches in thanksgiving for the deliverance of Moscow from the Cholera Morbus, which according to *official reports* has entirely ceased.

In the afternoon the weather became cold

* There is a church attached to the *Ecuries de la Cour*, and these chorus-singers are the *chantres* belonging to it.

and windy, with frost. I was occupied from twelve till four at Pachkoff's, rehearsing the opera Semiramide, with chorus and quatuor. The Princess Serge Gallitzin and Madame Alexeieff sang divinely.

The evening I passed very agreeably at the Princess Jean Soltykoff's, *en petit comité*. We told ghost-stories, to the great terror of the pretty Comtesse Ferzen.

March 21. (April 2.) — Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 4°.) The Gazette of to-day announces that the Emperor has ordered the taking off of the quarantine between the governments of Smolensko and Moscow. "On the 12th March, there were at Moscow no new cases, no cures, no deaths; and on the 13th, the only remaining sick person recovered; so that, on the 14th, there was not one person sick of the cholera in all Moscow. On the whole, since the commencement of the malady in that capital, there have been, in private houses, in temporary hospitals, and in the establishments of the crown and of individuals, 8576 sick, 3886

cures, and 4690 deaths."—*Gazette de Petersbourg, 21st March (2nd April).*

I paid a morning visit to Lord Heytesbury, after which I *flané*'d about the promenade with Sullivan and Sapeiha. At half past eight I drove to Pachkoff's concert, which began about an hour after. The company was unusually brilliant.

ACT 1.

The accompaniment consisted of a quatuor and grand piano. Maitres de Chapelle—Rubini and Zomboni.

Overture of Semiramide, with Choruses in Costume.

Trio " La del Gange."	Comte Gritti. M. Pachkoff. C. C. F.
" Di tanti Regi e Popoli."	Catherine Lisianski, e detti.

ACT 2.

" Bell' imago degli Dei."	Princess Serge Gallitzin. M. Pachkoff.
Scena e Cavatina Arsace.	Mlle. Marie Lisianski.
Coro dei Sacerdoti, " L' ombra di Nino." Quintetto e Finale.	Chorus tutti quanti. Gregoire Volkonski. Les Demoiselles Lisianski. Pachkoff. Gritti. Tolstoï.

Aria d' Arsace.	Madame Alexeieff.
Aria di Semiramide.	Catharine Lisianski.
Duo " Se la Vita."	Gritti. / Catharine Lisianski.
Duo " Ebben a te ferisci."	Les Demoiselles Lisianski.
Aria d' Assurro con Coro.	Pachkoff and Chorus.
Trio " l' usato Ardir."	Gregoire Volkonski. / Les Demoiselles Lisianski.

Nothing could be better performed than the whole opera. It would be difficult to find another society capable of undertaking and executing such a task in such a manner. I never passed so agreeable a musical soirée in my life; and as I had purposely renounced both the *airs of Idreno*, I had the pleasure of listening to almost all the second act, by which means I was enabled to judge of the effect produced by the whole performance. The Princesse Serge Gallitzin sang divinely; the Lisianskis surpassed their usual excellence; Madame Alexeieff, although much terrified, sang with much passion and effect. The men, I thought, performed indifferently, more particularly C. C. F. who had the disagreeable part of beginning, which is always disadvantageous.

Count Nesselrode, Count Litta, Prince Serge Gallitzin, Count Langeron, all of whom are connoisseurs, were in raptures during the whole evening. I was in an ecstasy, and must have made myself very ridiculous, by the display of unconquerable enthusiasm. The pretty Countess Potoçki, and her sister, the Princess Dolgorouki, told me that my countenance betrayed my feelings to such a degree, as to make them partake of them: "Nous avons partagé votre enthousiasme," said they to me.

Pachkoff has reason to be proud of his soirée. Rubini performed wonders: he was almost exhausted by fatigue, and the vivacity of his feelings. "I cannot believe," said he to me, "that we really have performed the 'Semiramide;' it is so gigantic an undertaking, that I think I dream."

A select party supped with our hosts, and we returned home at three o'clock.

March 22. (April 3.)—Fine, sunny, and temperate. (Thermometer +4°.) Promenading all the morning upon the quays, &c. The even-

ing I passed at the Bazaines', where Mademoiselle Melanie was enchantingly pretty.

The streets of Petersburgh are in a dreadful state, from the alternate thaw and frost, and are full of deep holes and ruts. My bones were nearly all dislocated by the jolting of the drosky, which has now taken place of the sledge, the snow having almost all disappeared. There cannot be so intolerable a vehicle as the said drosky.

CHAPTER III.

Visit to the Manufactories of the Crown.—Remarks thereon.—Post-office curiosity.—Report of Finance Minister upon Mines and Salt-works, and Coinage.—Revolt in Samogithia.—Activity of the Poles, and supineness of Diebitsh.—Charade en Action at the Duc de Mortemart's.—News from Wilna.—Soirée at the Potocki Palace.—Dreadful state of the streets from thaw.—Indolence of Russian Mujicks.

MARCH 23. (April 4.)—At seven o'clock I arose, and breakfasted at Gritti's, where I met Gregoire Volkonski, and his friends Messrs. B——u and B——e, who had arranged to accompany us to visit the plate-glass, china, and cotton manufactories, as well as the iron-founderies belonging to the Crown. The morning

was fine and frosty, and the roads hard and in good order. We had two calêches, with four horses abreast to each. We first visited the Plate-glass manufactory, inasmuch as we knew that at nine o'clock some large mirrors would be cast.

The process is extremely simple: the red-hot liquid (called *metal* by the artists) is first drawn out of the furnaces in its crucible, skimmed of a sort of scum which lies upon the surface, then poured out upon a large *copper plate*, upon which two rods of iron are previously laid lengthways, to prevent the metal from running over the sides. Upon this glowing paste of red-hot liquid passes an immense roller of copper, moved at the extremities by handles. This operation forms the mirror superficially; it is then trimmed at the sides, by a sharp iron, and thrust lengthways into an oven at the end of the copper plate, where it remains several days to obtain a necessary degree of temper. We saw three mirrors cast, of ten feet by five, in the course of half an hour. We next saw the

process of scouring and polishing, the first of which is performed by machines very cleverly constructed, and working with a circular movement upon a horizontal plane. The glasses are scoured with sands of different degrees of fineness, according to their respective states of advancement.

The polishing is performed likewise by an engine, acting in the manner of a planing machine, the glasses being thrust forward horizontally under the rubbers, which are covered with coarse cloth, by the progressive motion of the machine. The palm of the hand is no longer used for this purpose.

The largest mirrors in Europe are cast in this manufactory. They have all a blue or green tinge, I suppose owing to the use of impure alkali. We next saw the process of silvering, which is very simple. A large plane covered with lead, bounded on both sides by a sort of gutter, serves for the platform ; upon this plane is first spread very carefully a sheet of *tin-paper*, such as is used for the lining of tea-

chests, &c., of the size of the mirror to be silvered. Upon this sheet of tin-paper or foil the quicksilver is poured. The plate of glass is then cautiously thrust forward lengthways by two men over the quicksilver, the superfluity of which runs out at either end, and over the sides into the gutters before mentioned. When the glass has reached its destined end, it is covered with sheets of silver-paper, and has several heavy weights placed upon its surface to keep it flatly and firmly down upon the quicksilver, and to prevent the possibility of air-bubbles and defects. It remains in this state for four or five days, and is then fit for use. We visited the glass-blowing, cutting, and polishing departments, as also the magazine, where we saw some beautiful specimens, more particularly a large crystal fountain, with four jets, designed as a present for the Sultan Mahmoud. Its imitative malachite pedestal is very beautiful. The general effect of the object is superb, but the details of its gold ornaments are imperfectly executed.

Any one of the great glass-shops of London, Bristol, or Cork, will show an infinitely greater quantity of beautiful specimens of this art, than are to be seen in the Imperial fabric, with the exception of the fountain, and the immense plate-glasses for windows* and mirrors.

We next drove to the Porcelain manufactory, which is a few wersts further on towards Alexandrowski. Here we found the artists principally employed in painting artificial eggs for Easter offerings. They were, however, completing a beautiful dinner-service for the King of Prussia. The designs represented the different corps of the Russian armies, and were creditably executed; each plate costs the Government 100 roubles. The service consists of 1000 pieces.

Some vases of great beauty were also in progress; one of which, representing a subject from the pencil of Albano, namely, Cupids

* Many of the windows in Petersburgh are made of one gigantic piece of plate-glass, more particularly in the Winter Palace, Lord Heytesbury's, and Count Pouschkin's.

dancing round the statue of Venus, is of great merit. Another with the figure of *La Reverie*, a sort of Rubens' beauty, was extremely well executed.

The Director told us that such a painting only cost the Government thirty roubles. The gilding and the blue are quite equal, if not superior, to the Sévres or Dresden, but the painting in general is inferior. In the magazine are many pretty objects, more particularly the vases. The painters of the porcelain are chiefly foundlings, both adults and boys. There are 500 persons employed here. The magnificent vases which I have mentioned as standing in the gallery of the Hermitage, were made here. They are each fifteen feet in height. After having thoroughly satisfied our curiosity, we drove on to the great Cotton and Hemp manufactory of Alexandrowski, which stands likewise upon the left bank of the Neva, a few wersts further on. This unique and beautiful establishment is under the superintendance of an Englishman of the name of Wilson, who has the *anomalous rank of Civil General.*

Here we inspected all the various processes of dressing, carding, winding, twisting, &c. &c. (no cotton cloth being here manufactured); the pressure into bales by means of a hydraulic press; the machines, and machine-making department, (for this wonderful establishment does every thing for itself;) the tanning and leather-dressing department, the canvass and sail cloth, the linen and damask table-linen department, the card manufactory, the dormitories, the kitchens, the school of architectural designs, the church, the model-room and library, and in short every thing. The perfection of mechanical invention in the shape of an engine for making the cotton-carders, pleased me extremely; little slender steel wires are run in rows in a long strap of leather, and riveted behind by this wonderful contrivance, in a manner so simple, and so beautifully symmetrical, as to enchant the eye of the observer: this is the invention of an American.

There are fourteen English engineers belonging to this establishment, who superin-

tend the construction of all the steam engines and machines necessary for the manufactory.

The spindle department is occupied exclusively by girls, all of whom, as well as the boys who work in other parts of the establishment, are from the Foundling Hospital of Petersburgh.

We attended at twelve o'clock the dinner of the whole factory, in an immense long hall divided in the middle lengthways by a screen, to separate the adult males from the boys and girls, who dined at two distinct tables. Previous to sitting down, a long hymn was sung by the whole thousand voices, among whom were some fine *basse tailles*.

The dinner consisted of excellent pea-soup, which we tasted, and gruel, being Lent; but the convalescents, who sat at the lower end of their respective tables, had meat in their "stchy," or cabbage-soup; rye bread, and quass in abundance, completed the repast.

General Wilson came into the hall during dinner, and so did Madame Bartolozzi, the gou-

vernante of the young people. The girls were in general small and plain; out of five hundred I did not observe above five or six that could be called pretty. The boys were likewise generally stunted in growth, and plain, chiefly of Calmuck and Finnish physiognomy. All were well and uniformly clad and clean.

General Wilson reported favourably of the general health of these children; he observed fewer ophthalmic cases, and less of scrophulous habit among them than in Petersburgh; he said that the cotton and hemp dust did not in any manner injure the eyes or lungs; indeed I only observed one instance of inflamed eyes in the person of one of the lads, who seemed to be suffering very acutely, but from a recent cause.

I never saw any thing equal to the order, regularity, and luxurious cleanliness of the whole establishment, which shows what can be done by system and attention.

The sail cloth manufactured here is beautiful, and supplies the Russian fleets, as well as the vessels of individuals who may purchase it

here. It is also exported in great quantities to America. The playing card manufactory is a monopoly of the Crown, the profits of which, about 600,000 roubles annually, go toward the maintenance of the Foundling Hospital. This is one of the many acts of benevolence of that high-minded and excellent personage the late Empress Mother; indeed the whole institution was created and fostered by her. The unfortunate, (or rather who would otherwise have been unfortunate,) foundlings are allowed to remain in this noble establishment until they have attained the age of twenty-one years, when they are manumitted and placed in various trades and occupations.

Besides the thousand foundlings who perform the lighter duties of the establishment, there are eight hundred free labourers, who work at the more arduous parts of the hemp and flax, and machine departments. The whole of the buildings are lighted by gas, made on the spot.

After having satisfied our curiosity in this superb manufactory, we took leave of General

Wilson about half-past one, and returned towards Petersburgh by the same road to the Iron-foundery, which we had purposely delayed visiting till the last.

This fabric is entirely under the direction of an Englishman of the name of Clarke, who has the rank of Colonel. It, as well as Alexandroffski, manufactures all its own machinery and steam-engines.

Here the cannon and shot are cast, but the former are bored at the arsenal in Petersburgh. The most remarkable objects here are some beautiful cast-iron vases, tripods, a copy of a salver executed at Berlin in bas-relief, representing the fights of Hercules with the Centaurs and the Amazons; a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper in bas-relief, likewise in iron; a copy of the Warwick vase in iron: all of these objects are to be bronzed; the execution is equal to that of the best workmen in Europe.

We saw the process of drawing out leaden-pipes, and the casting of the bronze pedestals for the columns of the new theatre. I was

much pleased by an ingenious adaptation of the steam-engine to three immense air-pumps, which forced a strong current of air through the necessary tubes to all the various furnaces and smiths' forges, in lieu of the usual bellows used in other founderies.

The workmen were principally employed in casting shot, shells, and grenades, in making the immense copper-plates with which it is intended to cover the triumphal-arch constructing on the road to Peterhoff; a model of which we saw here. I do not at all approve of the idea; it is unclassical, barbarous, and excessively expensive. It will cost 2,500,000 paper roubles, which had much better have been put into circulation, or spent upon some other object. This arch will be from the foot of the base to the top of the Victory in the Car, drawn by four horses, which crowns the work, sixty feet in height. The Russians, who possess so much granite and marble in the quarries of Finland and Siberia, should never think of facing ornamental stone buildings with metal, unless, indeed, they intend enriching it with bas-reliefs.

We saw likewise the model of the new theatre, with its immense roof and *charpente* of iron. Seven hundred men are at work here at present, but the complement is a thousand. We quitted the foundery at three, and driving rapidly through the muddy and splashy roads (for the sun had now reduced them into that state since the morning) arrived home covered with mud at half-past three, highly delighted with our day's excursion. These prodigiously fine establishments show what can be done by the discerning mind of great and enlightened sovereigns, even in a semi-barbarous nation. They likewise show how considerable a progress Russia has made in the useful and ornamental arts; and by showing what she has done, what she is still capable of doing. Remark, however, that in all of these her great public works, except that of plate-glass, foreigners are the directors.

It is not quite clear that the indigenes would make much progress if left entirely to themselves. However, this is problematical, and must be left to the test of experience. Nobody can deny to the native Russian an extra-

ordinary talent of imitation, and I see no reason why he should be denied that of invention: let him once reach the same point as other Europeans, and then start fair, and I will not answer for the result.*

The Crown having succeeded in teaching the people that it can manufacture glass, porcelain,

* Observe, that the most celebrated Generals at present serving in the active army are Germans, vide Diebitch, Rosen, Toll, Geismar, Roth, Sacken, de Witt, Kreutz, and Rudiger. Paschewitch is a Lithuanian, Yermoloff and Shackovsky are the only surviving Russian generals of much note. Their best admirals are Greig, Elphinstone, Hamilton, Crown, Heyden, and Lazareff. The first four are English, the fifth is a Dutchman, and the sixth a Russian, brought up in the English navy, as was Admiral Krusenstern, the great navigator. At the head of their principal manufactories we again find English, Germans, and French, but no Russians.

They, however, possess as painters Brouloff and Orlovski; and as a sculptor, Tolstoï; the principal architects are Rossi and Montferrand, the one Italian and the other French; M. Menelas is an Englishman. They have no musical composer of eminence, excepting Bortnianski, and he is chiefly a composer of Sacred Music; but their national airs and romances and mazurkas are pretty. Their literature is still in the cradle.

iron, copper, sail-cloth, &c. would do well to dispose of these establishments to individuals or to companies; first, because it cannot make much profit by them, the *entretien* being extremely expensive; secondly, because, even if it could do so, it is not wise in a Crown to make money by trading with its people; thirdly, because there can be no competition against the Imperial fabrics, from which cause the quantity manufactured is small, and the prices too high.

Mr. Baird manufactures all the machinery, &c. of his private establishment twenty-eight per cent. cheaper than the Crown can do with its immense resources of Kolpenny and Alexandrowski, &c. at its command. The object of the government has been sufficiently answered by introducing these several arts into the country; it should now withdraw, and leave the field open to competition.*

* The average produce of Alexandrowski cotton-yarn is 20,000 pouds, or 720,000 English pounds, and 8000 pouds of flax. The cotton-wool is chiefly imported from England. —See Granville, page 325, vol. ii.

I stayed at home all the evening, being fatigued, and having a head-ache from the heat, and smell, and noise of the different fabrics I had visited.

March 24. (April 5.)—The morning fine and mild. Thermometer +3°. In the afternoon it rained and thawed away famously. I, however, got a walk for half-an-hour in spite of mud and wet. I franked* a letter for England at the post-office, which when they have read I hope they will forward. The only three letters I have received from England have all been opened by the said inquisitive department. They are welcome, although it is not pleasant to have one's domestic tittle-tattle profaned by the eyes of official curiosity and impertinence.

I stayed at home the whole evening, reading Knickerbocker's History of New York, by Geoffrey Crayon. It seems to me to be a studied imitation of Fielding's humorous openings to his chapters of Tom Jones. One gets tired of the continual effort at playfulness and

* Affranchir.

wit, with which the transatlantic author has loaded his pages as heavily as were the loins of Diedrich Knickerbocker's ancestors, by their voluminous and ponderous breeches.

March 25. (April 6.)—This morning snow is on the ground, but it thaws fast. (Thermometer +2°.) As I have so lately described some of the great branches of the national industry of Russia, I think I cannot do better than insert here an extract from the report of his Excellency the Minister of Finance, upon the Department of the Mines and Salt Works during the year 1830.

"We have continued during this year to coin great quantities of money. Individuals have sent to the Mint for this purpose precious metals to the amount of 4,615,000 roubles in specie, (about 840,000*l.* sterling.)

"We have adopted the project of coining a new copper money, at 36 roubles the pood, which will ulteriorly be put into circulation.

"A new coinage of platina has been struck, of 12 roubles. In general the circulation of

platina money increases. 337,000 roubles of this money have been coined in the current year.

" The establishment for the purification of platina, in the laboratory of the Corps des Mines, an establishment unique of its kind, has merited the attention of all the scientific strangers who have visited this capital.

" The export of Russian money has been permitted, with the exception of that of copper.

" A separate building has been constructed at the Mint for the separation of gold from silver, by a new process, by means of sulphuric acid,* a system upon which experiments had been tried last year.

" The *Usines* of Kolyvano-Voskressenk, and of Nertchinsk, belonging to the cabinet of his Majesty the Emperor, have been placed at the disposal of the Ministry of Finance.

" We have begun to wash the auriferous

* This system has long existed in Hungary and Transylvania.—*Note of the Author.*

sands in the neighbourhood of the mines of Salayr, in the district of the mines of Kolyvan.

" Sands of the same sort, but little productive, have been found in the department of Nertchinsk.

" We have continued to occupy ourselves in the restoration of the buildings in the *Usines* of Oural, which have necessarily entailed considerable expenses.

" Proper measures have been taken for provisioning the *Usines*, particularly in grain, in consequence of the poverty of the last harvests in the Oural and in Siberia.

" The produce of gold and of platina, far from having diminished, has increased. We have not as yet the definitive accounts; but we expect that the total of gold worked will amount to 350 poods. In 1829 it amounted to 287 poods.

" Considerable orders for the Ministry of War have been executed in the *Usines* with success.

" The revenue of the Mines has increased.

"The northern expedition to the *Usines* of Bohosloff continues its labours, and it has discovered fresh layers (*gisemens*) of auriferous sands.

"The researches for the discovery of coal (*houille*) in the government of Simbirsk have proved infructuous. In that of Novgorod it has been found upon a space of 250 square wersts, but it is of inferior quality; however, it may be employed in domestic economy.

"The Minister of Finance has published fresh instructions for the administration of the forests belonging to the *Usines*, and he continues to make great efforts for the restoration of the forests of the Oural. Sowing* has commenced in several places.

"The inspection of the *Usine* of Lougan by the Director of the Department has had for result the proof of the existence of a great quantity of coal (*houille*); a good iron mine has been found, and those of lead give hope of a productive working. This country promises a great deal with time. The *Usine* of Lougan,

* Ensemencement.

which was not yet well organized, improves rapidly, and offers remarkable proofs of progress with respect to the art.

" The Corps des Mines has preserved its original organization, and efforts have been made to ameliorate its scientific department. The museum of this corps has been enriched, particularly in petrifactions, and by the skeleton, almost entire, of a mammoth, which has been sent, in consequence of a circular from the Minister of Finance, to the Vice Governors.

" Over and above the employés of the ministry, who are in foreign parts for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the sciences, two have been sent to Switzerland, to Germany, and to Hungary, to examine the process relative to the working of silver by amalgamation and by smelting.

" The working of the mines of individuals preserves in general its usual activity.

" The discovery of diamonds has not as yet been attended by any remarkable results.

" Several individuals have obtained fresh

leave to erect establishments for the washing of gold in Siberia.

" The administration of the salt-works has followed its usual course.

" A great deal of salt has been sold from the lakes of Crimea, and the magazines of Nijni Novgorod; and in general the sale of salt has been more considerable than in the preceding year.

" The line of Custom-houses of the Dniester having been transferred to the exterior frontier, the exportation of salt has been placed under a particular organization.

" Every measure has been taken to prevent as much as possible the transport of salt from one place to another." — *(Gazette du Commerce.)*

What wonders would be performed in this country by British capital and enterprise, could the Government but be induced to give solid guarantees for the safety of such investiture! The instability of the Imperial financial measures has as yet deterred foreigners from em-

barking their capital in speculations upon the inexhaustible treasures of Russia and Siberia. The day will, however, come, when the combined efforts of enlightened sovereigns and ministers shall develope by means of foreign skill and enterprise, the immense resources of this empire.

To-day I learned that a revolt has broken out in the district of Samogithia, (formerly a department of Lithuania) upon the frontiers of Prussia, between the towns of Kovno and Polangen. The guard is in force at Kovno, and has marched against the revolted. Meanwhile the Emperor has issued a violent ukase, commanding that all the noblesse taken with arms in their hands, should be tried and executed by military commission in twenty-four hours; that their children of tender age should be sent to the different corps in the capital; and that their dependants, the *bourgeoisie*, and the peasantry taken *in flagrante delicto*, should be marched away into the garrisons of Siberia and the interior of the empire. Remember Spain!

It is feared that the insurgents will intercept the post at Polangen, which will be disagreeable enough at this interesting moment.

I passed the evening at the Lisianskis'; it rained and snowed.

March 26. (April 7.) — Rain and wind. Thermometer + 2°. The journal of St. Petersburgh gives a short extract from a despatch of Diebitch's, dated 17-29th March, which says that nothing important has occurred since the last report. General Dwerniçki is shut up in Zamosk; the Russian patrols are within two wersts of the fortress. On the right flank of the army, a detachment from Warsaw, commanded by Uminski, reinforced by some troops from Modlin, and some fresh levies, attacked the cantonments of the guard. Sacken retired across the Narew in good time, and being reinforced by General Bistrom with a battalion of sappers, and a battery of position of the guard, occupied Ostrolenka with his infantry.

On the morning of the 14th-26th March, the Poles, 9000 strong, attacked the bridge

near the town, but being received by a warm fire of artillery, retired, and were pursued along the high road by the horse artillery.

This despatch must be anterior in date to the intelligence of the revolt in Samogithia; the journal of St. Petersburgh being always four or five days in arrear. Military men will severely criticise Diebitch for his supineness in thus suffering both Dwerniçki and Uminski to march about the country, and to cross the Vistula at Pulawy and Modlin, while he cannot pass it either above or below, or at Praga. This inactivity of his gives time and courage to the Poles. He has not now the Pashas of Shumla and Widdin to deal with, but an enterprising and well-organized enemy, whose troops, though inferior in number, are superior in intelligence and military qualities to the Russian serfs.

I passed the evening at the Duc de Mortemart's splendid hotel, where was performed a *charade en action* by the gentlemen of the suite and some French ladies. Little Matilde de Bazaine, a pretty child of twelve years of age,

acted and sung most divinely; she is a phenomenon. M. de Bourgouin, who had indeed composed the whole charade, together with the couplets (which were sung in the style of a Vaudeville), performed extremely well. The whole thing was perfect of its kind. The word was "Tableau."

THE ACTION.—ACT 1.

M. de Bourgouin,	A carpenter making tables, &c. in a workshop.
Madame Malvirade,	His daughter, who prepares a supper for his jour de fête.
Mademoiselle Melanie,	His niece, friend to the daughter.
M. Bearn,	The lover of the carpenter's daughter, and consequently nephew to carpenter.

ACT 2.

Scene, the road to Strasburgh with sign-post.

A Grenadier,	M. de Bourgouin.
Tambour Major,	M. de Kaznair.
A Fifer,	Mademoiselle Matilde de Bazaine.
Maiden of Alsaçe, with pitcher of water,	Madame Malvirade.
Village Hostess,	M. de Bearn.

The action consists of a pathetic adieu between the Grenadier, the Tambour Major, and the little Fifer—then a scene between the Grenadier and the Alsaçian Maiden, who gives him water *(l'eau)* to quench his thirst; then a competition for his love between the said Maiden and Village Hostess, who offers wine and money, both of which are refused by Grenadier for water from the fair hands of Alsaçian Maiden.

Here then we have *Table* and *Eau*.

Then follows Act the Third, to give the solution of the charade.

An old woman, wife to	M. Munneron.
A seller of pictures and curiosities.	M. Bourgouin.
An old gentleman amateur.	M. de Bearn.
Ditto, ditto, ditto.	M. Didelot.
A Charlatan with	M. Lagrainé.
Puppet show and dwarf	M. de Kaznair.
Dancing boy,	Mademoiselle de Bazaine.
Flower girl,	Mlle. Melanie de Bazaine.
Singing girl,	Madame de Malvirade.

The action consisted in puffing off and selling an old picture, christened "Jean Sans Peur,

Duc de Bourgogne." The couplets, which were adapted to the popular vaudevilles and airs of known operas, were throughout the action admirably composed, and analogous to the developement of the charade. I hope that copies of the whole composition have been preserved. The dwarf, who is in reality a man of six feet high, was most curiously perched in a little puppet show-box, his legs and body being concealed in a sitting posture, in a false bottom adapted to the table upon which the puppet-show-box, or cage, was placed. It was some time before I could conceive what he had done with his body and legs.

The soirée was most brilliant, and terminated by a handsome supper served in the great *salle* of the palace.

I returned home at two o'clock.

March 27. (April 8.) — Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 4°.) We hear to-day of the discovery of a conspiracy at Wilna, got up by some Poles and missionary Frenchmen. It is said that the post has been embarked at Memel,

in order to avoid the insurgents of Samogithia, who, it seems, have got possession of Polangen.

At half-past ten I went to a grand soirée at Count Stanislas Potoçki's splendid palace. The great saloon, the beautiful Gothic hall and gallery, the boudoirs and billiard-room were all thrown open and lighted up. In the great saloon was a pyramid of choice exotics, forming the centre; round these beauties of Flora sat in groups the beauteous daughters of Eve.

In the centre of the Gothic hall, served on massive plate and the finest porcelain, were the refreshments; at the upper end were piled up salvers and goblets of highly-wrought and embossed gold plate; at the lower end of the hall was a beaufet for tea, coffee, ices, &c.

In an embrasure formed by a Gothic window stood an ancient piece of artillery, formerly taken by the Turks from the Poles; the Potoçki family holding at that time the office of Grand Master of Artillery of Poland.

This gun, or rather howitzer, was re-captured upon the walls of Varna in 1828, and

was presented by the Emperor Nicholas to Count Stanislas Potoçki. It has upon its breech the arms and coronet of the Potoçkis. The immense chandelier which lights up this beautiful hall is in the form of a Gothic temple. I am afraid of making an invidious remark when I say, that this chandelier, beautiful as it is, is made of gilded wood. Last year, upon a similar occasion to the present, it took fire, and was only saved from total destruction by the activity of the gentlemen present, who mounted upon the tables and chairs, and extinguished the flames with caraffs of water.

The ceiling of this splendid hall is of painted stucco, instead, as it should be, of carved oak or stone. The end of the armoury or Gothic gallery is lighted up by an immense window of stained glass, behind which lamps are placed, so as to produce the effect of moonlight. On either hand are three colossal figures of knights armed *cap-a-pie*.

I have upon a previous day described the other parts of Count Potoçki's palace. The

whole fabric presents abundant proofs of good taste, splendour, and comfort united.

March 28. (April 9.)—Rain and gloom. This will, however, send away the ice and frozen snow, which still render the streets almost impassable. The apathy of the police, and the indolence of the people, are such that they leave all these evils to cure themselves; in other words, they leave the clearing of the streets to the gradual operation of the thaw, instead of working manfully with pick-axe and shovel, and carrying away all the encumberment in carts out of the city.

The drains are so ill placed, that they are generally to be found upon the highest instead of the lowest point in the streets; and it is curious to observe the Dvornicks at work with birch brooms, sweeping the water away from the hollows which everywhere beset the doors of the houses, up hill to the mouths of the various drains.

All this is inconceivable, and might be obviated, first, by placing the gutters and drains

judiciously, and secondly, by levelling, at the commencement of a general thaw, with pick-axe and shovel, all the accumulated frozen snow and ice which encumbers the streets.

In Vienna things are better managed, for there the snow is never suffered to remain in the streets, but is carried away night and day by hosts of carts, horses, and men. The Russians partake largely of the apathy of their Asiatic progenitors. *D'ailleurs*, slaves can only be made to work by the stimulus of the whip. Why should they work? In what manner does labour advance their prosperity? The freeman has the inducement of reward for his industry, but the slave has none. Why then should he work? Corollary—He does not work.

(Thermometer + 4°.)

CHAPTER IV.

Polangen retaken by Douaniers.—State of Courland.—Mechanical Theatre.—Appearance of the Neva and Canals.—Reflections upon the Political state of Russia.—Defeat of Rosen by Uminski.—Mines of Oural.—Breaking up of the Ice upon the Neva.—Removal of the Bridge of Isaar.—Proposal for erecting a Dam across the Gulf of Finland.—Passage by which the Works of Cronstadt may be turned.—Balustrade of the Summer Gardens.—Despatch from Diebitch.—Remarks.—Russian Wool.—Engelhardt's rooms.—Concert for the Ladies' Patriotic Society.

MARCH 28. (April 9.)—Many hours had not elapsed since writing the preceding tirade against the Police, before, as if by intuition, that respectable body actually set a few dozen Mujicks to work with iron crows and wooden shovels to clear the streets—(Hercules and the Augean stable)—but, alas! Mujicks are

mere mortals, and not demi-gods, and the work proceeds with wonderful slowness and dignity.

At night, on my way to the Princess Youssoupoff's, I found the streets full of lumps of broken-up ice and frozen snow, and in such a state that I preferred walking home to the risk of breaking my neck, or dislocating my joints, by the motion of the drosky.

Strange reports are in circulation respecting Lithuania. We hear that the Vistula has overflowed, and that Diebitch has been obliged to move his head quarters.

March 29. (April 10.) — Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +10°.) Promenade *au Newski et sur les quais*, upon the latter of which I met the Emperor alone and on foot. His Imperial Majesty looked out of humour. Poor man! he has vexation enough at present, the province of Lithuania being in open revolt, as well as the kingdom of Poland. It seems, however, that Polangen has been retaken by the corps of Douaniers.

I passed the evening very agreeably at the Modènes', but the poor Count has the gout. We hear that the Austrians have quietly occupied Bologna with twenty battalions and fourteen squadrons. So much for the Bolognese revolution! It will be seen some day that Lafayette and his missionaries are at the bottom of all the disturbances in Europe.

March 30. (April 11.) — Fine, sunny, and hot. I am obliged to sit in my *robe de chambre*. (Thermometer +14°.) I walked to the Vassilly Ostroff to see Mr. J. Promenade *au Newski*. (Thermometer in the sun +27° and +25°.) I passed the evening at the Ambassadress of Austria's. The Comtesse Strogonoff begged to be introduced to me by the fair Ambassadress. She was anxious to be acquainted with one who had been at and had written upon Constantinople, where she had formerly been during the time of her husband's mission in that capital.

The pretty Mademoiselle Tolstoï is to accompany the Grand Duchess Michael to England

in the month of May, on board of Lazareff's ship. She is in despair at the idea of so long a sea-voyage. The Grand Duchess is in feeble health, and is recommended the sea-bathing at Sidmouth.

March 31. (April 12.)—Fine and sunny, with light breezes from south-west. (Thermometer + 14°) An ukase appears in this morning's Journal de St. Petersburgh, ordering Count Pahlen, the governor of Courland, to put that province in a state of defence, *(en état de guerre,)* in consequence of the disturbances in the neighbouring district of Wilna, and to act as a General commanding a separate corps d'armée in time of war upon all points which he may deem necessary to defend.

This is a bad state of things, and will probably end by embroiling the whole of Europe in a general war. There is a considerable alarm for the safety of Libau, a fortress in Courland, near the Lithuanian frontier, and a sea-port.

The promenade was much crowded to-day. The thermometer in the sun stood at + 25° + 20°.

The heat is very great and extraordinary for this season of the year. I dined with Gritti, and after dinner went with him and Litta to see the Mechanical Theatre, which gives several beautiful views, with moving figures in the foreground. The theatre was so hot and densely crowded that I could not remain to see the Coronation of Moscow, which is said to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of mechanical arrangement.

April 1-13.—Fine and sunny, with refreshing breezes from south-west. The winter has now, I hope, nearly disappeared.

The appearance of the Neva and the canals is very curious, the ice being now quite black, dirty, and spongy; it is cracking in various parts, and will soon begin to break up and move seaward: it has already gone off from Cronstadt into the Gulf. Many bets are made upon this score in Petersburgh annually, some of which are to a large amount, the Russians seizing every possible occasion for gambling. (Thermometer + 10°.)

I was driven in from my walk by rain. The members of the English club, (principally Russians,) have blackballed Count Tchernicheff, the Minister of War: this has caused a great sensation in Petersburgh, and will probably end in the dissolution of the club by the police, who will be too happy to find an excuse at this crisis for preventing the meeting of large bodies together.

The state of the empire is extremely critical at this moment. The cholera still rages in the middle and southern provinces; an open war devastates Poland, which is as yet far from being terminated; there is a revolt in Lithuania, headed by the nobility: Volhynia and Podolia are threatened by a similar movement; Turkey, lately subdued, is desirous of revenge; Persia is waiting for a favourable moment to regain her lost provinces, wrested from her by Yermoloff; Georgia and Circassia are but feebly garrisoned, while the native tribes of the Caucasus are still unsubdued; Finland is not yet heartily Russian, and is open to the inroads

of Sweden; the nobility is desirous of an ameliorated political condition, and a nation of serfs is looking for emancipation. There can now be no compromise with the Poles; and should all the provinces annexed by Catharine follow the example of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, who will be bold enough to answer for the tranquillity of the rest of those possessions which Russia holds merely by right of conquest, such as Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, Ingria, Finland, &c. the people of which are either Germans or Swedes, and have no feeling in common with Russia, no sympathy with the Muscovite race? Who will answer for the integrity of that immense empire, stretching nearly from the North Cape to the banks of the Araxes, from the frontiers of Germany to the Straits of Bhering; that colossus whose body is composed of such heterogeneous materials, but whose feet are of clay? Suppose for a moment that the Turks declare war, and assist the Poles by an invasion of Wallachia and Moldavia; suppose Persia to plant her horse-

tails upon the Caucasus; suppose the Tartars of the Crimea in revolt; the wandering tribes of Asia making inroads upon the eastern frontier, while the Poles occupy Diebitch on the west!

What a pretty predicament I have placed the Tzar in! Now then I must try to get him out of it.

Let Diebitch once cross the Vistula, and the Poles cannot long hold out; so here is an end to all difficulties, and the Empire is still safe for another half-century.

All these considerations will however serve to show how little formidable Russia really is, as an offensive enemy, and how little Europe has to fear from her, who with forces unimpaired, and lately returned from the Conquest of the Mussulman Empire, cannot as yet put down a revolt in Poland. It is indeed hard upon the gallant and excellent young Emperor thus to pay the forfeit of the sins of his progenitors; but this is poetical justice.

I passed the evening at the Lisianskis'. It

rained all night, but in the evening there was a dense fog.

April 2-14.—Rain and gloom. (Therm. + 8.) I stayed at home all the day. At 10 o'clock I went to Madame Klein's *soirée musicale*. I received this morning a letter in Russ, from the Ladies of the Patriotic Society, begging me to sing at their concert for the benefit of the National Schools, at the *Salle d'Englehardt*, on the ninth. The Empress and all the Court will be there. The Maids of Honour have *been ordered to sing* in the choruses. I do not think I shall comply with the request of these Patriotic Ladies, for several little reasons.

The Gazettes are wonderfully silent respecting the movements of the Great Army. We have reason to believe that some one of the divisions has been beaten, and hence the ominous silence of the newspapers.

N. B. At night there was a dense sort of London fog; the ice is rapidly thawing, and this process gives out these fogs after sun down, when there is no evaporation.

April 3-15.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +10°.) The state of the Neva is very curious; the ice is quite black, and full of immense cracks—the water in many parts is running over it. The communication across it is cut off by the police, and all the inclined planes which led down to it from the quays are thrown down and destroyed. The pontooners are beginning to prepare the bridge of Isaac for removal to the opposite side. "The departure of the Neva," as it is called in Petersburgh, is watched with the greatest anxiety:—it is a sort of epocha in every year.

The Supplement to the Gazette published to-day, justifies my suspicions of yesterday. It seems that Diebitch, not being able to cross the Vistula at Praga, marched his main force down to Pulawy, where Dwernicki had come over some weeks ago. He left behind him at Praga a force of cavalry and artillery, commanded by Rosen and Geismar, to watch the movements of the Poles. The gallant Sarmatians profited by the absence of the Marshal to come

over in great force, and dreadfully beat Rosen's corps, destroying the cavalry of Geismar, and taking the guns. This is Geismar's second mishap. The Emperor is furious against Diebitch, as well he may be. In short, as yet the Marshal has done nothing but commit blunders.

I passed the evening at Madame Ficquelmont's, where I made the acquaintance of a charming Swedish lady, a descendant of the Bruces. My mother's family descends from the Baliols, and my father's from the Cromwells. We forgot the feuds of our ancestors, and were very good friends. Her name is Bruce, but her husband's is Brunoff.

She says that after the battle of Dunbar, Cromwell cut off the heads of four Bruces. I never heard of this decapitation before.

April 4-16.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 10°.)—I extract from the Journal du Commerce the following table of the produce of the mines of Oural for the two last years.

Quantity of gold worked in 1829.	pds.	liv.		In 1830. pds.	liv.	
In the Crown mines,	100	9		150	22	
In those of individuals,	187	21		204	17	
Total,	287	30	88½z.	*355	0	46z.$\frac{11}{96}$
Platina.						
In the Crown mines,	1	31		4	15	
In those of individuals,	76	39		100	25	
Total,	78	31	46z$\frac{11}{96}$.	105	1	$\frac{80}{96}$z.

Calculating gold at 50,000 roubles the pood, and platina at 11,520 roubles, the product for 1830 will be in gold 17,750,000 roubles; in platina 1,209,600 roubles. Total 18,959,600 roubles assig^{s}.

The produce of the mines of Oural during the last ten years:—

	Gold. pds.	liv.		Platina. pds.	liv.
1821.	27	3			
1822.	28	29			
1823.	105	38			
1824.	206	31	.	1	33
1825.	237	22	.	11	24
1826.	231	39	.	13	20
1827.	282	—	.	25	30

* z. zolotnicks; liv. pounds.

1828.	291	3	.	93	33
1829.	287	30	.	78	31
1830.	355	—	.	105	1
	2054	0	11z.$\frac{44}{96}$	330	14	40z.$\frac{93}{96}$

The value of the above products is, in gold, 102,700,000 roubles; platina, 3,805,520 roubles. Total 106,505,520 roubles assig^{t}.

I walked to the Neva at two, and arrived upon the Quay Isaac, near the Admiralty, just as the bridge had been let go, and began to swing with the movement of the ice towards the opposite side of the river. The ice was moving down in great fields rapidly from towards the Ladoga; crowds of people were assembled to witness the sight. The Empress drove by in a calêche and four with postilions and outriders, *à l'Anglaise*. The ice seems, however, to stick fast below the bridge, where, as yet, there is no opening in it; but it must give way to the impulsion of the masses coming down from the upper parts of the river. It was curious to observe the moving masses come with a rushing sort of sound into contact with

those which were in a state of rest: the edges of the ice were, in these cases, driven upwards into thousands of sparry or stalactitical forms of dazzling white; and sometimes were piled up in large blocks into various positions. The rooks, which had alighted in great numbers upon the moving fields of ice, seemed conscious that this universal motion was the forerunner of Spring, and cawed out their joy most vociferously as they went rapidly down with the stream. I am as much delighted as the rooks at once more beholding the clear, bright blue waters of the Neva. All Petersburgh seems to have taken a fresh impulse. The atmosphere near the river is very sensibly affected by the motion of these masses of cold matter, and feels chilly and damp enough. The passage of the river-ice usually lasts during three or four days; but some time afterwards comes down that from the Ladoga. The bridge is often moved backwards and forwards five or six times, to the great inconvenience of our friends in the Vassilly Ostroff. When the passage by water is

considered safe, the Commandant of the place goes over in a barge, under a salute from the Fortress. This is an old custom, which dates from the time of Peter the Great. It is a sort of homage to the tutelary god of the Neva.

I dined *en famille* at the Embassy, and passed the evening at the Modènes' very agreeably. Thick fog at night.

April 5-17.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +14°.) The canals still preserve their mantles of ice, but they are very black and cracky.

It would seem that the Government had been rather precipitate in proclaiming the extinction of the cholera in Moscow, and in singing Te Deums in consequence thereof; for Dr. Walker, (who has been sent thither upon a special medical mission by the British Government,) at the time of the singing said Te Deums, declared in his letters to Lord Heytesbury, and the public has since through the thousand trumpets of fame insisted, that it still exists, and that people still die of it in that

ancient capital of the Tzars. Moreover, said Dr. Walker insinuates that almost every person really attacked by the said choleric disorder actually died thereof, and that the patients reported cured in the official returns never had the cholera at all, but were ill of some other disorder. However all this may be, the Government has now no troops to spare for *cordons sanitaires;* and the interior communication of the empire has so much suffered from sanitary regulations, that it is more than probable things will be allowed to take their own course for the future, and the cholera will walk about at pleasure (if indeed it do walk about).

The Neva to-day is nearly clear of ice, the boats are plying about in all directions, and all the city seems in motion. The bridge will most likely be replaced to-morrow. I walked on the Boulevards with the Soltykoffs all the afternoon, and passed the evening at the Bazaines'.

I had long been very curious to see the plan for erecting a dam across the Gulf of Finland, below Cronstadt, leaving an open-

ing for the shipping between Cronslot and Cronstadt, (see Journal, Dec. 15-27,) and I took a favourable opportunity this evening for begging General Bazaine (who is indeed the projector of it) to allow me to see the drawing, which he was good enough to do. The General is quite convinced of its practicability, and of the immense advantages which would be derived from it by the marine, commerce, and inhabitants of Petersburgh, which city is at present perfectly at the mercy of the Baltic Sea. Bazaine calculates that with 5000 men for five years, at 4,000,000 roubles per annum, the whole work would be completed. The advantages he contemplates are, first, the safety of Petersburgh from inundation from the Baltic. Secondly, deepening by four feet the river Neva and the area contained between Petersburgh and a line drawn from Oranienbaum through Cronstadt to the opposite shore, which would by means of the dam and flood-gates form an immense basin. Thirdly, affording to the marine a refuge against foreign aggression, from which

it is by no means safe at Cronstadt. Fourthly, affording to the canals of Petersburgh a certain and copious supply of good water, in which they are now notoriously deficient. Fifthly, turning the western end of the island of Vassilly Ostroff into docks and building-yards, from the proposed increased depth of water. Sixthly, enabling the Imperial men-of-war to be launched into a sufficiently deep water, to prevent their taking the ground in launching. He proposes also to deepen the channel over the bar five feet by a dredging-machine, and thus have water enough for the men-of-war to float down to Cronstadt without the help of camels. Seventhly, to enable merchant-ships to come directly up to the Custom-house, and there unload upon the quays and wharfs, instead of, as at present, unloading at Cronstadt, and sending up the cargoes by lighters and small craft. He proposes erecting sluices, &c. about half-way between Oranienbaum and Cronstadt, by means of which he can at any time carry off the superabundant water from the Neva. He

assumes nine feet above the usual level of the Neva, to be the height at which Petersburgh is in danger of inundation; but it must have reached to a height of fourteen feet before it shall have done much damage. Experience has hitherto shown, that it requires a very strong hurricane from the Baltic, to last four or five hours, to force the water up to the height of fourteen feet above the usual level at Petersburgh. Supposing the dam then to be raised thirty feet above the ordinary level of the Gulf, it would require a hurricane of nearly ten hours of supernatural force, (and it is not in the nature of things for a hurricane to last above five or six hours at most,) to carry the sea over the dam into the Neva. The nature of the ground all the way across from Oranienbaum to the opposite coast of Finland is extremely favourable for the construction of this great work, the mean depth of water not being much above two fathoms over continuous shoals of hard and firm sand, which have not changed their shape or position in the least

since the days of Peter the Great, as has been shown by the last surveys made by Admiral Saryschied, compared with those of Peter himself.

I have somewhere mentioned that there is a passage for large ships to the north of Cronstadt, by which the works may be taken in reverse. Peter the Great knew this, and barred it by a strong palisade of piles, which I see marked in Bazaine's plan. There are twenty-one feet and a half water in this passage. (Query, might not the said piles be cut down, or blown down, by submarine explosions, and the passage laid open?)

Lisianski lay in that passage with five block-ships, at the time Nelson's attack at Copenhagen made the Russians fear a visit from him.

April 6-18.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +14°.) The bridge is replaced, and the communication with Vassilly Ostroff going on. Multitudes of boats are skimming over the broad surface of the Neva. I walked with Counts Lerchtenfield, Litta, and Potoçki, to the Sum-

mer-Gardens,* which are beginning to feel comfortable, although as yet there is no symptom of verdure. Parties of Mujicks were at work with hatchets and crowbars, breaking up the ice on the Russian Quay, which was still as hard as marble; 5000 horses and carts have been employed nightly by the police since the 28-9th in carrying away the broken up ice and snow from the streets of Petersburgh; but such is the immensity of the city, that this number is not sufficient to make a rapid progress.

I will here make an extract from Zabalkanski's last despatch, giving a mutilated account of the affair of the 19th.

* The railing in front of the Summer Gardens, is the most splendid thing of the kind in the world. It consists of thirty-six solid granite pillars of the Doric order, twenty feet high each, ornamented on the top by an urn or a vase alternately; between the pillars is a rich iron palisade representing spears, the heads of which are gilded. There are three entrance gates, elaborately ornamented with gilded spread eagles and scrolls, &c.

Granville says that "the whole length of the railing, which is raised upon a dwarf stylobate of granite, is about seven hundred feet."

"The Field-marshal informs his Majesty the Emperor, under date 21st March, of his new arrangements for passing the Vistula.

"These dispositions will be immediately terminated. The troops destined to pass the Vistula, have, notwithstanding the bad state of the roads, executed rapidly the new movements towards the river.

"The aide-de-camp General Baron Rosen, with the troops under his command, had been left in his old positions to observe Praga, and to cover our communications. He had been ordered not to undertake until further orders, any offensive movement, but to limit himself to observing the enemy; and in case of being attacked by superior force, to fall back in a given direction, in order to effect his junction with the second corps of infantry, which was advancing from the frontiers of the empire.

"On the 19th the rebels showed themselves in considerable force, attacked with impetuosity the advanced-guard of Baron Rosen, commanded by Baron Geismar, which was near Milosna, and obliged him to fall back upon Dem-

bewelki, where was cantoned the first échelon of the sixth corps of infantry. A very warm affair ensued, which lasted four hours upon this point. The rebels, profiting by *superiority of numbers*, and receiving every moment fresh reinforcements, pressed so severely upon our advanced-guard, that General Rosen, seeing the impossibility of preserving his position, retired upon Minsk, conformably with the instructions which had been given him in such case. In this retreat we were obliged to abandon in a *fondrière* * four pieces of cannon, which the bad state of the roads did not permit us to carry off.

" In the night of the 20th Baron Rosen occupied a strong position behind Kaluszin, near the Liwiec, where the other parts of his corps were to rejoin him. On the 20th the rebels made no attempt against the detachment of General Rosen.

" Upon the receipt of this information, the Commander-in-chief ordered a reconnoissance to be made, with the view of discovering what

* Bottomless quagmire.

were the projects of the rebels; according to which, he proposed either to pass the Vistula at once, or to fall upon the flank and rear of the rebels, in case of their attempting anything new against General Rosen.

" The detachment of rebel troops commanded by General Uminski, retired with precipitation upon the Vistula, in consequence of the defeat which our troops gave him on the 14th, under the walls of Ostrolenka."

By this hardy sortie, the Poles have pushed Rosen back to the position occupied by Pahlen, on the 5-18th February, and have entirely separated his corps (all Lithuanians,) from the main body of the army, now at Pulawy. In short, this mighty force of 150,000 men, consisting of the *élite* of the Russian armies, and commanded by her best Generals, has been checked and beaten in detail by a handful of brave men fighting for national independence.

Arguing humanly, one would be constrained to say, that this gallant people had no chance against the vast superiority of numbers and resources, with which their gigantic enemy

can overwhelm them; but of late years, events have so far outstripped all human calculation, that there is no saying what may be the result of this prolonged and desperate struggle.

Russia has many enemies, and some of them are nearer home than Warsaw.

Would to God that Prussia would mediate, and by interposing her good offices, put a stop to this alarming state of things, which threatens, not only Russia, but the whole of Europe, with combustion.

We must soon hear of Diebitch's having crossed the Vistula, or of his bringing on a general action, to save Rosen from annihilation.

Meanwhile, what may be the feelings of the Lithuanian corps, separated from Diebitch, and forced back towards their own country, which is in open revolt?

April 7-19.—Fine, sunny, and hot. (Thermometer + 12°.) Promenade on the Quays and Prospekts, in Summer clothing.

I have before mentioned, that the Russian agriculturists, proprietors of sheep-flocks, neglected to sort and clean their wool, and that,

in consequence, this article fetched but a very low price in the foreign market, while in that rude state. I have since learned that there are four great wool-growers, Prince Romantzoff, Count Potemkin, Prince Kourakin, and Count Orloff, who have introduced the washing and sorting of wool upon their estates with great success. Until very lately, the wool went to England in its dirty state, was there sorted and cleaned, and came back hither to the loom of the Russian artisan.

I extract from this day's Journal de Petersburgh, the following article upon this subject, dated Moscow, 26th March, (7th April.)

" Since the introduction of sheep with fine wool into Russia, and the improvement of cloth manufactories, there has not been for these two branches of industry, so favourable a season as this year.

" Notwithstanding the great increase of their establishments, our manufacturers can hardly satisfy the demands of the merchants upon the spot, who seek with great eagerness the fine and middling cloths, as soon as they come from

the loom. At all the fairs of the Winter, this article has been entirely bought up, and the orders from the merchants of Kiakhta and Siberia, which limit themselves entirely to Russian manufactures, insure to our manufacturers an advantageous sale for their cloths. These circumstances, as well as the orders for middling and ordinary wool given by the English in an always increasing proportion, cause a sensible rise in the price of wool.

"It is to be hoped, that our cloth manufacturers and growers of wool will profit by these circumstances, and give to their produce the highest degree of perfection, and introduce by degrees a regular system in the wool trade, by sorting it, in which all the societies for the sorting* and sale of this article, which are established in the various governments, should concur, &c."

At night there was a sharp frost, and a splendid aurora borealis.

* N. B. It is not many years since people in England have found out that all sheep produce a certain quantity of *fine wool.*

April 8-20.—Fine and sunny, but cold winds from north-west. (Thermometer + 8°.) I went with Crampton to Etat Major and Libraries, to seek for a chart of the Neva and Cronstadt, without success; from thence we walked all round the Fontanka to the Summer Gardens, and so back by the Neva and Admiralty home. I learn that the Emperor has sent one of his aides-de-camp to Rosen and Geismar, to tell them that he does not impute any blame *to them* for what has happened, and that he has no doubt that, upon the first favourable occasion, they will bring back victory to the Imperial banners. The disgrace of the Field Marshal seems to be at hand, unless, by a rapid and fortunate movement, he cross the Vistula, and make himself master of Warsaw.

I passed the evening at the Kossakowskis' and the Lisianskis', quietly enough.

April 9-21. — Fine and sunny, with fresh breeze. (Thermometer + 4°.) At three I went to the rehearsal of the concert for this evening, at the Salle Engelhardt.*

* I know of no public rooms in Europe which can at all

This cold north-easter will bring down the ice from the Ladoga very shortly. We hear to-day reports of an advantage obtained by Rosen over the Poles—I suppose upon their retreat towards the Vistula, after their brilliant attack upon Geismar on the 19th.

At half-past eight I went to the Concert. The rooms were brilliantly lighted, but crowded to excess; however, by dint of patience and perseverance, I worked myself into a very good seat, towards the end of the first act.

The Lisianskis executed the duo of Celli, "Nel riveder ti, O Cara," divinely. Mademoiselle Varoninn and Madame Alexeieff sang the duo "Serbami ognor" very well; but I do not at all admire the style of Mademoiselle Varoninn; it is too redundant of ornament and roulade to please one whose taste has been formed by the simple song of the divine Pasta. —— sang out of time, out of tune, and out of spirits. ——— bellowed away the part of Assurro, without comprehending it in the least. Vili-

compare in beauty, convenience, and good ornamental taste, with the Salle Engelhardt in the Newski Prospekt.

ourski played deliciously, on the violoncello, a solo by Romberg. Luwoff fiddled away a composition of his own, which had not common sense in it. A young lady, a solo on a jingling harp, which pleased no one. The overture to "William Tell" was one of the finest pieces, and the best executed, which I have ever heard. The chorus in the "Siege of Corinth," by all the amateurs, reinforced by the *Chantres de la Cour*, and accompanied by all the best instrumental performers in Petersburgh, is the most magnificent of all human compositions, and was executed miraculously well indeed. Gregoire Volkonski sang the solos in good style. Rubini was *Maitre de Chapelle*, and performed wonders. On the whole, the concert was extremely successful.* It terminated at midnight.

* The tickets sold for twenty-five roubles each. Their Imperial Majesties sent large sums of money as donations, and so did most of the rich nobles. The Empress afterwards made Rubini the present of a diamond ring, and graciously thanked all the amateurs for their services.

CHAPTER V.

The Poles enter Volhynia. — Mystification of Diebitch's despatches. — Remarks on the War.—Easter fair and laughable procession.—Anecdote of the Emperor and Count Alopeus.—The Hurricane of 1824.—Passage of the ice from the Ladoga.—Opinions of the medical men upon the Cholera.—State of Lithuania.—Kreütz defeats the Poles near Casimir.— Rudiger and Davidoff defeat Dwerniçki.

APRIL 10-22.—Fine and sunny, and less cold than yesterday. (Thermometer +8°.) A Supplement to the Gazette of yesterday appears today. The great army has been obliged to retreat from the Vistula to the frontiers of the empire, at Seidlic. Rosen's corps is forced back upon the marshy district of Muchowiec, after being dreadfully beaten on the 28-9th and 29-10th,

and losing cannon. Dwerniçki has actually entered Volhynia, and driven back the corps opposed to him, as far as the banks of the Styr. So much for the mighty army commanded by the invincible Zabalkanski! Meanwhile all the communications with the empire through Lithuania are cut off, by the insurrection in that province; no supplies of any sort can reach the great army in that direction; and I should not be in the least degree surprised to hear, in a few days, of an open revolt in the provinces of Grodno, Podolia, and Volhynia.

I passed the evening at the Austrian Ambassadress's soirée, where I had the pleasure of meeting my old Vienna friend, Apraxin, who had arrived from that city charged with despatches.

April 11-23.—Slight rain, mixed with a few flakes of snow. Cold and chilly. (Thermometer +5°.) The official account of the movements of Rosen and Diebitch, subsequent to the affair of the 19-31st, is such a precious piece of mystification, that I cannot refrain from

copying it, for the advantage of all future editors of official papers.

"The Field-Marshal Commander in Chief of the Active Army had informed his Majesty the Emperor, that having received at the moment when he was about to effect the passage of the Vistula, the report of the action which took place on the 19th, between the principal rebel force and the 6th corps of infantry, he had suspended his movement in expectation of more precise information upon the projects of the Rebels, in order to regulate thereby the operations of the Active Army.

"Since the 19th, the rebels, having received fresh reinforcements from Warsaw, had begun to press anew the 6th corps of infantry, which in repelling during several days with intrepidity the *impetuous shock of a superior enemy*,* had experienced severe losses, and in the state of weakness in which it found itself, could no longer oppose resistance with success, and still less cover our communications in case that the

* How the devil came they to be superior?

grand army should have crossed over to the left bank of the Vistula. To this unfavourable circumstance must be added the *indispensable necessity of insuring to the army its provisions, which during some time had become very difficult on account of the state of the roads, which delayed the convoys, and the troubles which had broken out in the government of Wilna, upon those points by which the convoys of provisions had to pass in coming from the magazines to the army.*

" In such a state of things the Commander in Chief deemed it more useful to concentrate towards the frontiers of the Empire the army confided to his charge, as much to facilitate the definitive organization of the service of provisions, as to *co-operate in the measures taken to bring back into the path of duty the rebels of Lithuania.* In consequence the Commander in Chief marched upon Seidlic with his principal forces.

" The rebel troops, avoiding a decisive action with the principal mass of our forces, showed themselves in small detachments during

the march, and fell back in proportion as our troops advanced.

"While our principal army executed this movement, the Aide-de-camp General Baron Rosen, having put himself at the head of his cavalry, made in person a reconnoissance in the direction of Sieroczin, and in the night of the 29 March, (10 April) he began to fall back upon the position which his corps occupied before Siedlic. The rebels having perceived this movement, concealing their march, began to pursue General Rosen by Zelozaw, and ceased not, during his retreat, to attack him with the greatest fury. Appreciating all the importance of the point defended by his troops, the Aide-de-Camp General Rosen judged it necessary to maintain himself in it, notwithstanding the great superiority of the rebel forces, and the disadvantage of his position, where he found himself driven back upon the borders of the marshy Muchowiec. In order to attain the end which he proposed to himself, he made every effort to oppose a vigorous resistance to the rebels. The valour of the

troops chosen for this purpose completely answered to the expectations of their chief. The infantry regiments of Minsk and Volhynia, which had suffered more than the others in the late affairs, fought also upon this point with the greatest intrepidity. The regiments of Hussars of the second division, under the command of their brave Colonel Sievers, distinguished themselves particularly; as also the 13th and 14th Chasseurs. These last, in charging vigorously with the bayonet, repulsed the enemy's columns three times. In one of these attacks supported by a hardy charge of the Hulans of Poland, they succeeded in capturing four of the enemy's guns, but the *muddy state of the ground did not permit them to carry them off, and obliged us even to leave one of our own pieces;* nevertheless the end was completely attained, the attack of the rebels had been repulsed, Seidlic saved; and the advantageous position occupied by the troops beyond the Muchowiec, strengthened still more this point, so important in the present circumstances.

"So obstinate a combat against superior forces has cost us great sacrifices. The Colonel Bezsonoff, commanding the 13th Chasseurs, has fallen under the bayonets of the rebels in the front of his regiment. The Commandant of Brigade, Major General Dobrovolsky, and the Colonel Jerkoff, commanding the 14th Chasseurs, have been wounded; and we reckon about 1000 men killed and wounded (say 4000). According to the reports of the prisoners, the loss of the rebels must also have been very considerable.

"In the night of the 29th to 30th March, (10th to 11th April,) the Commander-in-Chief arrived at Siedlic, and encamped not far from that town, near the village Belki. Immediately after the arrival of the principal army, the rebels evacuated a part of the position which they occupied on the other side of the Muchoviec, and in the night of the 31st March, (12th April,) they withdrew entirely in the direction of Kaluzin, pursued by the Cossacks.

"At the same time a report has been received

of the movements of the rebel troops, commanded by General Dwerniçki. On the 28th March, (9th April,) this detachment, issuing out of Zamosk, attacked our advanced posts at Krylowa and Hrubirzowa, and the 29-10th it commenced, in considerable force, to pass the Boug: between Ustilug and Letovitch. The Lieutenant-General Rudiger, commanding the 4th corps of cavalry of reserve, seeing no possibility of defending the passage with the forces concentrated at Wladimir, fell back upon the Styr in order to concentrate all the troops of his corps, as well as the regiments of infantry of the 3rd corps placed at his disposal, and the reinforcements expected from the first army, in order to oppose a decisive resistance to the rebels, and to assume the offensive as soon as possible. With a view to facilitate these measures, the Commander-in-Chief of the active army has given orders to the Lieutenant-General Baron Kreutz to fall with the 5th corps of cavalry, which is confided to him, upon the rear of Dwerniçki."—(Supplément Extraordi-

naire au Journal de St. Petersbourg du Jeudi, 9-21 April, 1831.)

Thus then the presumption of the Russians in undertaking a winter campaign in a hostile country, where they found neither provisions nor forage, and without roads practicable for artillery, has met with disaster and defeat from a handful of men whom they despised, and whom they threatened to annihilate by one hardy *coup de main*. We were told in the commencement that the Poles had neither men, arms, nor ammunition; neither had they the means of procuring or making the two latter, or raising the former. Whence come then these armies of superior force, who defeat successively Geismar, Rosen, Kreutz, and Toll? who march north upon Ostrolenka, south upon Zamosk, and east upon Siedlic? Do they spring out of the ground like the soldiers of Cadmus, the offspring of the dragon's teeth? Where are the victorious cavaliers of Toll and Kreutz, who at first boasted that they would exterminate the corps of Dwernicki, and after-

wards that they had shut him up in Zamosk, and would force him there to consume all his own provisions, and starve him into surrender? This starved and exterminated corps has driven the Russians ignominiously across the frontier, and will now most probably revolutionize Volhynia. Where are the eight hundred *bouches à feu* which were to vomit forth fire and destruction upon the devoted Warsaw, not one stone of which was to rest upon another? Where are the immense trains of pontoons which left Petersburgh in January last, and were to carry the victorious legions of the North across the Vistula into the heart of Sarmatia? Where are the trophies — where are the captives? The cannon of the Tzar have been captured by the Poles, or left in the mud. The pontoons have never floated upon the bosom of the Vistula, but encumber the swampy fields upon its banks. The captives languish in Warsaw, and the roads of Poland are strewn with the famished and mangled carcases of the Russian soldiery. Napoleon used to say that

Poland contained a fifth element—that of mud. The Russians knew this as well as Napoleon. Diebitch knew, or ought to have known, that, if he waited for the thaw, his armies would be paralyzed by the impracticable state of the roads, and starved by the want of supplies, all of which would have to come from the heart of the empire. Why did he not follow the flying and beaten Poles into Warsaw on the 7-19th of February? Why did he not pursue them, *l'épée dans les reins*, across the bridge into the capital? Either he could do this, or he could not. He said that he could have done so!—yet he did not do it. Inference, he could not. Ergo, the victory of the 7-19th of February was not so decisive as he represented. The Poles defended their retreat so well, and showed so good a countenance upon the *tête du pont*, that the Marshal did not dare to attack them in their lair. Where was his numerous artillery with which he should have swept the bridge? Left in the mud, *(dans les fondrières,)* or captured by the Poles? In truth I know not

what he has done with his immense resources except embarrass himself, lose his own reputation and that of the empire, and raise to a pitch of enthusiasm the spirits of the Poles and of their partizans.

The first and greatest fault was beginning the campaign in the winter; the second great fault was waiting for the thaw instead of pushing across the ice at once to the left bank of the Vistula. The conquest of Poland depended upon the capture of Warsaw by a *coup de main*. That *coup de main* has not taken place; the Poles have gained time, courage, experience, partizans, cannon, ammunition, victories, and renown. All Europe sympathizes with them. The Russians have lost all that the Poles have gained; and, what is to them more important, that reputation of invincibility which their armies had earned by the campaigns of 1813 and 1814. All Europe is delighted at their discomfiture.

But the Russians have always since the days of Peter contrived, in spite of the great

faults committed by their generals, to gain ground in all directions, and to obtain the same results from defeat that other nations do by victory. "Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons," said Napoleon, and Russia has an army of 800,000 men. The summer must bring with it the destruction of the Poles, unless in the mean time they succeed in insurrectionizing all their ancient provinces, and in dismembering the empire. Such a supposition is hardly entertainable.

To dismount from my military hobby-horse, let me return to the sober matter of fact relation of my daily occupations.

I went at one o'clock to the topographical department at the Admiralty, to seek for the chart of the Gulf, and of Cronstadt, but without success. I saw the model-room, &c.

From thence I proceeded to call upon Apraxin at Demoot's, and from thence to Gastenoi Dvhor, to see the Easter fair, dolleries, palms, and nonsense. I was caught in the rain, and hustled by a dirty and stinking crowd in

the bazaars. I laughed much at a procession of women and girls, each carrying under her arm a bunch of willow twigs (i. e. palms), the said bunch of twigs looking for all the world like a rod, while the women and girls looked as if they were going to be fustigated by a police soldier who brought up the *rear-guard* with a prodigious bundle of the same suspicious palms under his arm. The poor willows have as yet no symptoms of leaves, but most persons attach, by means of string, artificial foliage upon the bare sticks.

The canals are almost all clear of ice, and I hear that the ice of the Ladoga has broken up, and will soon come down the Neva. Several small vessels have arrived from the Baltic at the quays of Petersburgh.

I passed the evening quite *en famille* at the Modènes', all the world being absorbed with palms and devotions. Sophie de Modène had been making *lint* with the Empress.

April 12-24.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 6°.) Promenade with Alopeus in the

Summer Gardens, who told me he had had a scene with a servant* about his dog, which had been beaten by a dog belonging to the said servant.

* Some time after the *demêlé* which had taken place between Alopeus and the servant alluded to, I learned that it had been nearly productive of very disagreeable consequences.

The fact was simply this, Count Alopeus, accompanied by Count Cleptowitch, was walking in the Newski Prospekt. Alopeus had with him a pretty English spaniel, a faithful companion of his, which had travelled all over Turkey, Greece, and Italy with him.

A servant in the livery of the Court, also accompanied by a dog, passed by; the court dog very uncourteously attacked the English spaniel, and being a more powerful and pugnacious animal, worried the other furiously.

Alopeus, hearing the cries of his favourite, ran to his rescue, and desired the servant to call his dog off, which the servant refused to do, but, on the contrary, encouraged his dog to continue his attack.

Alopeus, very much annoyed at this behaviour, and excited by the peril in which he saw his poor favourite Dash, struck the servant with his clenched fist, *à l'Anglaise*, a pretty severe blow in the stomacher, whereupon the Bootoshnicks or Police watchmen came up, and were going to take both parties into custody.

Alopeus then gave his name and address, and told the

We have heard to-day of an advantage gained over Dwerniçki (or Uminski, I cannot tell

Bootoshnicks that, if they had any thing to say to him, they knew where to find him, and walked away.

The servant meanwhile went to the Palace (for he was one of the Empress's servants, and the dog belonged to her Majesty), and complained to his superior that he had been beaten by Count Alopeus, and in short, told the story his own way, no doubt very much exaggerating the whole circumstance.

The report reached the Emperor's ears. H. I. M. immediately sent for Prince Volkonski, the Grand Master of the Household, and desired him to cause Alopeus's name to be erased from the list of employés in the Bureau des Affaires Etrangères, and to dismiss him from his service, observing that a person who could be guilty of beating one of the Empress's servants publicly in the street, was not fit to be in the Imperial service.

Fortunately for Alopeus, he had a friend and protector at Court in the person of Count Orloff, who, hearing what had occurred, and suspecting that Alopeus was in reality not so much to blame as the Emperor imagined, begged his Majesty's permission first to examine Alopeus upon the subject; which he did, and finding that Alopeus was at the most only guilty of an unpremeditated indiscretion, he took the liberty of remonstrating with the sovereign upon the orders given to Prince Volkonski.

His Imperial Majesty listened attentively to Count Or-

which, as the accounts are so confused): it seems, however, not to have been any thing very decisive.

loff's remonstrance, but for a long while remained firm to his original determination; at length he relented and said, "Send for Count Alopeus and for the servant, and desire the Count to ask pardon of the menial for the blow he gave him. If he apologize, and the servant forgive him, I will forgive him also."

Count Orloff then sent for Alopeus, and proposed to him the Emperor's terms.

"Tell his Imperial Majesty," was Alopeus's spirited reply, "that he is my master, that he can command my services, that he can command my life—I am ready to lay it down for him; but he cannot command me to dishonour myself. Entreat his Majesty to dismiss me from his service, if so it seems fit to him, but to grant me my passport, and let me leave a court in which I can no longer remain without dishonour."

In vain Count Orloff remonstrated with Alopeus, and begged of him to humble himself to the Emperor. Alopeus was inflexible.

The Count Orloff returned to the Emperor, and related what had passed between him and Alopeus; he represented to H. I. M. that the young man was the son of an old and faithful minister of the crown; that what he had done was at the most but a venial offence; that he was ignorant at the moment the blow was given that the servant belonged

I passed the evening at the Bazaines' very agreeably, and obtained from the General a great deal of information respecting his department here, and upon the details of his vast plan for raising a dyke to save Petersburgh. He is so good as to promise not only to procure me the chart of which I am in pursuit, but also to trace upon it for me the lines of his proposed dam.

to the Empress, and that consequently no insult was intended to be conveyed to her Majesty.

The Emperor made an effort to master his feelings—he was probably struck with the noble and high-spirited conduct of Alopeus.

"I forgive him," said he, "and henceforth let the subject be no more mentioned."

I relate this anecdote as one highly honourable both to the Emperor and to the subject, and as tending to illustrate the character of the noble young Sovereign, who, invested as he is with the most despotic power, and partaking of course of defects consequent upon the nature of his education, will listen to remonstrances on the part of persons who he thinks have personally insulted him, and instead of sending the supposed delinquents into Siberia, as was the custom with his predecessors, will forgive them, and as in the case of Prince Suvaroff, and many others, again receive them into favour, and overwhelm them with benefits.

He was an eye-witness of the catastrophe of 1824, when Petersburgh was nearly laid under water, and can well appreciate the necessity of some contrivance for saving the city from annihilation. The hurricane lasted from nine until two. The waters rose at the quays of Petersburgh fourteen feet above the usual level, but only twelve at Cronstadt. This is, no doubt, owing to the narrowness of the river's mouth, as compared with the extent of the Gulf at Cronstadt. The state of the atmosphere was quite terrific, and of such a tension as could not, in the nature of things, last long. The wooden tower of the telegraph, belonging to the Corps des Voies de Communications, although built of very strong materials, and solidly knit together, oscillated like a pendulum. The General, who had mounted to the top of it, in order to witness the progress of the waters, was obliged to hold on by the balustrade with all his force, to prevent his being actually blown away by the violence of the wind. The Duke of Wurtemburgh, who is

the Chief of the Corps des Voies de Communication, was likewise at the telegraph with Bazaine; such was the rapidity with which the waters rose, that the streets were inundated before the Duke could effect his retreat home. The young men of the corps immediately set about making a raft, and worked up to their middles in water at it in the court-yard of their caserne; but such was the violence of the wind, that even when they had completed it and set the Duke upon it, they could not navigate it in safety in the streets, so that the Duke was obliged to remain at the telegraph until the waters had gone down.

It is not merely the immediate destruction which is caused by these dreadful visitations, which is to be taken into account, but also the ultimate damage done by the sapping of the foundations of houses, of palaces, of churches, of barracks, &c. and of the damp, and pestilential air generated in the cellars and lower stories of houses inhabited by thousands of miserable beings, many of whom catch, in consequence, diseases of the most terrible description, and die

by hundreds. Add to these, the loss of property and stores of all kinds, and you have then an idea of the paramount necessity of doing something to save this beauteous city, this creation of a vast but stubborn genius, which was resolved to conquer Nature at any price, but upon whom she threatens some day to avenge herself most fearfully.

As I drove home I could not help remarking the beauty of the moonlight nights, which is inconceivable at this season; they light up the golden spire of the Admiralty, and of the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, into a blaze of glory.

April 13-25.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 10°.) I walked to the banks of the Neva at two o'clock, and found the bridge removed, and the ice of the Ladoga floating majestically down the stream in large white fields. The thermometers upon the English Quay stood at + 4°, being a difference of six degrees from the temperature upon the Moïka, with a southern aspect; and this is caused by the motion of the ice through the air. I felt for the first time in my life a sort of shooting pain in two of my

teeth in the upper jaw, the one being exactly opposite to the other. I hope they have not begun to suffer from the effect of this climate, as I see those of almost every body else have done.

I passed the evening at home, the Holy week imposing quiet and retreat upon everybody.

April 14-26.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer + 10°.) The Gazette of to-day states that the General Ugrumoff with a division of grenadiers and carabineers, has beaten Uminski, 7-19th April, upon the banks of the Leiv near Wengrow, and has taken 300 prisoners, four guns, (which he could not carry off,) and killed and wounded 3000 men. He acknowledges the loss of 600 (say 1200). Dwerniçki, 4-16th April, has been checked by Rüdiger, in an attempt to cross the Styr at Boromel, and has lost four guns, mounted upon platforms, (chevalets,) which, however, Rüdiger could not carry off, but threw into the river.

Dwerniçki is strong in cavalry, but his infantry does not count above 8000 men.

The ice is coming down from the Ladoga in

great style to-day. It is amusing to see the dexterity with which the boats, plying backwards and forwards, contrive to fight their way through these moving fields. However, I have heard of instances in which they are carried out by the *floes* to sea. The wind is very high and piercingly cold upon the quays of the Neva, and the dust flies about in immense clouds. I paid a morning visit to Lord Heytesbury, from whom I learned that Dr. Walker is of opinion that the cholera is contagious, though not so much so as the plague; but that he has not made up his mind as to whether it can be carried about by merchandise. The Minister of Finance has determined that it is not in any case contagious, and has prevailed upon the Emperor to take off all quarantines, which *gené*'d the commercial operations. The Russian physicians, who are a very obedient set of men, have all agreed to M. de Cauerin's doctrine. In short, it has been determined in Council, that it is not to be contagious—so there is an end of it.

The state of Lithuania continues to be very unsettled; the priests and the noblesse being at the head of the revolt. The rebels have, however, no arms, and cannot keep the field against the masses of troops which the Government will march upon them. Meanwhile they sally out from the woods, and surprise convoys and small parties of the military, and they have had the folly to destroy a canal, which had been constructing for many years at a vast expense, and of which the Lithuanians themselves would have some day felt the benefit. The Emperor on parade to-day announced a fresh success obtained by the Imperial troops; but I cannot as yet learn where or over whom. I hear of 3000 men drowned, and 6000 taken and killed. This is most probably a great exaggeration of some partial success over Uminski upon the Liwieck.

April 15-27.—Fine and sunny. (Thermometer +11°.) The bridge has been replaced, and there are to-day no more *glaçons*. The weather is heavenly. The victory announced on parade yesterday seems to have been gained

by Kreütz over a corps of 12,000 Poles—(Where the devil do they come from?)—near the banks of the Vistula, between Casimir and Pulawy. Kreütz was pursuing Dwerniçki; but finding himself suddenly placed between this new enemy and the said Dwerniçki, and not liking to be between two fires, faced about, and beat the Poles most dreadfully, driving many into the river, and killing and taking many more. This is the Russian version. I wonder what the Poles will say? To-morrow we shall have the official account. I believe this corps consisted of raw levies, badly armed and disciplined. Kreütz seems the most active and enterprising of the Imperial generals. He is a German (as his name indicates) of Courland.

I dined with the Ambassador, and passed the evening at the Embassy, and in paying infructuous visits at the Princess Soltykoff's and the Countess Kossakowska's. Count Tolstoï set off to-day for Witepsk, to assume the command of the army of reserve, 150,000 men. They will soon be marched into Poland.

The moon, nearly at its full, lights up the vast streets of Petersburgh and the beautiful quays of the Neva in a style which almost realizes the scenes of fairy tales.

April 16-28. — Fine and sunny. I was awakened at daylight by the bells of the Casan Church, (this being Holy Thursday,) which made such an infernal noise for several hours that I have a head-ache, and shall continue to have it until these Easter holidays are over. Why will the priests in all nations force people, by their importunities, to go to pray against their will? I took my usual turn upon the quays of the Neva, and in the Summer Gardens, (with their barbarous statuary,*) in spite of a feverish feeling which announced the coming on of an attack of bile, and a change of weather.

After dinner I was so unwell as to be obliged to get into bed, and to cover myself up with blankets and cloaks to bring on perspiration. I passed a wretched evening.

* Said barbarous statuary stolen from Poland by more barbarous Russ generals.

April 17-29.—I arose at two P.M. weak and feverish, with head-ache, and violently inflamed and sloughing sore-throat. In short, I am completely laid upon my beam-ends for a few days. Perspiration and diet—Good Friday.

April 18-30.—I am better, but weak and languid, with ulcerated sore-throat. It rains hard to-day, and looks miserable enough out of doors. I shall not be able to go to the midnight mass at the Imperial Chapel, whither Gregoire Volkonski had promised to convey me, as I am too unwell to venture upon such an experiment to-night.

The Gazette of to-day gives some account of two advantages gained by Rüdiger and Davydoff over the corps of Dwerniçki in Volhynia; they do not seem, however, to be very decisive.—I sent letters to England by a cabinet courier. I passed the day and night with gargles and misery. Salutes and ringing of bells prevented my getting much rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Preparations for departure to Moscow.—Anecdote of Rubini and General Gerepzoff.—Docility of Russ Peasants.—Easter Festivals.—Reports of Plague in the Caucasus.—Easter Amusements.—Lithuanian Affairs.—Visit to the Imperial Library.—Dwerniçki's flight into Gallicia.—Conduct of Volhynian Nobles and Peasantry.—Accident to the Princess Youssoupoff.—I quit Petersburgh.—The Road towards Moscow.—Military Colonies of Novgorod.—City of Novgorod.—The River Msta.—Vishney Voloshock.—Peter the Great's famous Canal.—Torjock.—Twer.—Arrival at Moscow.—Remarks upon the Journey.

APRIL 19. (May 1.)—Alas! the merry month of May comes on gloomily enough. It still rains and looks very black and desolate. It is however Easter Sunday, and the Greco-Russians will be gay despite the times. I am a good deal better, but the left tonsile of my throat is still very much inflamed and ulcerated.

This day week I have arranged to set out for Moscow. In very truth I ought to be in London on that day; but that is impossible, so patience. Another month, and then.

I have been so long a wanderer and an exile from my native soil, that I am almost a stranger in the land of my forefathers. It is time I should cease vagabondizing, and think of settling somewhere for the rest of my insignificant existence. Let me see Moscow, and I shall have done enough.

This very *mal-à-propos* indisposition of mine has completely defeated my purpose of seeing the fêtes of the Greco-Russian Easter; so that I must read somewhere a good description, and that will do as well.

I have often, in the course of my desultory scribbling, remarked upon the aptitude of the common Russians to *learn any thing*. Let me here mention a singular instance, which is well worth remembering.

Il Signore Rubini, (my singing-master,) in his way to Petersburgh from Vienna, accompa-

nied by il Signor and la Signora Schirola, broke down in the centre of a forest, not very far from Witepsk. He managed, however, to get on to the post-house, where he was informed that not very far from thence lived a person who would repair his carriage by the following day. Hereupon il Signore Rubini sent a message to this person, imagining that he was some blacksmith or wheelwright, desiring that his carriage might be immediately put into hand. Judge of his surprise when, after a short time had elapsed, he received a very polite answer to his cavalier message, from General Gerepzoff, a great landed proprietor, informing him that the General's people should immediately set about repairing the carriage, and requesting the favour of il Signore Rubini and company's attendance at his house to dine and sleep. Rubini was delighted at thus finding manna in the wilderness, and repaired with his companions, in the General's equipage, to his house, not many wersts from the post-house, seated in an open space, well cleared from the neighbouring

forests. The General received them with open arms, and told them, that not only would he give them bed and board, but likewise *an opera after dinner.* Il Maëstro was thunderstruck, and thought the General was joking; but not at all. After dinner the company were ushered into a neat little theatre, well lighted and decorated, and there, with a full orchestra, did they hear very well performed the opera of the "Calife di Bagdad." The delighted Italians could not believe the evidence of their senses; but so it was: they thought it was magic! Whence came the singers? whence came the musicians! They were all the slaves of the landed proprietor! The following morning the prima donna swept out the bedrooms; il primo tenore waited at breakfast; and il basso cantante brought out the horses; il primo violino attended the pigs in the farm-yard; the bassoon worked in the garden; the flute watched the sheep; and the French horn enchanted the cows. The rest of the artists were variously disposed of, according to their abilities. The

maître de chapelle, and decorator, and mechanist of the theatre, was the General's son.

"The thing is not so difficult as it appears to you," said the General to the astonished Italians: "the season of agricultural labour is but very short in Russia; during the rest of the year the peasantry are in utter idleness upon most estates. I employ mine in this harmless and agreeable manner. They are docile, and have a taste for music; and they take as great an interest in the performance as I do. The audience consists of my neighbours, and peasants. The instruments are the only expense. The people copy out their own repartition of the operas. My son is, as well as myself, a good musician. He is devoted to our peasants and our property; and we contrive between us to make the time pass profitably and pleasantly, as well to ourselves as to the poor beings committed by Providence to our charge."

The General had established schools upon the estate, in which elementary knowledge of

all sorts was taught, and he had a dispensary in the village which would not disgrace the capital, under the immediate direction and inspection of his son, who is indeed physician and surgeon, as well as mechanist, decorator, and maître de chapelle.

Rubini has often talked to me with much pleasure upon this interesting topic. He corresponds with the General, and particularly with his son, to whom he sends from time to time new music, in return for fugues and canons, composed by the said extraordinary Melomane.

From all I hear of the character of the common Russians, I am induced to believe that any thing may be done with them; indeed those who know them well, maintain that all the virtues of the Russian nation are to be found under the sheepskin shube and the long beard of the mujick; but that the man with short skirts and smooth chin is but an imitation of the civilized part of the European community.

It is droll enough to see the country fellows and drosky drivers kissing each other, and knocking their foreheads together to-day. They say, as do the Greeks, upon this occasion, "Christ is risen," to which the reply is "Yes, he is risen!" They will be all gloriously drunk for the next three or four days, to compensate for their long and rigorous fast of Lent, during which they really eat nothing but the most unwholesome and disgusting food.

What a singular idea has ignorant and deluded mankind of the nature and attributes of the Divinity, to imagine that He can be served and pleased by their imposing upon themselves such absurd and unnatural observances! However, I have not seen among the Russo-Greeks any thing so disgusting as the Maltese orgies of Holy Week, when men and women walk barefoot through the streets, clad in white sheets, and trailing at their heels ponderous and clanking chains, which gall and cut their ankles as they walk along.

In the evening I felt myself so much better

that I went to the Bazaines', where I saluted and was saluted *à la Russe*, by all the ladies —"Christos Vosskreiss."

At night it rained again.

April 20, (May 2.)—Rain, rain, rain. The ice is coming down again from the Ladoga, and encumbers even the canals to-day. We shall have no fine weather while it is passing. Meanwhile my throat is much better, and nearly free from ulceration, thanks to a very agreeable gargle, composed of carrot water, vinegar, and honey, prescribed to me by M. Didelot. I did not venture out until night, when I went to pay my congratulatory visit to the Boulgakows. The streets were full of water.

April 21, (May 3.)—The weather has suddenly changed to fine and sunny from the gloom and rain of yesterday. So much the better for my journey to Moscow. I learned yesterday evening that the plague has made its appearance in the Caucasus, and that the Government is in great embarrassment in conse-

quence of the want of troops with which to form a cordon sanitaire. They talk of re-organizing the militia of 1812. This will be a great drain upon the peasantry and the resources of the landed proprietors. The levies already made have amounted to 5 per cent. in the last six or eight months, and these levies are not yet completed before comes the necessity for more. The times are difficult, and I fear that discontent will show itself in the interior. Meanwhile the cholera, it seems, has reached Warsaw! Where will the calamities of Europe end? (Thermometer +11°.)

The Neva to-day is full of ice from the Ladoga, as full as it was the very day of its own departure. The boats were obliged to cross over very low down towards the end of the English quay.

The people are amusing themselves with their Tom-fooleries upon the Admiralty Place, as they did during the carnival, with the exception of the ice-hills, which have long ago disappeared. The whole male population

(lower orders understood) is drunk, and a considerable portion of the softer sex also.

To give my readers some idea of the nature of the Easter entertainments, I copy the following Harlequin's puff:

Avec permission du Gouvernement
Sur la place de l'Amirauté
Pantomimes et réprésentations
Des Acrobates
Lehmann et Compagnie.

Lehmann et Compagnie, dont les réprésentations ont été honorées pendant plusieurs années de suite, des visites d'un public nombreux, ont l'honneur d'annoncer que pendant la Semaine de Pâques ils feront voir dans la première grande Barraque, en face de la maison cidevant Labanoff, près de l'Eglise Isaac, des pantomimes tout-à-fait nouvelles, ainsi que des danses sur la corde, des tours de force, et d'équilibre. Les réprésentations seront changées chaque jour, de la manière suivante.

1. Le roi de feu, ou Arlequin jeté dans le Vésuve.
2. La naissance d'Arlequin, ou le double Pierrot.
3. La Fortune protégeant Arlequin, ou Pierrot changé en oiseau de chant.
4. Pantalon malade imaginaire.

On verra dans ces pantomimes une quantité de métamorphose, savoir: une chaumière de paysan changée en voiture avec des chevaux, dans laquelle se mettent Pantalon et Pierrot; mais les chevaux prennent le mors aux dents;

Pantalon avec les chevaux est emporté au sud, et Pierrot avec les roues au nord ; la voiture même devient un berceau de roses, dans lequel Colombine et Arlequin prennent le thé:—un papillon se change en rat ; Arlequin sort d'un œuf, saute dans une caisse et se change en bouteilles, qui disparaissent ensuite ; Pierrot est attaché à un mur par les mains et par les pieds ; une maison à Krähwinkel se change en ruines de Babylone, et ensuite en un magnifique jardin magique, dans lequel on voit un temple de rubis et d'émeraudes ; le maître d'une hotellerie se change en une âne ; une figure de marbre, réprésentant un Gladiateur, se change en Arlequin, et le piedestal en un Satyre tenant une cage, dans laquelle Pierrot est renfermé comme oiseau de chant ; une table couverte se change en un lit, d'où s'élance un Monstre qui s'efforce de dévorer Pierrot et Pantalon ; un rocher de granit devient un temple ardent, d'où sort le Roi de feu ; Pierrot mange des œufs de Pâques, qui ensuite lui sortent de la bouche devenus poulets et poules ; Arlequin saute dans le creux d'un tronc d'arbre, qui se change aussitôt en un ermitage, et Arlequin en Erémite, et le tronc reparaît ensuite de nouveau ; l'intérieur d'une chambre offre tout-à-coup l'aspect de Vésuve, qui avec un bruit terrible rejette de la fumée et des cendres, des éclairs sillonent l'horizon obscurci, et enfin une lave brûlante vient inonder la ville de Pompéï—(Nulle part encore on n'a vu ce spectacle, et l'inventeur se flatte qu'il méritera l'approbation du public.) Pantalon enfonce une porte et tombe avec elle dans la maison, et Pierrot se multiplie en plusieurs individus parfaitement semblables ; Arlequin avec une guitarre se change en une dame, vêtue d'après la dernière mode de

Paris. Arlequin est fourré dans une bouteille, et pour le sauver la Fortune arrive sur une Planète qui se meut continuellement. Toutes les machines et décorations ont été nouvellement faites par Mr. Lehmann, et n'ont pas été encore vues. La Compagnie fera tout son possible pour occuper agréablement les spectateurs, &c."

This is a tolerable specimen of a mountebank's advertisement, and is quite worthy of Paris or London.

In the evening I went to see the pretty Princess Youssoupoff, from whom I am to have recommendatory letters to Moscow; from hence I went to the Bazaines', it being Madame la Générale's fête. Here we played tricks upon cards and magnetism until one o'clock of

April 22. (May 4.)—Fine and warm. (Thermometer + 11°.) The wind is west, and the Neva clear of ice; the bridge is replaced. I promenaded amongst the follies of the Easter-week. After dinner I called to make P. P. C. visits upon the Comtesse Choiseul, Kossakowska, and the Lisianskis'.

The accounts from Lithuania are very distressing; the native *noblesse* are forced by the

peasantry into rebellion. They are between the gibbet on the one hand, and the fusillade and confiscation on the other. The peasantry lately nearly murdered Count ——, a General and Knight of St. George. They trampled his honours in the dust, and gave him two hundred *coups de bâton*. He was only saved by the interference of a priest, who maintained that he was a Peer of France, and no Russian. He is now here. Grodno is also unquiet. Dwerniçki has out-manœuvred Rüdiger, and still runs about in Volhynia at large.

April 23. (May 5.)—Fine but blowy. (Thermometer +10°.) The Neva is choked up with ice from the Ladoga, and the bridge is removed. We hear reports of Pahlen's corps having obtained some advantage, but I do not as yet make out the particulars. Wind north-east.

I passed the evening *en petit comité* at the Bazaines'. At night a slight aurora borealis, but the weather threatening to change.

April 24. (May 6.)—Cloudy and windy, and threatening rain. (Thermometer +12°.) At

half-past eleven I went with Gregoire Volkonski and his friends, Messrs. Bascou and Ballantyne, to see the Imperial Library.* It contains many precious works; but the most interesting part of the collection consists in autograph letters of various sovereigns, particularly of Henry IV. of France, Henry III. of France, Henry VII. of England, Elizabeth, Mary of Scotland, whose missal is also here; some also of Peter the Great's, written in a large bold hand; Rousseau's process for le Devin du Village; many seized and inedited works and fugitive pieces of Voltaire's, one in particular, in verse, about two horses of Lord Stair's; some very beautiful and curious illuminated manuscripts; some poems by the Schah of Persia, presented by the last Persian ambassador to the Czar: these are beautiful specimens of Oriental penmanship and illumination. One of Mary's letters to Elizabeth, dated from her prison in Carlisle, is particularly pathetic and eloquent. "Suffer me to see you," says she; "I am not

* In the Newski Prospeckt, near the Gostinnoï Dvhor.

a basilisk that I should enchant you, neither am I a cameleon that can assume any colour which it chooses. Stop not your ears like the serpent, and remember that if kings are painted with long ears,* it is to show that they should hear every thing, and then administer justice. I am not so bad as I am painted—I am only unfortunate. Deprive me not of the common right of confronting my enemies. I am not a wicked woman, but only your poor and loving cousin," &c. All this is written in French, and in a bad hand enough. In another letter to the King of France, dated Totbury, she says, "I am convinced I shall never quit this prison alive unless you send and carry me away by force. I am sure that if you send troops into Scotland, the people will rebel against Moray and Mirton." It is remarkable, that in her illuminated manuscript missal all the royal arms in the margins are effaced, but in one of them is written "Ce livre appartient à moi Marie."

* I only know of one King (Midas) who was painted with long ears.

There is a patent from Charles the Second for granting naturalization in his kingdom of Scotland to Baron Frederique Schomberg. This patent is written in a beautiful lawyer-like hand, probably by the famous Chancellor Hyde. It is dated Paris. Signed 'Charles R.' There is also a kingly scrawl of Louis XIV. "L'hommage est deut aux rois, ils font ce qu'il leur plaist. Louis, Louis, Louis, Louis."*

Captain Jones has made a rather extraordinary error respecting a phrase in a letter of Elizabeth's to Mary de Medicis, relative to Mary. The Queen says: "La passion a converti son chef en ses talons, et ses talons en son chef," which the Captain has translated, Passion has converted her head into "talons," and her "talons" into her head.

This library has been chiefly formed by the plunder of Warsaw. The Russians having no literature of their own, were obliged to steal it from other nations. A library is not as yet one of the *wants* of the nation, and exercises

* Dubrowski has the merit of having made this valuable collection.

no influence over it. A nation cannot be made wise by ukases, neither does the existence of an exotic library prove that the nation has any taste for or propendency towards literature. We saw not one single stranger here, and but one Russian, their La Fontaine, M. Kriloff, who, by the by, is the librarian. Theology, that science which has occupied so much the attention of and done so little for mankind, seems to triumph on the shelves of the Imperial Library, there being one immense compartment dedicated solely to this subject. We saw, among other objects, one which should hardly have found a place here, namely, a collection of Russian caricatures, representing the disasters of the French invaders, and the triumphs of the Cossacks and irregular militia of Mujicks. One particularly struck me; it was a convoy of French prisoners, escorted by mounted amazons armed with scythes. One of the librarians, an Englishman, decorated with the collar and riband of St. Anne, assured me that he had witnessed such a circum-

stance, and that the female militants were very fierce and cruel towards their unfortunate charges. That upon one occasion he had seen one of these viragoes severely wound with her scythe, a poor devil who had left his rank to drink water at a well. Nature never intended the softer sex for the use of any arms but those of Venus and Cupid. All others they abuse.

The Emperor has ordered another wing to be added to the building, but I know not from whence the books are to come. All foreign works of political or philosophical interest are either prohibited in Russia or mutilated by the Censure. The Librarian assured me, that even they, *the employés of the Library*, could obtain nothing new for the use even of the establishment, that had not been submitted previously to the inspection, and perhaps mutilation of the Censorship. Thus then any attempt at making a valuable collection in the country must prove abortive, and they do not seem to have thought of sending into the foreign markets for this purpose. I suppose

they intend waiting until they can plunder another Warsaw.

I thought the books badly classed, and worse bound; a catalogue has however been made, and no doubt the arrangement will be better. The Imperial Library has the privilege of receiving (like our own Bodleian) a copy of every work which comes from the Russian press; which has already produced to the institution 15,000 volumes.* The whole collection may amount to about 250,000.

April 25, (May 7.)—Cloudy and threatening. (Therm. +14°.) I went with M. ——— to take places in the *Velocifère* for Moscow for Friday next, fare 120 roubles. From thence to the Neva, but found the bridge removed, and ice passing in large quantities. In the afternoon I promenaded upon the Boulevards de l'Amirauté, to see *le beau monde*. I dined at the Bazaines' with M. Didelôt, and there we passed the evening *assez gaiement*, playing billiards, piquet, écarté and chess *avec ces aimables dames*.

* Most of these are translations.

We hear that Dwerniçki has been obliged to take refuge in Gallicia, and that his corps has been disarmed by the Austrians. So much for him!

April 27. (May 9.)—Rain and hail, and cold. (Thermometer + 6°.) At three it cleared up a little, and I got a stroll upon the Boulevards. I passed the evening at the Bazaines'. It rained all night. To-day no ice upon the Neva. Bridge replaced.

April 27. (May 9.)—Rain, snow and wind. (Thermometer + 6°.) The waters of the Moïka have risen very considerably. The Supplement of to-day gives an account of Dwerniçki's flight into Gallicia on the 15-27 April near Radziwilow, after sustaining an attack from General Rüdiger. Dwerniçki and all his corps have been disarmed by the Austrians, and put into quarantine. He will perhaps appear again, but the fate of Poland must be decided upon the banks of the Vistula, by the great armies of Zabalkanski and Czerniçki, and that shortly, for surely such a state of indecision cannot last long.

I am rather inclined to think that Austria will deliver up Dwerniçki to the Russians, in virtue of a cartel existing between the two powers. In such a case I would not give much for Dwerniçki's life. It would seem that he had been enticed by the noblesse of Volhynia into their country, under promises of rising in favour of the Polish revolution; but the Volhynian peasants, who are Russians (Rosniacks) by descent, would not second their seigneurs, who are Poles; for Volhynia was originally Russian, conquered by the Poles, and reconquered by Catharine. Thus then, the seigneurs finding that their peasantry, instead of seconding them, would willingly have cut all their throats, threw Dwerniçki overboard, and went back to their allegiance, vowing that they were the most faithful of his Imperial Majesty's subjects, and that they would fight up to their knees in blood for him and his august dynasty. Dwerniçki has been deceived and sacrificed.

I passed the evening at the English and Austrian Embassies, to say good-b'ye, and I

learnt to my great horror that England has placed all persons and goods coming from Russia under quarantine! What upon earth shall I do to escape this horrid punishment?

April 28. (May 10.)—Lowering and threatening to blow and rain. (Thermometer + 6°.) I paid sundry farewell visits despite the dark aspect of the heavens. I dined *en famille* at the Embassy, and passed the evening at the Princess Youssoupoff's. The pretty little Princess had lately narrowly escaped from losing her life by the most extraordinary accident in the world. She was driving in her carriage to go to Madame de Ficquelmont's soirée. A drosky drawn by two horses drove rapidly past her: the near horse in a drosky is a galloping prancing beast, put there merely for show. This animal, after he had passed the carriage, cast one of his hind shoes. The iron flew directly towards the Princess's carriage, broke one of the lamps, shivered one of the windows into a thousand pieces, and struck the Princess in the right eye. She was stunned by the

blow, but her husband, who was with her, desired the coachman to drive back home. The princess's face was wounded in several places by the nails of the shoe and the splinters of glass, but most fortunately her eye was not much hurt, so little so, that after washing her face she actually went to Madame Ficquelmont's as if nothing had happened; however, in the course of the evening her eye became bloodshot, and all the world asked what was the matter; the Princess then related the accident which had befallen her. Had the horse-shoe not struck the lamp in the first instance, the Princess would have lost her eye, or probably her life—had it even struck her as it was, upon the temple, she most likely would have been killed upon the spot. At present her eye is very black and bloodshot. She showed me the horse-shoe. I told her that she must offer an *ex voto* at the shrine of our Lady of Cazan, in the form of a horse-shoe of silver; and that meanwhile she should nail the identical object upon the great door of her house, as a charm to preserve her from all future accidents.

April 29. May 11.—Dark and threatening; wind south-west. (Thermometer + 8°.) I got a walk on the quays and Summer Garden. In the evening I went with M. Didelôt de la Ferté to the great theatre, to see the Freyschutz, by the German company. The overture was well executed, but the vocal part of the performance was very mediocre. The decorations were superb, particularly the incantation scene.

After the opera I went to say good-b'ye to the Bazaines', where I stayed till midnight.

April 30. (May 12.)—Fine and mild. (Thermometer + 8°.) *Visites de congé* occupied my whole morning. I dined at the Embassy, and passed the evening at home, packing-up for my journey to-morrow to Moscow. At night it rained, and blew a gale from the south-west: waters very high.

May 1-13.—Rain and snow; wind south-west. At half-past ten I set off for Moscow in the *Velocifère*, accompanied by a French merchant, M. Hernazhan. We passed the Lodge of Tchesmé and the Palace of Tzarscoçelo, and

drove the whole day over a beautiful chaussée, every now and then intersected by stone-bridges, ornamented with handsome cast-iron balusters. The country for the most part is hideous, sometimes marsh, sometimes forest. Log villages and savage mujicks characterize the scene; but the pretty little quarters of the soldiers, "des voies de communication," which every eight or nine versts ornament the road, with their yellow façades of wood, their green *rammers*, rollers, and the triangular machine for clearing the roads of snow, all ranged in battle array, like so many pieces of artillery enfilading the chaussée, contrasted strongly with the barbarism of the rest of the prospect. It is astonishing the attention paid by the civilized part of the Russian community to the decorative department: all is for effect, like the drop-scene of a theatre, while the barbarian mujick is perhaps, of all mankind, he who pays the least attention to external appearance.

All night long it snowed and rained, and froze alternately.

May 2nd.—At daylight we saw many recruits marching by, some of them handcuffed on to a bar of iron. We were abreast of the military colonies of Novgorod. These consist of a long row of prettily and uniformly built cottages, with gardens in front, while on the opposite side of the road, and in the rear of the villages, are the cultivated lands, barns, stables, &c. of the colony. At present there are but very few of the male colonists remaining here, merely the 4th battalions, consisting of the veterans and the boys not fit to bear arms; all the rest have marched away into Poland. By all I have been able to learn upon this subject, both at Petersburgh, and from two very intelligent amiable fellow-travellers, one a colonel of infantry, and the other an *employé au bureau des affaires étrangères*, the colonies are looked upon as a failure; first, inasmuch as respects the recruiting system, which it was the intention of the colonies gradually to abolish, and secondly, as a means of civilizing the soldier and the country. Now the levies upon

the peasantry have gone on as before, owing to the continual wars of Russia, so that the Crown bears the expense of the colonial system without having the burthen of the levies at all alleviated. The colonial soldier has been taught, it is true, to keep his cottage as clean as a lady's drawing-room, and as neatly arranged as her boudoir; but in order to preserve this forced and to him *unnatural cleanliness and order*, he retires to the stable, and sleeps with his horses and cows. Aracheïef, the originator and Ex-general-in-chief of the colonies, resides somewhere in the neighbourhood of Novgorod, in perfect seclusion and political oblivion. He was a sort of *alter ego* in Alexander's time, but has undergone the fate of all favourites of despotic sovereigns, namely, that of banishment from that court in which formerly his smile was heaven and his frown was hell.

We reached Novgorod at 6 A. M. driving over a splendid bridge, eight hundred feet long, stretching across the river Volkoff, or rather part of the Lake Ilmen. The town on the Petersburgh side is still defended by a curious

old Gothic-looking wall, with towers and battlements, fosse, &c. We breakfasted badly at the post-house. Novgorod has sadly dwindled away from its former importance. It is, however, historically interesting, as the former seat of ducal power and sovereignty. It had once (as it is said) a population of 400,000 souls — (more likely 40,000.) At present it may have 4 or 6000 at most. The old Cathedral of St. Sophia, with its tin domes and cupola, is a striking object. Here are deposited the mummies of St. Vladimir, who built the church; of his mother Anne, daughter of the Greek Emperor Romanus; and of Feodor, brother of Alexander Newski, who died in 1228. (See Jones, vol. ii. page 5.)

Who can resist Novgorod* and the gods? was formerly the boast of its inhabitants! Novgorod stands upon the Volkoff, at its junction with the Lake Ilmen.

* Notwithstanding this boast, the Tartars were for many years the masters of the Novgorodian dukes, who did homage to the khans for their dukedom.

At nine we crossed the river Msta upon a flat boat. The Msta is remarkable as being the means of joining the navigation of the Baltic with that of the Caspian. It falls into the Lake Ilmen, near Novgorod, (from whence issues the Volkoff, which runs into the Ladoga Lake): it takes its source in a lake near Vishney Voloshock, and there communicates by means of a canal with the Tvertza, which river in its turn joins the Volga at Tver. Thus the communication between the extreme ends of the empire is kept up during the summer months. Peter the Great perceived, and profited by, these advantages.

We found people employed driving piles for a bridge upon the right bank of the Msta, the said bridge being carried away by the *débâcle*; the wages of the labourers sixty-five copecks per diem. At eleven we passed through a village full of recruits, soldiers, and cannon, marching for Poland. At half-past two we dined at a wretched village post-house, full of curious old English coloured prints. I remember in Hungary and Transylvania, to have remarked a

similar circumstance. The country to-day was chiefly marsh and forest. The chaussée splendid, and the bridges beautiful; hardly any population, and small as it was, idle and savage enough. Every now and then we came to Imperial post-houses, where there is excellent accommodation, and a suite of rooms for their Majesties and company. The afternoon was blowy, and rainy, and cold. We passed through the district of Waldai,* the highest point of Russia between the Gulf of Finland and the Caspian and Euxine. From this region the rivers run north to the Baltic, and south to the Caspian and Euxine. It snowed and rained terribly all night long.

May 3rd.—We reached Vishney Voloshock, at 7 A.M. Here is the famous canal projected by Peter the Great, which unites the Tvertza with the Msta; here are sluices, lockages, &c. We saw the canal opened, and the immense Noah's-ark-looking boats pass through into the Lake Mstino. These boats bring up

* There are some remarkable tumuli in this region, near the road.

the produce of the South for the markets of Petersburgh and England; such as hemp, iron, tallow, &c. Capt. Jones has given an incorrect account of the manner by which this internal navigation is performed; he talks of an immense basin, of buoys in the Channel, of shipwrecks, &c.; now the fact is, that the navigation is simply that of all other *lockages*. The *basin* is, indeed, a long canal divided into two parts by locks, which are opened by capstans, the water is drawn off until it reaches the level of the lake, and then the boats go out, as is the case in all other canals where there is a difference of level to be overcome. The soldiers who had the charge of the locks and sluices, assured us that they often opened them four times a day, and not *once a week*, as stated by Capt. Jones.* Vishney Voloshock is a pretty-looking place, viewed exter-

* Capt. Jones passed through Vishney Voloshock in the winter, and therefore might easily have been misled by oral information. The gates of the canal are necessarily opened when there are boats enough to make a caravan, and water enough to float them upon the Mstino.

nally; but is dirty and wretched enough in its interior. We had taken leave of the chaussée * some time before reaching Vishney Voloshock, and upon quitting the town, we came to a most wretched road of mud and bog, for thirty-two wersts. We crossed the Tvertza twice after leaving this town, upon floating bridges. We had horrid roads until we reached Torjock, at half-past five. This is a pretty little town, with many handsome churches. It is famous for its manufactories of embroidered boots and shoes, of Russian leather, &c. It stands upon the banks of the Tvertza. Here we dined.

All the evening and night we toiled through dreadfully heavy sands, and did not reach Tver until half-past five of

May 4.—Here we crossed the Volga upon a bridge of boats. This is a pretty city, full of handsome churches, with their picturesque domes and belfries. It has, however, a de-

* N. B. There is no chaussée for a distance of 135 wersts. Oh, for shame, Nicholas! Finish this great work, it will be your most glorious monument! 'Tis better to make useful roads than disastrous and costly wars.

serted and desolate appearance. It rained furiously. Twer is celebrated for its sterlet, and is the seat of a government, formerly held by the Duke of Oldenburg. I remember the Duchess in England in 1814. We quitted Tver at half-past seven, after having breakfasted, and came, to our great delight, once more upon the beautiful chaussée. To-day we passed one or two gentlemen's seats—the first we had seen since leaving Petersburgh. We drove rapidly all day over the most splendid road imaginable, and reached Moscow at ten P. M. too late to see any thing of the exterior of the city, its domes, and its mighty Kremlin. We alighted at the Bureau des Diligences, from whence I took a drosky, and drove with bag and baggage to the hotel Kopp upon the great square, close to the house of the Governor-general; where *me voici* indifferently lodged *au premier*.

N. B. The *Velocifère* is a good and comfortable carriage, but is too heavily constructed for the purpose. The horses, eight in number, dragged it gallantly over the chaussée, but could not get out of a foot's pace in the sands,

and indeed frequently stopped for a quarter of an hour together, to repose. Weight does not always imply strength.

We saw but little appearance of agriculture in our long and dreary drive over the immense bleak plains of Russia, and but three or four droves of cattle, or flocks of sheep, during the distance from the capital of the North to that of the centre, a distance of seven hundred and thirty-five wersts. The people in general appeared to be in utter idleness; some half-a-dozen at the utmost at work with harrows and ploughs. Such is the effect of servage in all countries, unless the whip be had recourse to as a stimulant to exertion. The Russ villages reminded me of the Bulgarian and Hungarian. The Bulgarian have the advantage in point of cleanliness, but the Hungarian are as dirty and wretched as the Russ; like them, the gables of the cottages are all turned towards the street. The population, both male and female, infant and adult, is hideous in the extreme, more particularly the softer sex.

CHAPTER VII.

Sketch of the Ancient History of Moscow.

BEFORE I proceed to visit in detail the many interesting curiosities and monuments of Moscow, I may as well take a cursory view of its ancient history, an analysis of which I find in the pages of M. Laveau, (the only authority which I have at hand,) who seems to have derived his information from the best sources.

The origin of the name Moscow has a good deal puzzled the etymologists. Some, says M. Laveau, derive it from the word Mostokh (a bridge), which is improbable enough, inasmuch as it is most likely that the river had a name

before people thought of building a bridge over it.

Tatischeff the historian says, that the word Moskwa is Sarmatian, and signifies *tortuous*.

Another etymology deserves mention, on account of its singularity. A descendant of Japhet, named Mosokh, is said to have dwelt at Moscow; he married a woman named Koou, and had a son by her named Ja, and a daughter named Vsou; putting all these names together, he makes with one stroke of the pen the names of the rivers Moskwa and Jaousa.

The best authorities date the foundation of the city from the year 1147, in the time of the Grand-Duke Youri Vladimirovitch Dolgorouki. This Prince enclosed the spot where the Kremlin now stands, with a palisade, erected there a town, and called it, after the name of the river, upon the banks of which it stands, Moscow.

In the commencement, this rude fortress only served as a sort of *place d'armes*, or military rendezvous, where the Princes and Vaïvodes assem-

bled the troops of the Principalities of Vladimir, Novgorod, Tchernigof, and Rézan, and as a central point, to which the merchants could bring their goods from the neighbouring provinces.

At this period the Muscovites were the vassals of the Tartar Khan of the Golden Horde; the Princes of Vladimir, Rézan, Twer, &c. all coveted the post of first vassal of a barbarian Mogul; but notwithstanding this national degradation, those Princes frequently turned their united forces against both Tartar and Lithuanian, the irreconcileable enemies of the Muscovite name.

In the year 1238, the Tartar Bâti ravaged Russia, and sacked and burned Moscow, as well as many other cities, which fell into his hands; at this fatal period, says the annalist, "The living envied the dead the repose of the tomb."

In 1248, we find a Grand-Duke of Moscow. This was Michael, surnamed the Brave, who was afterwards killed fighting in Lithuania.

This Prince was brother of the famous Alexander Newski, one of the tutelary saints of Russia.

In 1293, Moscow was a second time burned by the Tartars, and its people carried into slavery by Dudèn. Daniel Alexandrovitch, who then reigned in that city, made every effort, but in vain, to save his unhappy capital.

In the year 1302, Moscow began to be powerful by the junction of the State of Péréiaslavle, bequeathed by Prince John to his uncle Daniel, who shortly afterwards died, having had the glory of laying the foundation of Muscovite power and independence. He was the first Prince who was buried in Moscow. His remains were deposited in the convent of Daniloff.

At the death of Daniel (the Grand Prince Andrew being already dead,) there appeared two competitors for the throne; the one, Michael of Twer, and the other, George Danilovitch, of Moscow.

The Tartar Khan assumed the right of dis-

posing of the vacant crown, and bestowed it upon Michael, who was, however, some time after dethroned by George Danilovitch, by the help of the Khan Usbeck, who had meanwhile succeeded to the command of the Horde.

Michael in his turn defeats Danilovitch, and forces him to take refuge at Novgorod, from whence he goes to throw himself at the feet of the Khan, and to implore his succour.

Michael is also constrained to appear before the haughty Tartar, and to plead his own cause; he is loaded with chains, dragged about in the train of the Khan, and at length put to death by the orders of the Khan, George Danilovitch being his executioner. His body was brought to Moscow, and interred in the Kremlin, in the church of the Saviour, in the year 1319.

In 1325, Danilovitch is in his turn slain at the Horde, by the son of Michael; and Moscow became the appanage of John the son of George, who obtained of the Khan the title of Grand-Duke, in the year 1328.

John Danilovitch reigned with so much vir-

tue and moderation, that the Metropolitan St. Peter quitted Vladimir, and transferred the episcopal seat from that city to Moscow.

This example was followed by a great many Boyars, who, quitting the provinces, came with their troops and subjects to offer their services to the Grand-Duke.

John now endeavoured to establish upon a sure basis the independence of his states, by uniting with them the various appanages. He incensed the Khan against Alexander of Twer, who was at length put to death at the Horde.

In 1339, Danilovitch built walls round Moscow of wood, founded several churches, and rebuilt the Kremlin. He died shortly afterwards, and left the crown to his son, Simon Ivanovitch.

This prince took the title of Grand-Duke, and assumed the diadem at Vladimir in 1353.

At his death, the Khan nominated to the succession John Ivanovitch, of Moscow. He reigned six years, during which time the state was torn by intestine divisions, of which the

Tartars did not profit so much as heretofore, owing to the pacific character of the Khan Tchanibek, and to the intercession of the Metropolitan St. Alexis.

John Ivanovitch died in 1359, and now appeared two pretenders to the throne, which still depended upon the Khan. Dmitri of Sousdal obtained the investiture from the Khan Naurous, a descendant of the famous Ghengis Khan; while Dmitri Ivanovitch received it from Mourouth, who reigned at Saraï.

The valour of Dmitri Ivanovitch prevailed over his competitor, and he established himself upon the throne.

The Mogul Tartars now began to lose their influence over Russia; and Dmitri, while diminishing the power of the Tartars, very much weakened the influence of the appanages.

Moscow meanwhile, in 1366, was depopulated by the plague, and consumed by the fire, which destroyed the Kremlin, the quarter of the Possad, the Zagorodie, and the Zaretchié. Dmitri replaced the walls of wood by good

fortifications of brick, which were strong enough to arrest the Tartars in their invasion, at a time when the use of cannon was not yet known.

This unfortunate city had hardly time to arise from its ashes, when the territory of Moscow was invaded by the Lithuanians, commanded by Olgerd, who, defeating the troops of the Grand-Duke, encamped under the walls of the city.

Dmitri set fire to the town, in order to force the enemy to withdraw, which at the approach of the winter he was obliged to do.

Meanwhile the Tartar Mamaï summons Dmitri to appear at the Horde to take the orders of his master. Dmitri refuses to obey, forces Michael to renounce the principality of Wladimir, and to acknowledge the supremacy of the Grand Dutchy of Moscow. Up to this period the Russians had been the tributaries of the Tartars, but now Dmitri, having subdued the city of Kazan, renders Ossan and Makmut Sultan tributary to the crown of Moscow.

While Dmitri is victorious upon this point

he is vanquished upon another by the Tsarévitch Arapcha, who burns and pillages Nijni Novgorod. At length the Khan Mamaï takes the field himself against Dmitri, upon the banks of the Don, in the plain of Koulikoff.

The treachery of Oleg prince of Rezan, and the approach of Jagellon, with his Lithuanians, to join the ranks of the Khan Mamaï, very nearly decide the fortune of the day against the Muscovites; but Vladimir Andréevitch, by a brilliant charge, routs the Moguls, and gains a decisive victory. Dmitri was dangerously wounded in this brilliant day, but he survived to teach the Russians the secret of their force, and to show the Moguls that henceforth they would find in the Muscovites brave enemies, and not humble vassals.

The Khan Tokhtamouish availing himself of the weakness of Mamaï, falls upon him in his retreat from the field of Koulikoff, vanquishes him, and proclaims himself King of the Horde. He next calls upon Dmitri to pay him tribute, which is refused; and then raises an immense

army to invade the Grand Duchy. He totally destroys Moscow, and deluges the country with blood. Dmitri, who was absent from the city during this terrible visitation, only returns to find his capital a mass of ruins, and dies, without being able to avenge this last insult, in the year 1389.

The crown now, for the first time, became hereditary: Vassily Dimitrivitch received it at the hands of an ambassador from the Khan, who no longer denied the right of the Grand-Dukes of Moscow to inherit it. Vassilly was a wise but timid prince; he sacrificed the glory of leaving to his successors a firmly fixed throne, to the fear of losing a crown, which as yet trembled upon his brow. He failed to profit by the disasters of the Khan, invaded as were the territories of the Horde by the victorious Tamerlane, who, after having vanquished twenty-seven kingdoms, and humbled Tokhtamouish, led his victorious multitudes to the banks of the Oka.

The affrighted Muscovites took refuge in

the churches, at the foot of their altars; but the Grand-Duke, remembering that the blood of Dmitri ran in his veins, went out to meet his terrible enemy, who suddenly changing his plans, faced about and returned to his states.

Vassily, grateful to Providence for his escape from his redoubtable enemy, founded at Moscow the monastery of the *Stretenka* (the meeting) upon the spot where the people had gone in procession to meet an image of the Virgin, which the Grand-Duke had transported from Vladimir to Moscow.

Russia is shortly after this invaded by the Lithuanians under Witovté, surnamed the Cruel, father-in-law to the Grand-Duke, and is saved by a defeat which this conqueror received at the hands of Timour Koutlow, upon the banks of the Vorskla.

Vassily has not only several disputes with the Novgorodians, who are willing to acknowledge his dignity, but not to become subject to him, but he has to fight a new enemy in the person of Edigée, companion in arms of Tamer-

lane, who had seated himself upon the ruins of the throne of the Horde. Edigée invaded Moscow, which city was defended by Vladimir Andréevitch, in the absence of Vassily.

Edigée burnt all that part of the city which was not defended by the walls of the Kremlin, and halted beneath the battlements for the cannon from Twer with which to batter the place.

John of Twer, although an enemy of Vassily's, refuses to become the instrument of his country's destruction, and withheld the promised artillery. Edigée is constrained to accept a ransom for the place, and with his booty retires to his states.

The unhappy Moscow is desolated by war, famine, and the plague, and Vassily is constrained to become again tributary to the Horde, in order to save his bleeding country.

He died in 1425, carrying to the tomb the reputation of a good prince, and even the glory of having extended the power of his state.

His son, Vassily Vassiliévitch, is crowned at

Moscow by the ambassador of the Khan, and now, for the first time, (in 1432,) the city of Vladimir sees herself deprived of the right of crowning her Sovereign. Poor Vassily is dethroned twice by his uncle Youri; but this usurper is in his turn obliged to descend from the throne, finding himself simultaneously abandoned by the inhabitants of the capital, who refuse to obey the dictates of an usurper.

Youri left the crown to his sons Vassily the Squinter, and Chemyaka; but Vassily having fallen into the hands of his cousin Vassily Vassiliévitch, this latter puts out the eyes of his captive.

Vassiliévitch is however taken prisoner by the Tsar of Kazan who invades Russia, and burns the Kremlin.

This is the first instance upon record in which Moscow had to deplore the captivity of its Prince.

Chemyaka, during the captivity of Vassiliévitch, possesses himself of the vacant throne, and when Vassiliévitch is liberated by the Khan,

seizes him, and puts out his eyes, in revenge for the same treatment received by his brother; but the people, indignant at the barbarity of Chemyaka, drive him from the throne, and restore Vassiliévitch, who seems to reign all the better for the loss of sight.

In 1451, Moscow is blockaded by the Tartars of Kazan, who, however, are driven back by a sortie of the garrison.

Vassily, before his death, consolidates his monarchy by several victories gained over the Novgorodians. He expires in 1462.

His son John extended the territory of the state as far as Oural, and gained several advantages over the people of Novgorod. He rebuilt the Kremlin, and founded for the first time cannon in Moscow, while he coined money.

Marching onward in his glorious career, he summons the Novgorodians to submit to him, and encamps under the walls of that proud city, announcing to its inhabitants that he would reign over Novgorod as he did over Moscow.

Novgorod is compelled to submit, and John takes away not only their independence, but likewise their famous great bell, which he transports to Moscow.

He next invades Livonia, makes treaties with the King of Hungary and the Hospodar of Moldavia, while he incorporates the principalities of Twer and Verćia (in the year 1485.)

In 1487, he assumed the title of King of Bulgaria, after having captured the city of Kazan, over which he places Makhmet Amin. He conquered the little republic of Viatkha, deprived his brother Andrew of his appanage, and allied himself with Maximilian of Austria, to strengthen himself against Casimir King of Poland.

He now assumed the titles of Sovereign of all the Russias, Prince of Vladimir, of Moscow, Novgorod, Pskof, Yougra, Viatkha, Perme, and Bulgaria (in the year 1490). The Ambassador of Maximilian gave him the title of Tsar.

In 1494, he discovers mines of gold, and silver, and copper, and brings miners from Germany.

In 1505, this great Prince died, having fixed the power of Russia upon a firm basis, made himself redoubtable to the Mogols, and placed himself upon a footing with the soveriegns of Europe.

He likewise gave laws to his subjects adapted to the exigencies of the times, and the wants of his people, and organized the administration of justice.

In 1510, his successor, Vassily Ivanovitch, conquered the republic of Pskoff, and made a murderous war upon the King Sigismond of Lithuania.

In 1513, he attacked Smolensko twice, but without success. The Emperor Maximilian now gave him the title of Kaiser, upon which circumstance Peter the Great afterwards founded his claim to the same distinction, inasmuch as he proved that the Court of Austria had already recognised his ancestors by the title of Emperor.

In 1515, Smolensko was forced to submit to the victorious Vassili, who retained this city,

notwithstanding a victory gained by the Lithuanians commanded by Constantine Ostrojsky, in which battle the Russians lost 31,000 men.

Vassili next conquers Rezan, which province still preserved a sort of independence: by this conquest he became master of one of the richest provinces of Russia.

But Vassili meets, in his turn, with reverses. Mahmet Ghirai, suddenly assembling a large body of Taurians, of Nogay Tartars, and Cossacks of the Dnieper, takes Kazan, defeats the Russians assembled to defend the passage of the Oka, and marches upon the capital, simultaneously with Sahib Ghiraï of Kazan.

The Tartars halted upon the heights of Vorobieff, from whence they could contemplate the splendour of Moscow; but although they were well provided with artillery, they accepted a ransom and returned.

In 1523 Vassili Janovitch deprived the Prince Chemaykin of his appanage, and, by this annexation, completed the conquest of all Russia.

In 1526 he received embassies from the Emperor Charles V. and the Pope Clement, and under their mediation concluded a truce between Russia and Lithuania. He likewise made another for sixty years with Gustavus Vasa.

In 1533 Vassili died, and left the crown to his infant son, John IV. The annalists, in speaking of the people assisting at his funeral, say, "They were children who interred their father."

In 1547 Moscow was again burnt, for the city was still entirely built of wood; in the month of April all the shops of the Kitaï Gorod, with the magazines of the crown, the Convent of the Epiphany, and a multitude of houses, from the Ilinka gate to the Kremlin and the river, were totally consumed.

A high tower, which served as a powder magazine, was blown into the air, and an immense mass of the Kremlin wall being thrown into the river, obstructed the course of the Moskwa.

On the 20th April a second conflagration reduced all to cinders on the other side of the Jaousa; on the 21st June the fire broke out in the Arbate, on the other side of the Néglina, and, the wind being very violent, the fire, which began at the Convent of the Assumption, extended like a torrent, engulphed the Kremlin and the Kitaï, and the great suburb. All Moscow seemed to be one immense funeral pile, enveloped in a black and dense smoke. The wooden houses disappeared; those of stone fell with a terrible crash; iron and copper liquified, and ran into the streets in streams. The whistling of the wind, the roaring of the flames, the groans and shrieks of the population, were from time to time overcome by the tremendous explosions of powder in the Kremlin and other quarters of the city.

The greater part of the inhabitants were only able to save their lives; the palace of the Tsar, the treasure, the arms, the images, the archives, the books and the relics of the saints, became the prey of the flames.

From the cathedral alone was saved an image of the Virgin, painted by the metropolitan St. Peter, and the ecclesiastical canons, which had been brought from Constantinople by Cyprian. The celebrated picture of the Holy Virgin of Vladimir remained in its place, and happily the fire, which burnt the roof, did not penetrate into the interior of the church. Towards the evening the hurricane subsided, but during several days afterwards the ruins continued to smoke, as well in the quarters already cited as in those of the Varvarka, Pakrovka, Mesnitskaïa, Dmitrovka, and Tverskoïa. The gardens even had not escaped; the trees were converted into charcoal, and the plants into cinders.

The historians of the time give a most lamentable picture of this disaster, which cost the lives of 1700 persons, besides children. The miserable survivors were seen with their hair burnt and their faces blackened by smoke, wandering like ghosts in the midst of the ruins, seeking for their children, their parents, and

the remains of their fortunes. In vain they broke out into tears and lamentations, for their researches were infructuous. For them there existed no consolation, for the Tsar and the Boyars had fled to the village of Vorobieff, as if they had feared to hear the complaints of the unhappy people.

John immediately ordered the Palace of the Kremlin to be rebuilt, the rich hastened to reconstruct their dwellings, but the poor man was forgotten!

In 1552 John took the city of Kazan, after a dreadful slaughter. The conquest of this city was an invaluable advantage to Russia, inasmuch as it gave to her the commerce of the East, and enabled her to extend her frontiers into Asia. The city of Astrakhan was not long in following the example of Kazan; and John, profiting by this circumstance to humble his enemies of the Horde, placed over the newly acquired territory one of his own creatures, Derbich, a Nogay Tartar, in 1554.

But in 1555, Derbich having been guilty of

ingratitude to his liege lord, is deposed by John, who annexes Astrakhan to Russia. About this time Siberia became tributary to the Grand-Duke, and agreed to pay him annually 30,000 zibelines.

We have now for the first time to record a treaty of commerce agreed upon between England and Russia. The Grand-Duke received ambassadors from Great Britain, and concluded a treaty with that power.

A war having broken out with Sweden, was terminated by a truce for forty years, but Livonia having refused to become tributary to the Grand-Duke, is ravaged, and several of its fortresses are taken by him, such as Narva, Neithlos, Adéje, and Neuhaus, as well as Dorpat.

In 1560, in the midst of his glorious career, John had the misfortune to lose his Tsarevna Anastasia, and into her tomb for a while descends the prosperity of Russia. The rest of John's reign seems to offer nothing but a succession of cruelties and crimes. History has

conferred upon him the surname of "the Terrible."

He died in 1584, but not before Siberia was annexed to his empire by Jermak, in 1581.

Feodor Ivanovitch succeeded to the throne of his father, and reigned but feebly during thirteen years.

This unfortunate Prince was soon surrounded by factious and ambitious nobles, amongst whom was Boris, brother to the Tsarevna Irène. This man having put all his rivals out of his way, became a competitor for the supreme power, and assassinated the young Tsarevitch Dmitri, in 1594. Feodor did not long survive this catastrophe, dying in 1598.

Boris now obtains the crown by conciliating the popular power by means of largesses and perfidious machinations.

In 1602, Russia was devastated by a terrible famine; 127,000 corpses encumbered the streets of Moscow.

Boris, in order to secure to himself tranquil possession of his usurped throne, persecuted

the family of Romanoff, which was allied to that of the late Tsar Feodor. He forced Feodor Nikitich Romanoff to take the monkish cowl, and his wife to retire into a convent with her son Michael, who was destined one day to mount the throne.

Boris did not long enjoy undisturbed his ill-gotten power; an impostor appeared under the name of Dmitri, and proclaimed himself as the Tsarevitch, pretending that an obscure citizen had been substituted for him, and murdered in his place. This impostor was a monk named Gregori Otrepieff; he obtained succour from Poland, and from the Cossacks who were discontented with the usurper Boris Gondounoff. Boris might perhaps have made head against the coming storm, but death stepped in and carried him off in the midst of his preparations for defence, in 1605.

He left his tottering throne to his son Feodor Borisovitch, but the false Dmitri drove him from the helm of state, and possessed himself of the crown, and revenged himself upon the

house of Boris by the massacre of the whole family of Gondounoff, and all their partizans.

The Poles whom he had brought with him as allies, could not live in quiet with the Muscovites; and from this moment we may date the deadly hatred and dreadful wars which have since characterized the proceedings of these neighbouring and rival nations.

These fierce and ruthless soldiers never met the people, either in the streets or in the palaces, without drawing their swords upon them. The clergy and the nobility were not suffered by them to approach the Sovereign. They forced themselves into the palace, the church, and the empire, and formed the body-guard of the Prince, whose marriage with Marine, daughter of Mnichek, Vaïvode of Sendomir, very much indisposed the people towards him.

At length a conspiracy, headed by one Schouisky, is hatched in the capital. Otropieff, attacked in his palace, attempts to save himself by jumping out of the window; but he breaks his leg, and is brought back by the

conspirators into the palace, where, denied by the Tsarevna, widow of Ivan, who declares that he is not her son, and abandoned by the Strelitz, he is put to death in 1606.

Chouisky, finding the throne vacant, seizes the reins of Government, but he is too feeble to retain them.

Another impostor, under the name of Dmitri, appears, giving out that he had escaped during the revolt, and that one of his officers had been massacred in his stead. He obtains credit; but while this pretender, whose real name was Bolotnikoff, gained battles and advanced upon Moscow, which shut its gates against him, another impostor, a fugitive slave, named Elié Vassilieff, obtained partizans among the Cossacks of the Terek and the Don, and proclaiming himself as Peter, the son of the Tzar Feodor, for whom at his birth he accused Boris Goudounoff of substituting a girl in 1592, advances upon Toula and Kalouga, which towns he captures; but Chouisky attacks him in Toula, where he blocks him up, and inundating

the town by means of a dyke constructed upon the river Oupa, he constrains the inhabitants to surrender, and to give up to him, not only the false Tsarevitch, but likewise Bolotnikoff, who was found in the place by Vassilieff.

Chouisky puts these two impostors to death; but it would seem that the weakness of his government was so great as to encourage a third pretender to appear, also under the name of Dmitri, who is acknowledged by the Vaïvode of Sandomir, and his daughter Marine, for purposes of their own. He gains several victories over the partizans of Chouisky, who is only saved from destruction by the interference of the Swedes.

The Poles meanwhile, who had followed the false Dmitri, ravage Russia, and starve Moscow; nothing could be so dreadful as the state of the country,—a prey to brigands and infuriated partizans. The King of Poland, Sigismond, profiting by the disasters of the unhappy Muscovites, besieges Smolensko with 20,000 men.

The wretched Russians, seeing no other hope of peace, quit the banners both of Chouisky and the false Dmitri, and throwing themselves at the feet of Sigismond, implore him to give them his son to reign over them.

Chouisky, abandoned both by his Muscovite subjects and by the Swedes, is given up to Sigismond, who shuts him up in Warsaw, where he died in 1610.

There was now an interregnum of some time, during which the Poles negotiated to give the crown of Russia to Wladislas, the son of Sigismond; but the King of Poland wished to dismember the empire, and the negotiations were broken off.

The Poles, who had been meanwhile permitted to enter Moscow, treated the city as a conquered place, and possessed themselves by treachery of Smolensko.

Russia, threatened both by Poland and Sweden, and in danger of being dismembered by these two powers, was, however, saved from destruction by Minin and Pojarski, the

former a butcher of Nijni Novgorod, and the latter a Muscovite prince, who had been dangerously wounded during the massacre of the Russians by the Poles.

These two patriots, collecting a large body of Russian peasantry, assisted by the citizens of Nijni, take Moscow by famine, after eighteen months' siege, and drive the Poles out of the Kremlin.

In 1613 Michael Feodorovitch, who had been shut up in a convent with his mother, by Boris Goudounoff, was elected sovereign by the people, and his first act was to make head against the Swedes and Poles. The former of these nations had possessed themselves of Novgorod, but Michael constrains them to exchange that city for Ingria and Carelia. Victorious upon every point, he obliges the Poles to sign a treaty of peace with Russia for fourteen years; but he leaves them in possession of Smolensko.

In 1632 he endeavours to capture Smolensko, but is unsuccessful, on account of the cowardice

of his generals, whom he puts to death. The Tsar profited during the rest of his reign by the tranquillity which he had conquered, to organize his armies and to strengthen his empire.

He died in 1645, after a reign of thirty-two years, and was succeeded by his son Alexis Michaelovitch.

Alexis, following in the steps of his father, becomes a legislator and a benefactor to his people. The war having broken out afresh with Poland, he takes Kieff and Smolensko.

In 1654 the Swedes having invaded Poland, Alexis profits by this diversion to repossess himself of Dorpat, Narva, and several other towns, which his father had exchanged for Novgorod.

Alexis died in 1676, and bequeathed the throne to his son Feodor. He left several other children by his first marriage, John, and six Princesses, one of whom was named Sophia, (of whom anon,) and by his second marriage, the Tsarevitch Peter, and the Tsarevna Natalie.

The reign of Feodor was very short; he

however rendered a real service to Russia, by destroying all the titles of the ancient Russ nobility, and by this means put an end to their perpetual quarrels and feuds, which arose out of disputes respecting their illustration, and the prerogatives of their antiquity.

He died in 1684, and Russia was threatened with all the evils of a long minority; but the genius of Peter the Great (who put aside both his elder brother Ivan, and his ambitious sister Sophia,) early developed itself, and saved his country; while he placed her among the first powers of Europe.

This is the period, says M. Laveau, which should be chosen at which to finish this sketch; for how, indeed, would it be possible within the narrow limits of an analysis, to describe the grandeur of the reign of Peter the Great, the brilliancy of that of Catharine the Second, and the glory which in our days surrounds the Throne of Russia?

CHAPTER VIII.

Visits to the Kremlin.—View from the Terrace.—Buildings within it.—Church of St. Basil.—Monument of Minin and Pojarski. — Information respecting Cholera. — Riding-school.—Scenery around the Kremlin.—Superstitious observances of the Russians.—Petersburgh and Moscow compared. — Appearance of the troops.—Visits. — The Arsenal.—The great Bell.—Sensations awakened by an exterior view of the Kremlin.—Alexander's Garden.—Kitaï Gorod.—Princess Dolgorouky.—Pouschkin the Russian Poet.—Russian servage.—Social state.—Recruiting system. — The recruit — his docility. — The Princess Annette Tcherbatoff.

MAY 5-17.—I arose at nine o'clock, and spent the morning in repose and writing up my notes; but in the afternoon I sallied out with my *valet de place* to take a general view of the city. My first object was the wonderful and unique Kremlin. I entered it by the gate nearest the stone bridge across the Moskwa,

winding Moskwa, and the little and less tortuous Yausa dividing this city of fairies into several parts: the whole forming a composition unequalled in the world, and which it is necessary to see to comprehend. I know not if any body has as yet made a panorama of Moscow, but I have no hesitation in saying that this city presents the finest possible subject for that description of painting.

The Kremlin contains a vast many buildings, the principal of which are the Imperial palaces, the arsenal, and cathedrals, and the church of Ivan Velikoï, the tower of which, 269 feet in height, is surmounted by a swelling oriental dome, covered with gold, underneath which is an inscription of three lines, in Russ characters, in gold upon a black ground.

Ivan Velikoï again boasts of his cross,* which Napoleon endeavoured to carry to France, but which was found in Poland, left in the snow. There are several other churches of most fantastic shapes: one with at least a dozen little

* N.B.—This is an error of mine, for the cross now soaring above the tower is of wood.

golden domes and arabesque-looking exterior, reminded me of St. Mark's at Venice. This one I take to be the Cathedral of St. Michael, but as yet I know nothing, and can only give a very superficial account of what I have seen. I shall visit the Kremlin frequently, and minutely examine every thing, which I will describe in proper time and place. The French endeavoured, out of pure wantonness, to blow up the Kremlin, but the mischief was trifling; the walls were too solid to be much damaged.

I left the Kremlin by the gate which opens upon the Krasnaza Plostchad, or Beautiful Place, where stands the fantastic but elegant church of St. Basil (Vassili Blagennoi,) founded by Ivan Basilowitz. I know not how to describe this singular production of architectural caprice. Its domes are all dissimilar, and carved into the semblance of pine cones, and melons. The Pavilion at Brighton is something like it, but is not near so beautiful. Captain Jones says, (vol. ii. page 57,) that "Alexander, when in England, saw a drawing of this church at

Carlton Palace; he inquired what it was, and, when informed, declared he had never seen it in so beautiful a point of view; on his return he ordered it to be repaired and painted."

There is in the centre of the Beautiful Place a bronze monument to the memory of Prince Pojarski and the butcher Minin. This monument was raised by Alexander in 1817. The said Prince and Butcher expelled the Poles from Moscow in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The monument is creditable to the state of the arts in this country. It consists of two figures; the one, standing and pointing towards the Kremlin, the other sitting, but grasping a sword and shield, which is presented by the standing figure to the recumbent. Upon the sides of the red-granite pedestal are bas-reliefs in bronze, representing on the one, the inhabitants of Nijni Novgorod offering their effects and ornaments for the use of the army, while on the other, the Poles are seen fleeing from the victorious Pojarski.

The inscription is in Russ characters of gilt bronze.

TO CITIZEN MININ
AND PRINCE POJARSKI,
GRATEFUL RUSSIA,
1818.*

The figures are colossal.

The Kremlin, although it domineers over the river and the lower parts of the town, stands at the bottom of a hill, and is commanded by the Grand Place, where resides the Governor-general, and where stands the Hotel du Nord, where I am lodging.

It is no longer considered as a fortress, although in former days it no doubt was a very formidable one. It must be viewed from the bottom to give the spectator a favourable idea of it. I dined at a tolerable table-d'hôte in the hotel, and had much conversation with a Russian officer, who had voluntarily served in the hospitals here during the prevalence of the cholera. He says, upwards of nine thousand persons fell victims to the disorder,†

* See Jones, vol ii. p. 58.

† This statement must be received with considerable caution. The official accounts give 4690 as the maximum

but that he and all the medical men of Moscow are convinced that the disorder is not contagious—(So much for Dr. Walker.) He had handled and nursed hundreds in all the stages of the complaint, as did his *confrères*, without danger. Those whose vomitory discharges were yellow generally survived, while those whose discharge was white, died. Some had diarrhœa and no vomit, some had vomit and no diarrhœa, some had both, and some had neither; violent cramp in the legs and arms, coldness of the extremities and the tip of the tongue, were always the precursors of death. Hot baths afforded great relief to the sufferers for a short while, but had no permanent effect. The symptoms latterly were of a much less aggravated nature, and the disease wore gradually out; but at the commencement, almost every person attacked died in a very few hours, while latterly, the malady lasted many days, and then either disappeared by itself, or carried off its victim with it. There are still a few cases in the hospitals, but

of victims; the truth probably lies half-way between the two accounts.

they are called by *another name*. The English treatment of calomel and opium was often tried, but Russian climates and temperaments are different from those of Englishmen and India; the same results were not obtained by the same treatment. The Prussian government has sent four doctors here to make inquiries; the Austrians likewise sent a medical deputation. I cannot learn that either of them have come to any decision upon the question of its contagious or epidemic qualities. Doctors differ even at Moscow. Walker left the question exactly where he took it up; so England has put Russia into quarantine.

After dinner I strolled out alone to enjoy in solitude the beauties of the Kremlin. I hate a Cicerone, and am always glad to dispense with his services, when such a thing is possible; so I again walked over the pretty promenade of Alexander's Garden, under the walls of the old fortress, and diverging to my right, entered the immense and beautiful Riding-school. It is 550 feet in length, by 170 wide, its height is 43. Its hanging roof rests

solely upon the walls of the building, and is supported by no one column or arch. The Russians are famous for these hanging roofs, *vide* the riding-schools at Petersburgh, and the new theatre in that city. There is such a thing likewise in the military colonies of Novgorod, as I have been informed. These riding-houses serve also as parade-grounds in winter, in all the great towns of Russia.

I again wandered over the Kremlin, and feasted my eyes upon its unrivalled beauties, and those of the splendid scenery all around me. The sun had come out and lighted up for a while the thousand golden domes of the city and the fortress. The Sparrow hills from whence the French army first gazed upon Moscow, and where Alexander intended to build an enormous church (too vast to be ever constructed by pigmy and mortal man), were in the shade; the river Moskwa was gushing through the lofty arches of the stone bridge, large rafts of trees were shooting down the stream; the rooks were alighting in thousands upon the green roofs of the Imperial Palace;

the air was soft and fragrant, the trees were rapidly developing their foliage, the grass was as green and inviting as in England; the whole scene was one of enchantment, and I congratulated myself in my ecstasy that I had indeed come as far as this capital of the ancient Muscovites, and felt that I had done well to persevere, and not to have quitted the north without seeing this wonderful city of the Genii, the sight of which amply repays me for all my time and trouble.

Upon leaving the Kremlin by the Holy Gate, I was awakened from my reverie by a soldier, who seemed to reproach me for not taking my hat off to the picture of some saint or other over the archway. I laughed at him, and went on. I remembered then that Captain Jones says in his account of the Kremlin, that he entered it by the gate by which I left it, and that he was obliged to go hat in hand through a long and cold archway, in reverence to some saint of whom he knew nothing. He seems to have been a good deal scandalized by

the superstitious observances of the Russians in general, and particularly so in this instance, in which he felt the hardship as well as the impropriety of such observances. I got better off than my gallant brother in arms.

I am a good deal struck by the immondicity of the streets and squares of Moscow; and the more so perhaps, as I come fresh from so fastidiously clean a place as Petersburgh.

Nature has done a great deal for Moscow, as its site and environs are very diversified and undulating. However, there are no streets here to compare with the *Prospekts* of Petersburgh, neither can the quays and rivers of the Moskwa and the Yausa compare with those of the lovely and limpid Neva. As a painter I should say that Moscow bears away the palm of beauty from her sister of the Baltic; but as a mere lounger, that Petersburgh is far superior to Moscow.

I wandered about until dark, exploring various streets, and strolling along another public promenade which intersects the Tverskoia at no

great distance from my hotel. I was almost the only lounger *du ton*. I observed, however, in the course of my day's ramble, that the *beau sexe* here is not so *ugly* as in Petersburgh. The troops are few and shabby; they look like provincial militia, as compared with the beautiful soldiers of the guard in the capital. Most of them seem to be veterans, and are badly clothed and equipped enough.

In short, one must leave Petersburgh and go into the interior, if one wishes to know any thing of Russia. In that splendid city all is for effect, all is delusion; and although the system of *decoration* is carried to a great extent even along the vast line of road between the two capitals, yet it so forcibly contrasts with the real wretchedness and poverty of all around, as to make its very beauties appear absurd by the comparison too forcibly obtruded upon the eye of the traveller.

And so it is, I fear, in beautiful Moscow; its general effect is superb, splendid, unrivalled, but its details are poor and mean.

May 6-18.—At noon I drove to call upon Prince Pierre Soltykoff, whom I found in the act of packing up, being upon the wing for his *campagne*. From hence to the Princess Dolgorouky *née* Vasilieff. Here I had the good fortune to meet the pretty bride, the Princess's daughter-in-law, *née* Boulgakow, niece to my friend the Director of the Post-office at Petersburgh. She has lately married Prince Alexander Dolgorouky, and is a charming voluptuous-looking girl of seventeen, full of fire and animation. Her mother-in-law is an agreeable woman, of middle age. She promises to invite some of the pretty people of Moscow to meet me at her house to-morrow evening. From hence I drove to call upon the Princess Annette Tcherbatoff, but unfortunately did not find her at home. Next to Prince Wladimir Gallitzin, who was out of town. Yesterday I sent a letter from Madame Hittroff to Alexander Pouschkin, the Russian poet, but I have not had time to-day to call upon him.

My visits finished, I drove to the Kremlin,

that I might again feast my eyes upon its beauties. I first walked all around it, and then entered the *enceinte*, and viewed the arsenal. Here are disposed several hundred pieces of cannon, taken from the French, (or rather abandoned by them,) in their retreat in 1812. There are likewise some very beautiful and ancient pieces of ordnance of immense length and size. One of these culverins is called the Troila, and weighs 430 poods, founded in 1590; another is called the Aspic, and weighs 370 poods. There is one of the same sort as the famous guns in the batteries of the Hellespont, which appears to have been slung in chains, and not mounted upon a carriage, for it has upon its sides many solid bronze brackets or handles, through which I apprehend the slings were rove. I have no doubt that this immense piece of ordnance threw, like its brethren of the Dardanelles, stone shot, for I observed many of this description of projectile heaped up near one of the gates of the Kremlin amid rubbish of all sorts. The calibre of this gun is 120 poods; the

weight of it is 2400. It was cast in 1586 by a Russian named Tchokoff, by order of the Tzar Feodor Ivanovitch. It is familiarly called the Russian Arquebuss (*vide* Laveau). It has a chamber like a mortar. In front of the tower of Ivan Velikoï is the deep hole or well in which stands the famous bell, weighing 10,000 poods, or 360,000 English pounds. I did not descend into this hole, putting it off for another occasion, my object at present being to get a general idea of the Kremlin before I proceed to examine its details. Close under the tower of Ivan Velikoï, looking towards the river, lie two clappers of iron, one measuring four, and the other five paces. The great bell has been twice cast, first by the Grand-Duke Alexi Michaelovitch in 1654, then weighing 8000 poods, and, secondly, on account of damage sustained by a conflagration which took place in the Kremlin in 1701; it was recast by the Empress Anna Ivanovna in 1730, with the addition of 2000 poods of metal, (*vide* Jones, vol. ii. p. 55,) so that these two clappers probably

belong the one to the first, and the other to the second bell. The deep hole containing the bell, out of which, I am inclined to think, it has never been moved, is covered over with a wooden platform, in which is a trap-door, to admit of the descent of the curious. Persons are stationed at the foot of the tower of Ivan Velikoï, with torches and bougies to light up the abode of the bell.

After dinner I drove across the stone bridge over the Moskwa, in order to get a view of the Kremlin from the opposite side of the river. I halted several times to feast my eyes upon this unique assemblage of unrivalled beauties. The point from whence the best view is obtained is about half way between the stone and wooden bridges. I recommend all travellers to proceed to this point as soon as possible, if they wish to have an advantageous impression of this interesting monument of Muscovite arts and history. There is a something indefinable about this old fortress; the *Genius Loci* exercises a powerful influence over the mind of the

pilgrim who has come so many weary miles to pay his devotions at the shrine of Ivan Velikoï. I may perhaps be suspected of affectation when I say that I almost wept with pleasure when I first gazed upon the Kremlin; but so it is. I cannot tell how other men's minds may be moulded, but I can speak with certainty of my own. I have always been sensibly affected by the sublime and beautiful, whether the production of mortal hands, or those of the great Architect, whom I adore in his works.

In the two Russian capitals there is a freshness of colouring which does not exist elsewhere; the façades of all the houses, and the towers of the churches, are either white, yellow, stone colour, pink, or French grey; the roofs are light green or deep red. The effect of this elegant colouring is amazingly heightened in Moscow by the bulbous, swelling, inverted-balloon-looking domes of the churches and monasteries, covered, as most of them are, with glittering gold: many of them, for the sake of contrast, are painted blue, and spangled

with golden stars; others are green or red, and surmounted by filagree crosses standing upon a crescent. The beauty of their graceful groupings is hardly to be conceived. Surely the Russo-Greco architects must be born with an intuitive conception of the beautiful. I take it that these inverted-balloon-looking domes are of Indian or Tartar origin; for such are those of the great temples of Agra and Delhi, of which I have seen drawings. There are, however, many Italian, and some few Byzantine cupolas mixed up in the panorama.

I terminated my evening's ramble by a walk in the pretty promenade at the foot of the Kremlin, called Alexander's Garden. This monarch was a great decorator; he had seen so much of the west of Europe, that he felt the advantage to be derived from public promenades and public pleasures. He transplanted them to the Muscovite soil, where they seem to be taking root rapidly.

May 7-19.—At noon I called upon Alexander Pouschkin, but did not find him at home.

From hence I drove to the Maison Orloff, to see young Davidoff, one of my Petersburgh friends, whom I found immersed in papers and business. His grandfather is lately dead, and Davidoff comes in for an immense fortune by the old gentleman's departure. Such a windfall, I have no doubt, reconciles him to the presence of lawyers and the smell of musty papers. At two I drove to my favourite walk on the terrace of the Kremlin, where I remained, absorbed in admiration of the scenery, until three. I then drove through the Kitai Gorod, (or city,) surrounded by walls and towers; a sort of mock Kremlin upon a minor scale. Here are handsome and well-stocked bazaars and shops, and some beautiful churches, one of which is of very florid Gothic architecture, but has many starry and blue domes. I then took a turn or two upon the pretty promenade of Alexander's Garden, and home to dinner at four.

In the evening I drove to the Princess Dolgorouky's, and here I met several ladies and

gentlemen. The belles were the young Princess Dolgorouky, (the bride,) and her gazelle-eyed, oriental-looking, beautiful sister, Mademoiselle de Boulgakow. I met here, likewise, to my great pleasure, young Swisstonoff, of the Gardes à cheval, who is here to purchase remounts for his regiment: this operation will cost him about 20,000 roubles.* Here was likewise a brother of my friend Pachkoff's, and his wife, and a Princess Ouroussoff, sister of the Comtesse Pouschkin, and of the pretty Princess Sophie Ouroussoff of Petersburgh, and M. de Boulgakoff, brother to the post-master.

I know not how these amiable ladies had contrived to find out that I was a musician, but so it was, and I in vain endeavoured to

* It is customary in Russ cavalry regiments to send one of the richest of the young subs upon the service of the remounts. 360 roubles are allowed by the Crown for each remount; but the sort of horse required by the colonels of the Horse Guards cost the purchaser from 1000 to 1500 roubles. The difference comes out of the pocket of the chosen subaltern; nevertheless, such is the *esprit du corps* prevailing among these young nobles, that they eagerly offer themselves to perform this expensive service.

deny the fact. After having for a long time fought off, I was compelled, by the example and importunities of the pretty Princess Dolgorouky, and her fair sister, to sing. The charming bride and the gazelle-eyed Catharine have beautiful voices, and good taste and ear. They are pupils of my master, il Signor Rubini.

The Princess Ouroussoff is so good as to promise to get from her father an order for me to see the Treasury of the Kremlin, and Swisstonoff will act Cicerone for me on Saturday next, so that I have fallen on my legs.

We supped at midnight, and went home at one o'clock.

It is astonishing to remark the immense progress that vegetation has made during these last three beautiful days of sun and light breeze: the trees and shrubs are all bursting into bright green foliage and sweet flowers. How delightful a contrast between a Russian Winter and a Russian Spring!

May 8-20.—Weather beautifully sunny and clear. At noon, Pouschkin (the Russian Byron)

called, and sat with me about an hour. His conversation is entertaining and instructive. He seems to be thoroughly versed in the political, civil, and literary history of his country, and is also fully aware of the faults and vices of Russian administration. He is of opinion, however, (as are all wise and good men) that no great and vital change can take place in the political and social state of this vast and disjointed empire, but by gradual and cautious steps, each one of which must be placed upon the firm basis of increased civilization; or in other words, upon the enlightening of men's eyes, and the extension of their understandings. Much yet remains to be done among the higher classes; when they shall be taught their true interests, and those of their poor serfs, then something may be done to ameliorate the condition of these latter—all this requires time. No change can be lasting which is not based upon a good and solid foundation. The Russian serf is not yet in a condition either to desire or to deserve emancipation from bondage; the

greater part would either willingly or necessarily return to the yoke, were they even once freed from it. The protection of the seigneur is like the wing of the mother extended over her helpless offspring; often, very often, do they from their private stores bear the expense of maintaining whole villages, whose harvests may have failed, or which may have suffered from sickness or other calamities. Liberty, it is true, is an inestimable blessing to the civilized man; but is the barbarian in a state to appreciate it, to profit by it, or to maintain it? The fact is, that Russia is still governed *socially* by the feudal system under which the west of Europe so long groaned. Europe threw off the feuds by slow degrees, and at last only by the influence of the wealth, the intelligence, and civilization of the burgher classes of free towns, (societies which had never been subject to the barons), aided by the Sovereign, who was always happy to assist in the humbling of the said turbulent and powerful nobility. Such classes are appearing gradually in Russia, and

in all probability will, some day, with the help of the Crown, work out the emancipation of their fellow-countrymen. Commerce and manufactures are rapidly finding their way into the heart of this empire, and these great means of civilization must sooner or later produce their effect. Unfortunately the perpetual wars of Russia retard the nation in its march towards prosperity; they are a terrible drain upon the agricultural and manufacturing classes. They decrease very sensibly the means of population, which is still so lamentably deficient. When they shall cease, the Sovereign may have time to turn his undivided attention to the interior and vital interests of his country, but not till then.

But I may be asked, are not the Russian peasants degraded and rendered unhappy by their state of servage?

This is a question difficult for me to answer. I am, however, of opinion, that although the sheep-skin shube, the long beard, and melancholy countenance of the mujick certainly con-

vey to the mind of the stranger an idea unfavourable to the quantum of happiness enjoyed by the peasant, yet that he is by no means either unhappy, ill off, or discontented with his lot.

Upon those estates, belonging to rich non-resident proprietors, the serfs are completely governed by the patriarchal system. They have a council of Elders, and a sort of local chief, called Starost. The starost and the elders collect the obrok, or annual sum due from the serf to the seigneur, and when this is paid, the residue produced by the farm of the serf, (for each agricultural serf has a certain quantity of ground allotted for him to till,) belongs not to the seigneur, but to himself.

Many serfs are known to be extremely rich; nay some of them are *des millionnaires*, but these are generally engaged in commerce, and are domiciliated in the great towns.

Each serf who may wish to absent himself from his village to drive his trade of yamshick (carrier) or ishvochick (proprietor of carriages),

or merchant, or any other profession, in the towns or on the coast, must be provided with a passport from his seigneur, and as long as he pays his obrok to his lord, he is as free as the air he breathes; so that the idea of slavery is purely a bugbear; the evil lies in the word, not in the reality. The Russ serf is migratory by nature, seeing the immense distances he has to carry his goods to market.

The obrok in no case exceeds twenty-five roubles a-year, and in most cases is infinitely below that sum. The agricultural peasant may be said to be a copyholder, who, as long as he can pay his annual fine, retains possession of his farm.

When the Russ serf cries for emancipation, he means that he is to become possessed of a freehold, that is, he is to pay no more obrok to his seigneur.

The seigneur is responsible to the Crown for all Government taxes; and very often, as in cases of bad harvests, or visitations of Providence, all the weight falls upon him, and not upon the serfs.

The seigneur is entitled to three days' labour from his agricultural serfs out of the week; the other three days belong to himself, and more particularly the Sunday, which he is sure to turn to account: the numerous festivals of the Russo-Greco church ensure plenty of idleness to the peasant, who in no case can be overworked.

As for oppression and cruelty exercised by lords towards their serfs, I do not believe that such a thing can exist in any considerable degree; for the peasant can always lay a complaint before the Chief of the Police, who would be sure to forward the complaint to the Crown. Add to this the jealousy of the elders and starosts, who would infallibly side with the serf against the seigneur in case of any thing like an undue exercise of power.

The starosts are more likely of themselves to abuse power than are the seigneurs, but they would also in their turn be controlled by the elders.

When the seigneur himself resides upon his

estate, and many such there are belonging to Moscow, the condition of the serfs, as compared with that of the peasantry in nations nearer home, is extremely enviable.

The serfs belonging to a poor proprietor are undoubtedly worse off than those belonging to a richer lord, for they would probably pay a higher obrok.

The Russian serf is very much attached to his proprietor and to the soil, from which he cannot be alienated without his own consent, except by recruiting for the army and navy.

The recruiting system is remarkable for its simplicity ; it is as follows.

The Crown orders a levy of so many recruits upon every two hundred serfs, and the ukaz is dispatched by the proper authorities to the great seigneurs, who in their turn forward a copy of it to their starosts.

These men assemble the peasants of their respective starosties, and inform them of the orders of the Czar ; the youth then draw lots, and upon whomsoever the fatal lot devolves,

he becomes from that moment the property of the Crown.

The poor fellow is entered for twenty-five years into the army. He takes leave of all his friends, of all his family, of his native village, and is mourned for as one gone down to the grave. He is marched almost heart-broken to the nearest depôt, with a sum of sixty roubles (collected by the starost from the other villagers) in his pocket, to pay for his arms and uniform clothing. Alas! he never expects again to see his native village, his wife, his child, or perhaps his aged parents, or the dear mistress of his heart, (for he has a heart, and one as susceptible of the softer feelings as yours or mine). He marches, as I said before, broken-hearted, to the depôt, where he is stripped of his sheep-skins, his thick and long boots, his Turkish-looking shalwas or trowsers; his shock head of hair is shorn close to the crown, leaving but one little lock on the forehead; he is buttoned up in a tight green uniform with a black leather stock to keep up his head, and he is

again marched off in company with hundreds of others to join his regiment in Georgia, in Circassia, in Siberia, in Poland, or in Finland, from the frozen shores of the Polar Seas, to the pestiferous plains of Asia Minor, or the blood-stained banks of the Vistula.

Nevertheless, he soon acquires a taste for a military life; he is docile, he is ingenious, he is an artisan by nature, he is a fatalist, and he soon reconciles himself to his change of state; and the rough-looking savage mujick, in the course of six months, becomes the fine-looking model of a soldier.

Any thing can be done with such a people as this. I have often been told by Russian officers, both of the navy and army, that when recruits join their ship or their regiment, they are told by their respective officers what they are to be, without any reference to their previous habits. "Thou wilt be a tailor," "Thou a shoemaker," "Thou a grenadier," "Thou a musician," "Thou a cordwainer," "Thou a smith," "Thou a painter," "Thou a sculptor;"

and as if there were magic in the sound, the man is metamorphosed according to the desire of the officer.

All this reminds me of the Turks, to whom certainly this people bears a great resemblance. "When Allah finds the place," says the Turk, "he will find also the talents necessary to fill it." With them, as with the Russians, and with certain *ex-ministers of a certain ex-ministry*, the places are fitted to the men, and not the men to the places.

At one o'clock I drove to the Princess Tcherbatoff's, and was received in the garden by the pretty and amiable Princess Annette, for whom I had brought a letter from the fair Princess Youssoupoff. One by one dropped in the other sisters, Natalie and Pauline; and at length I was introduced to the mother in the drawing-room. I was much pleased with the agreeable and unaffected conversation of these three charming sisters. The manners of the Muscovite ladies are much less formal and reserved than those of the fair inhabitants of

Petersburgh; it is also to be remarked, that almost all the fine women of the capital are natives of Moscow.

From the Tcherbatoffs' I drove to the terrace of the Kremlin, to familiarize my eyes with the beauties of the prospect, and to make myself, if possible, acquainted with each individual tower, dome, belfry, and palace which adorns this magic scenery.

After dinner I walked upon the Boulevard of the Tverzkoia, where I had the pleasure of meeting some of my fair acquaintances of yesterday evening.

I observed many handsome women on the promenade; among the rest shone conspicuously the wife of the poet Pouschkin.

I drank tea and spent the evening at the Boulgakows', basking in the sunshine of the fair Catharine's bright large eyes.

CHAPTER IX.

Environs of Moscow.—English Club.—Muscovite Adrian's Villa.—Bigotry of the Muscovites.—Francis Fouster.—The Treasury of the Kremlin.—The Regalia.—The Armoury.—The Imperial Palace.—The great Bell.—Tower of Ivan Velikoï.—Captured Cannon.—Bazaars.—Campagne of Prince Soltykoff.—The Cuckoo Frog.—Society of Moscow.—Bath.—Vapour baths.—The Presnia.—The Assembly-rooms of the Nobility.—The University.—The Mountain of the Sparrows.—Church of St. Saviour.—The Knout.—Gipsies.

MAY 9-21.—Weather fine and sunny. At midday I drove to the Kitaï-Gorod to ask after my fellow-traveller, poor M. Hernozant, who is, I regret to say, very ill, having caught a severe cold in our journey hither from Petersburgh. He was too unwell to receive me. From hence I took a long and infructuous

drive beyond the barriers, in search of the *campagne* of Prince Pierre Soltykoff, at Sokolniki, *chez* Madame Gleboff; this drive, however, gave me some idea of the city and its environs on this side. I cannot say much for the beauty of the country hereabouts; it is all a vast plain; but the verdure of the fields and trees, the sweet smell of the thousand flowers which have sprung up as by magic within the last three days, reconciled me to the bumping, thumping, and dislocating motion of my drosky. My valet is a Hungarian, speaking bad German (my own is none of the best) and worse Russian. My coachman is an indigene; neither of them know much of the city, so I am a good deal puzzled how to find my way about. On my return I observed a man stark-naked in a small lake close to the road, employed in washing his horses. The many well-dressed and comely females who were passing by, did not seem in the least disconcerted by this exhibition.

At three o'clock I drove to the English

Club, (so called because hardly any Englishman belongs to it.) Here I was inscribed by M. Pouschkin, with whom I dined. It is a splendid establishment, upon a very large scale, and is clean, and cool, and comfortable. I was introduced to Count Potemkin, Prince Wladimir Gallitzin, and young Count Alexis Bobrinski, (a descendant of Catharine II.) Cards and billiards seemed to bear away the palm from the gastronomic science. I never sat so short a time at dinner any where. The Russians are dreadful gamblers. No English newspapers are taken in the English Club ; nor any of our Reviews. I found an article in La Revue Britannique, upon the strength and composition of the Russ army, mutilated by the Censure. The library consists of almost exclusively old French works. There is a very spacious and agreeable garden in the rear of the club-house, where the gentlemen amused themselves in bowling at nine-pins, and with the national game of the Swaicka, (a stupid school-boy sort of play, consisting of driving

an iron pin into a brass ring laid upon the ground.)

My friend M. Pouschkin abandoned me here to my fate, and escaped, as I suspect, quietly to join his pretty bride — (he was quite right.) However, I was left rather in an awkward predicament by his sudden desertion, for I had to pay my own bill, in order to do which I was obliged to have recourse to Prince Wladimir Gallitzin's kind offices to serve me as interpreter. All poets, I suppose, have a right to eccentricity and distraction.

In the evening I walked upon the Boulevard, and had the pleasure of accompanying the Countess Kutaïzoff, her nieces, the young Countess Vassilieff, and her sister, the Princess Gallitzin, to the garden of a humourist who affects to have a sort of Villa Adriana, with temples, lakes, ships, bridges, wild beasts, swans, caverns, grottoes, hermits, cosmoramas, Swiss cottages, &c. Here we saw Calypso, inconsolable for the *absence* of Ulysses, comfort her sweet self with the *presence* of Telemachus;

there we saw the loving pair chasing the wild boar and the stag, conducted by little cupids; there the barbarous Mentor, fling his pupil off the rock into the sea, and jump headlong after him; there the nymph Eucharis and her wanton companions set fire to the galley of the young hero, &c. &c. By way of contrast to the classic dreams of Fenelon, we found tied up at the root of a tree a young bear, which (although yesterday he nearly caught in his rough embrace a young and tender lady, who had ventured to caress and play with him,) was now composing himself to rest. Opposite to our friend Bruin lay, in majestic attitudes of repose, two wooden buffaloes, whose horns and shaggy-looking hides terrified my fair companions. In short, there was no end to the follies and bad taste of the Muscovite Adrian's villa. The charming little hypocrites, my female friends, (although they laughed in their sleeves at Adrian's conceits,) overwhelmed him with praise, for he acted himself as our Cicerone.

The Countess Kutaïzoff is a very interesting and agreeable person; she has travelled a good deal, particularly in Italy and France, and adores Byron and Shakspeare, and the literature of our country. I regret to say that she leaves Moscow in a day or two for her *campagne.*

I passed the remainder of the evening at the Princess Dolgorouki's; the young ladies were in great agitation on account of the sudden indisposition of their mother, Madame Boulgakow, who had, it seems, caught cold in her return from the monastery of Troitza, sixty wersts from hence, a renowned pilgrimage. She had better have stayed at home, for surely Moscow has sufficient churches in which bigots may pray as long as they please. When will superstition cease to usurp the place of true religion in the human mind? I did not pity the *old devotee,* but I felt for the young ladies, who seemed to be a good deal flurried and fluttered by this occurrence.

May 10-22. — This morning my quarters

were invaded by a Swedish lady, who came hither under pretence of wishing to know something about a certain Count Rosen, whom, she says, she believes to be in the English navy. Old birds are not caught with chaff, thought I, Madame.

After breakfast I paid off my Hungarian squire, and have in his place the identical François Fouster who had served Captain Jones in the capacity of valet in 1823. This is a droll coincidence enough. I have Jones's book now before me, and have often read his account of François, and of his separation from him at Odessa. I shall be upon my guard with him. He is, however, I have no doubt, a good Cicerone, being a Roman by birth.

At one o'clock I drove to call upon the old Prince Youssoupoff, the patriarch of Moscow. He was not in town. The distances in Moscow are immense, and the *pavé* execrable.

At two o'clock I went to see the Promenade upon the outer Boulevard. Here was a second edition of the Tom-fooleries of the Easter week,

added to a great deal of dust and a hot sun. I had the pleasure of meeting the amiable Countess Kutaïzoff.

After dinner, again the Promenade, but *en voiture*. The women were generally pretty, some, indeed, strikingly so, but, *en revanche*, the equipages were of the shabbiest description possible. I remarked, however, that the horses were larger and fatter than the generality of those of Petersburgh.

The promenade finished, I went to call upon my pretty friends the Tcherbatoffs, but did not find them at home.

I passed the evening in studying M. Laveau upon Moscow.

May 11-23.—Fine and sunny. At noon I drove to the Kremlin, accompanied by Francesco, to see the treasure, the armoury, the palaces, the great bell, and to mount the Tower of Ivan Velikoï. I shall not attempt to particularize all the inestimably beautiful and valuable articles contained in the treasury of the Tzars, nor to describe all the suits of mail, hel-

mets, banners, sabres, &c. collected and tastefully arranged in the armoury, for all of this sort of information I must refer to M. Laveau's very correct account in his Guide du Voyageur.

I will, however, mention those objects which most attracted my attention, not at all hesitating to borrow that information from Laveau which I cannot so well give *de mon propre chef*.

You enter the handsome Corinthian-looking building, containing the treasure and the armoury, by a flight of steps leading to a spacious staircase, which conducts you to five great rooms upon the first floor, the ceilings of which are supported by a handsome Corinthian colonnade of yellow scagliola. These rooms are altogether fifty sagènes in length. You enter the treasury to your right hand, through an iron gate. The first saloon contains, besides the treasure, a collection of portraits of the Tzars and Tzarevnas from Mikaïl Feodorovitch to Elizabeth Alexievna inclusive, all in the grand court costume of their day. The crowns, and thrones, and robes, and court-dresses are con-

tained in the last saloon; likewise the great canopy under which the Emperors walk at their coronation. The crowns are as follows:—

1. The crown of Vladimir Monomaque, a present from Alexis Comnènus of Byzantium, placed upon the head of the Grand Prince at Kieff in 1116. This crown is of gold filagree ornamented with pearls and precious stones.

2. Another crown of Vladimir Monomaque's, of polished gold, but very plain and simple, given by the Greek Emperor to the Grand Princess Olga in 946, upon the occasion of her baptism at Constantinople.

3. The crown of Kazan, of Oriental taste, richly set in turquoises, taken by Ivan Vassiliévitch at the capture of Kazan.

4. The crown of Astrakhan, of gold, richly worked, of Oriental form, surmounted by a large rough emerald, and mounted with diamonds, sapphires, and pearls.

5. A crown of gold stuff, ornamented with pearls, placed in the treasury, to perpetuate the remembrance of the conquest of Siberia by the Attaman Jermak in 1580.

6. The crown of Ivan Alexiévitch, ornamented with eagles and eight hundred and eighty-four diamonds, surmounted by a rough ruby, and a cross.

7. The crown of Peter the Great, mounted with eight hundred and forty-seven diamonds, the cross placed upon a large ruby.

8. The crown of Catharine the First, ornamented with two thousand five hundred and thirty-six diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. One of the rubies in this crown was purchased at Pekin in 1678, by the Russ ambassador, Spafari.

9. The crown of Georgia, of dead gold, ornamented with a globe and cross, &c.

10. The crown of Poland, quite of plain gold, without any ornament.

There are Imperial globes, sceptres, thrones, &c. in profusion. Of these latter, the most remarkable are a Greek fauteuil in ivory, of the middle age, presented to the Grand Prince Ivan III. by the ambassadors who accompanied from Constantinople the Princess So-

phia, daughter of Thomas Paleologus Porphyrogenètus, brother of the heroic Constantine Paleologus (whose death-spot I have seen in the walls of Constantinople).

Upon the occasion of this marriage, the Grand Prince Ivan III. looking upon himself as the heir to the Crown of the Eastern empire, assumed the eagle with two heads, which he substituted for the armed horseman which had hitherto been worn as the arms of the grand principality. This occurred in 1473. Ivan likewise now assumed the title of Tzar. Upon the throne of Alexis Michaïlovitch, which is of Gothic form, and extremely richly ornamented in the Oriental style, is the following inscription underneath a crown supported by two angels:

"Potentissimo et invictissimo Moscovitorum imperatori Alexio, in terris feliciter regnanti, hic tronus, summa arte et industria fabrefactus, sit futuri in cœlis et perennis faustum felixque omen. Anno Domini 1659."

This throne was presented to the Tzar by an Armenian Company of Ispahan.

The throne of Ivan and Peter Alexievitch, of solid silver, is divided in the centre, so as to make two seats. Upon the back is a covering of cloth of gold, behind which the Tzarevna Sophia is said to have placed herself during her guardianship over the minority of the young princes.

The original code of laws by Tzar Alexis Mikaïlovitch, mentioned by various authors, and by Laveau, is no longer in the Kremlin, but is transferred to the treasury of the Hermitage at Petersburgh.

There is a prodigious quantity of plate in gold and silver, of vases of agate and crystal and jasper, &c.; in short, a catalogue of all these treasures would be too voluminous for a Journal, so *trêve.*

The Armoury contains many beautiful and precious objects, more particularly saddles and horse furniture, presented by the Turkish Sultans to the Tzars and Tzarevnas.

The most interesting objects are the litter of Charles XII. captured at Pultowa, and a pair

of kettle-drums, taken also at that battle; upon these drums rest two swords of Peter the Great. To the right hand of Charles's litter stands a sort of travelling throne of the Schah of Persia, captured by Yermoloff. It is of wood, rudely worked, painted blue, and ornamented with gilt lions and suns, very ill executed. The soldiery, or probably the officers, plundered it of all that was worth taking.

From the Treasury I proceeded to the Imperial palace, which is a shabby place enough, containing nothing worth describing. The Coronation Hall is small and gloomy, its walls are covered with crimson velvet, bearing the eagles in all directions; the throne is stuck up in one corner of the room, opposite to a shabby glass skylight, through which the ladies of the Court are permitted (if they can contrive so to do) to get a peep at the show. This gloomy hall is arched over head, and is supported by a massive and clumsy column in the centre. The Palace of the Tzars, or the Belvidere,* is of Chinese-

* It is said that Peter the Great was born in this palace.

looking exterior, but is pretty and graceful; it was built in 1487, by the Grand Prince Ivan Vassilievitch.

Quitting the Palace, I mounted the tower of Ivan Velikoï, and from hence enjoyed a finer panoramic view than that from either the cross of St. Peter's at Rome, the tower of Galata at Constantinople, or of St. Mark at Venice. I was entranced with delight.

By way of contrast I next descended into the subterraneous abode of the great bell.

This stupendous bell is a wonderful specimen of the art of founding; its proportions and ornaments are beautiful. It is entirely cleansed from the impurities and incumbrances, of which so many travellers have spoken with just indignation: the whole of it is exposed to view, excepting part of the rim.

In 1817, the two following inscriptions were found upon it in Russian characters:

"Alexis Mikaïlovitch, of happy memory, Autocrat of Great and Little Russia, and of White Russia, gave an order that a bell of copper should be cast, for the Cathedral of the

pure and glorious Assumption of the Virgin. A bell was cast in copper of 8000 poods in weight; the year of the creation of the world 7162, and of the birth of J. C. N. S. 1654. This bell was brought into use the year of the creation of the world 7176, of J. C. 1668, and served until the year of the creation 7208, and of J. C. 1701, in which year, the 19th of June, it was broken by a great fire which broke out in the Kremlin. It was silent until the year of the creation 7239, the year of J. C. 1735."

"By an order given by the Empress Autocrate the glorious Anna Ivanovna, for the glory of God, of the Holy Trinity, and in honour of the Holy Virgin, in the Cathedral of her glorious Assumption, the metal of the old bell, 8000 poods, was melted, being damaged by the fire, and thereunto were added 2000 poods of new material, the year of the world 7..., of the birth of our Lord 173., the 4th year of the glorious reign of her Majesty."

This wonderful bell is in height twenty feet seven inches English, its diameter is twenty-two feet eight inches. It is ornamented with medallions, and one full-length portrait of a Tzar, of exquisite workmanship.

The hole, or deep well in which it has been so long suffered to remain, is supported all round by logs of wood, like the interior of a mine. It is, however, perfectly clean, and so

light, that I had no occasion for a candle, except in entering by the broken part of the bell into its interior. This chasm in its lower half is five feet nine inches in height.

A great deal of water is suffered to lie underneath the bell, and this is almost the only inconvenience now incurred by the visitor.

I am of opinion that this bell has never been hoisted out of this hole, in which it was probably cast; but that in endeavouring to hoist it up, the ropes have broken, or the scaffolding has given way; the bell has fallen down into its old berth, has broken, and remained *perdu*. Some indiscreet travellers break off and bear away fragments from the fractured part of the bell; this should not be suffered, such a practice is highly blameable, barbarous, and ruinous.

The Emperor should cause the bell to be placed upon the terrace of the Kremlin, and have a tower built around it to protect it from the elements, and to allow of its "beautiful and majestic proportions" being seen and appreciated by all the world.

The tower of Ivan Velikoï* contains many bells, two of which are celebrated for their fine tones, and are said to be of silver—they are brass.

In another belfry upon the church of St. John, close to that of Ivan Velikoï, is suspended amid thirty-one others, the famous bell of Novgorod, which used to be rung in the days of that republic's liberty, to summon together the Council of the Dukes, and call the citizens to arms. This bell is rung at Easter-midnight† to announce to the citizens the joyful event of the resurrection: this appeal is answered by a thousand brazen throats from the innumerable belfries of Moscow.

The tower of Ivan Velikoï was built in the reign of Boris Godounoff, about the year 1600, in commemoration of a terrible famine which desolated Russia. It is of an octagonal form,

* Some authors have supposed that the name Ivan Velikoï is a corruption of that of Ivan Wilke, an architect from Germany, who built the tower.

† Not correct; it is another bell cast by order of Alexander, weighing 4000 poods, which performs this function.

and is thirty-eight sagènes* and a half high. The cupola is gilded with ducat gold, and is five sagènes and an archine in height. The cross which now surmounts it is of wood, covered with sheets of gilded copper. It is two sagènes and two archines in height. The inscription in golden characters underneath the cupola running in three lines all round the tower, upon a black ground, is in Russian, and as follows.

" Under the protection of the Holy Trinity, by order of the Tzar and Grand Prince Boris Féodorovitch, Autocrat of all the Russias; and of his son, the Tzarevitch and Grand Prince Féodor Borissovitch, this church was finished and gilded the second year of their reign, 108 (1600).

The belfry upon the church of St. John, close to Ivan Velikoï, originally built by the Patriarch Philarete Nikilitch, containing the great bell of Novgorod, was nearly destroyed by the explosion of the French mine in 1812. It was, therefore, rebuilt after that event, and is unfortunately raised too high, so that it in-

* A sagène is equal to seven English feet. An archine is equal to two and a half ditto. A dessiatine is equal to 3200 square sagènes.

tercepts the view to the left hand from the top of Ivan Velikoï's tower.

The Russians attach immense importance to the sound of bells in their churches; they think that the Divinity must be worshipped to the *tintamarre* of these instruments, which constitute in Moscow a most dreadful nuisance:* they never cease to beat upon the tympanum of my ears.

It would cost the Tzar his crown to endeavour to put a stop to this ridiculous and disagreeable custom. I have now learned to admire more than ever the solemn quiet of Turkish towns, and the voice of the Imaum from the taper minaret.

I have before mentioned the cannon captured from the Allied French Armies, which are ranged before the Arsenal. They consist of 875 pieces of various sorts and calibres, and weigh altogether 20,979 poods 37½ pounds. It

* Here mention the bells rung all night by watchmen in the houses and gardens, by which means the thieves always know where the watchman *is*, and can penetrate by any part where he *is not*. This is not in character with the general astuteness of the Russians.

is probable that some day they will be converted into a column, to commemorate the retreat of the French armies, and to embellish the city. (*Vide* Laveau, Guide du Voyageur).

After quitting the Kremlin, I visited the spacious Bazaars upon the Beautiful Place. They consist of two parts, the Staroï Gostenoï Dvor, and the Gostenoï Dvor. They resemble the bazaars of Constantinople, and did one but see turbans instead of hats, one might almost imagine oneself in those of the East. All sorts of articles of every description under heaven are sold in these bazaars, but the tradesmen are sad rogues, having half a dozen different prices—(always offer half, and walk away; you are sure to be called back, and to carry your point).

The number of shops contained in the bazaar amounts to 5115.

In the evening I went to the Promenade of the Tverskoïa, and from thence to the soirée of the Princess Dolgorouky, where we sang, and danced, and supped, until one o'clock.

May 12-24.—I drove at one o'clock out to

Sokolniki, to find out, and call on, Prince Pierre Soltykoff. His *campagne* is prettily situated upon a gentle eminence on the banks of a little stream, and close to a fine wood of pine-trees. The frogs in the ponds made an immense croaking.

There is a funny sort of lady frog, which makes a noise very like the note of the cuckoo. This frog may be taken up with a stick out of the water while singing; the lady herself is so enamoured either of her frog "who would a-wooing go," or of her own song, that she suffers herself to be taken captive in other bonds than those of love, without any difficulty.

Trout when in love may be tickled and caught, why not therefore frogs?

I observed a great many men bathing in the lake and little river, close to Soltykoff's house and to the road. The women did not appear in the least annoyed by this open display of male charms. Why should they be? Are we not over fastidious in such matters at home? Are we any the better for the said fastidiousness?

I never saw any thing so beautiful and fresh

as the verdure of the trees, shrubs, and grass, at the present moment, all around Moscow. There are many pretty points of view in the neighbourhood of Sokolniki. The city seems from hence embosomed in woods and groves.

I dined at M. Pouschkin's, and met there some very agreeable and clever Russians, among the rest, M. K——, and the Prince W——. The fair bride did not appear.

There is a liberty of speech, and thought, and action, in Moscow, which does not exist in Petersburgh; this makes it an agreeable place to an Englishman, whose device should be— "Civil and religious liberty all the world over."

The fact is, Moscow is a sort of rendezvous for all the retired, discontented, and *renvoyé*'d officers, civil and military, of the empire. It is the nucleus of the Russian opposition. Hence almost all the men of liberal opinions, and those whose politics do not suit those of the day, retire hither, where they may find fault with the Court, the Government, &c. as much as they please, without much fear of interruption. I have no doubt that a great deal more

may be learnt in this city of the real state of Russia in one month, than one could gather with the utmost industry in six, in Petersburgh.

Nevertheless, Russia is a country of which a traveller can learn but little, and for this very obvious reason, namely, that the seigneurs themselves do not know their own country; and it is from the seigneurs alone that a traveller can learn any thing, seeing that he cannot mix with the merchant, the artisan, or the peasant, whose language he does not know, and whose habits are so uncongenial to his own, that he cannot possibly amalgamate with them. Add to these difficulties the enormous distances between one place and another, the want of roads, and the want of the accommodation which could induce a traveller to spend much time in the investigation of the manners and morals of the lower orders and of the peasantry.

After dinner we walked on the Boulevard Tverskoïa, until a late hour. I was tired, and went home and to bed.

May 13-25.—This morning I went to indulge in the luxury of a bath upon the Pont de Pierre. I had no intention whatever of taking any but the slipper bath; however, the room in which it was placed was adjoining to the Russian bath, in which there was nobody. When I was undressed, and in the act of stepping into the water, I bethought me that I might as well try the effect of the vapour bath in the first instance. I walked, therefore, quietly into the Russian bathing-room, and went through all the gradations of heat, from the lowest bench to the highest, at which the temperature is much greater than upon the lower ones. Upon this highest bench the bather is expected to lie down, for there is at one end an inclined plane for the head to repose upon. I dispensed with this part of the ceremony, not liking the appearance of these boards, which were far from inviting. I dispensed also with the attendance and assistance of the naked bathing-men, not wishing to be inundated with the perspiration from any one's body but my

own. When I had, as I thought, gone through a sufficient sudatory process, I popped quietly into my slipper bath, of 25° Reaumur.

Russian baths have been so often described by travellers, that I shall say nothing about them; they only differ from the Turkish in this respect, that here all is wood, while there all is marble. The principle in both is the same, and the process of champooing, scrubbing, &c. nearly similar.

I prefer the *bain cuve* infinitely to the vapour-bath: one feels cleaner in the water, than when dissolving in one's own perspiration.

The common Russians, both male and female, bathe a great deal in their way. This is fortunate, for it keeps their bodies clean, while their clothes are so dreadfully dirty. It is curious to see them returning from the bagnios, holding a little sprig of birch tree in their hands. With this birch twig they flagellate each other gently in the bath, to stimulate the skin. The leaves they scrub their hides with, in lieu of the hair glove used by the

Turks for this purpose. I cannot learn that men and women bathe in common, as has been so often stated; nor that the bathing attendants will admit visitors into the baths supposed to be exclusively devoted to the use of younger females, as has been affirmed—*on a changé tout cela.*

The noblesse, who formerly were so addicted to the national bath, now never take it: they have found out a multitude of bad consequences arising from it; while half a century ago it was looked upon by them as a sort of universal specific, a panacea for all disorders, the very perfection of pleasure.

The bath, no doubt, is exactly as it was;—the noblesse, then, have changed.

It is worthy of remark, that while the vapour-bath is getting out of fashion in Russia, it is getting into vogue in London and Paris. (Vide Jekyll's portable vapour-bath, and Mahomed's baths at Brighton.)

Fashions, like the arts, make the tour of the world, and come round again to the point from

whence they started; so the Russian nobles will bathe again a hundred years hence.

Upon my return home, I was nearly caught in a sudden thunder-storm, which inundated the streets with a heavy but refreshing rain; this prevented my running about sight-seeing for the day.

After dinner I went with the Signor Niccolini, who is just arrived from Petersburgh, to the promenade of the Presnia, which consists in two pretty gardens, by the side of an artificial lake, or rather two artificial lakes (one lower than the other). The gardens are unfortunately separated by a road, under which is a cascade, so that a good deal of the effect is lost. The view from hence of part of the city is very pretty. The Presnia is not above three wersts from the Hôtel du Nord. On St. John's day there is a great fête in these gardens, with music, and an illumination at night. From hence we walked to the Tverskoia, and to the Kremlin, after having examined the beauties of which we promenaded in the gardens

at its foot, and crossed the stone bridge to gaze upon Ivan Velikoï's graceful tower soaring above the group of golden domes and glittering palaces.

At half-past nine I returned to my *gîte*, pretty well tired with my long walk, and spent the evening in repose, and *il dolce far niente.*

May 14-26.—At eleven o'clock I drove to the Assembly-rooms of the nobility: the great Dancing-room reminded me of the White-Hall in the Winter Palace of Petersburgh. Its walls are covered with white scagliola, and its alcoved ceiling is supported by a splendid colonnade of Corinthian pillars, likewise of white scagliola. It is fifteen sagènes high by eight broad, (*i. e.* one hundred and five high, fifty-six broad). The effect of the columns is a good deal spoilt by a gallery and balustrade, which runs all round behind it, two-thirds up the columns.

Catharine II. founded this establishment, and it has always continued to boast of the Sovereign as a member of it. The number of subscribers is one thousand and twenty-four.

In order to belong to this assembly, it is necessary to be of gentle blood, (*i. e.* noble.) The gentlemen pay fifty roubles yearly; the married ladies twenty-five, spinnies ten, (this is very considerate). There are no balls at present; they finish the first Tuesday of May, and recommence the first Tuesday in October.

At present the rooms are occupied by an Exposition of national manufactures, which is to be open to the public on Saturday next. I had no business here, having no order for admission. However, I knew nothing of this (having come here merely to see the rooms) until I was going away, when one of the directors of the Exposition questioned my servant upon the subject, who pleaded ignorance, which was in fact the truth, for he imagined that this was a sale to take place on Saturday. Most of the articles were covered up to-day, not being yet ready for inspection. I saw, however, some beautiful specimens of velvets and cloth of gold; likewise some agricultural and *manufactural* machines. I was much amused with

Francesco's Italian ignorance of machinery; he took one of the cotton spinning-jennies for an organ! "Ecco un bel organo, Signore!" said he.

I next visited the University, where there is a creditable Museum of Natural History, formed by Professor Fischer. These collections resemble each other all the world over. It possesses the skeleton of an elephant, and the skin of a boa constrictor, to which they have attached a false head of painted wood.

There is a small collection of the mineral productions of the Empire, (apart from the greater collection,) containing specimens from all countries, and arranged upon the Wernerian system.

I remarked, among other curiosities, some metal idols from Indostan, particularly my old acquaintance Gum Putty.

The anatomical cabinet is well worth seeing. It contains a vast many preparations, most of which were collected by the Professor Loder at Jena, London, Paris, Halle, and Rouen; and

by M. Lecat of Rouen, &c The injected preparations by the celebrated Lieberkhan, are a sort of anatomical *chef-d'œuvre*.

There are about a hundred frightful human and brute monsters in the cabinet.

The library of the University is not either spacious, handsome, or voluminous. It is said, however, to contain 30,000 volumes, purchased chiefly at Munich, by the late Emperor, and presented to the University.

The examination-hall is handsome, and is under a cupola, which unfortunately has no skylight in it, so that the hall is lighted from the side, which is disadvantageous to the general effect. Here are busts of Alexander and Nicholas, and portraits of the Empresses Elizabeth Petrovna and Catharine II.; likewise of Count Shouwaloff, first curator of the University; and of M. Demidoff, a great benefactor to the establishment.

The University was founded by Elizabeth Petrovna.*

* See Laveau, p. 236.

From the University I drove to the Ostrog, or great Prison, founded during the reign of the Great Catharine, after the plan of Count Tchernicheff. It is a sort of fortress, surrounded by a high brick-wall, flanked at intervals by massive round towers. The outside of a prison is quite enough for me, and I was rather glad when the jailer informed me that as I had no order from the police-master, I could not be admitted. So much the better, said I, governor; and home I drove, being mercilessly pelted by a thunder-shower, which forced me to take shelter in a farm-yard for half an hour.

After dinner I drove out to the Montagne des Moineaux, passing by the Maison Orloff and the Hospital Gallitzin, as well as the Niéschoushni gardens and the Donskoï monastery. The view from the mountain surpasses all description; I shall therefore not attempt it. Upon the declivity of the hill leaning towards the Moskwa, which winds gracefully at its foot, is the stone laid by Alexander as a foundation for the Church of the Saviour, which was to

have surpassed in beauty and vastness all the churches ever built or ever to be built. Like many other enterprises, (*vide* Tunnel,) it was a mere speculation. 17,000,000 roubles were spent upon the excavations, and many lives were lost from bad diet and marsh fevers; for (conceive the absurdity of the scheme) the Church was to have been built upon the bank of the Moskwa instead of the top of the mountain :— the said bank being unsound, the whole project was at length abandoned, and now there is nothing to be seen save the foundation-stone laid by Alexander, surmounted by a little obelisk of stone and a gilt cross, and defended by a wooden platform and parapet, over which a sentinel is placed.

On my return from the mountain I visited the Haymarket, to see (not the hay, but) the whipping post, to which criminals condemned to the knout are attached during their punishment. It is a large solid piece of wood, about seven feet in height, thrust end-ways into the ground in an inclining posture. At the top is

a groove cut for the reception of the neck of the sufferer; at the two sides are two other grooves for the arms. On the part fronting the spectators, opposite to the side upon which the sufferer is placed, are three iron rings, to which the hands, neck, and feet of the criminal are made fast by thongs. He is hoisted off the ground, and laid with his belly upon the whipping post. The knout is a whip terminated by a flat and thick thong of leather about eight inches in length. The executioner retires several paces from his victim, and then running forwards inflicts a blow which cuts out long strips of skin and flesh at every stroke. No later than yesterday a man received twenty-one blows of the knout, for poisoning his whole family, whereof his father alone died — the rest were saved by anti-poisons administered in time. The criminal was a merchant; he was sent after his punishment into Siberia. Formerly one hundred and fifty blows were frequently inflicted — at present never more than twenty-one. It is said that the execu-

tioner can always, if he choose it, inflict death at one blow. (I do not understand this.) Such is the severity of the blow, that it cuts pieces out of the wooden post. Many of the people, lounging about the Haymarket, had witnessed yesterday's infliction; they talked of it with utter indifference, but said that the sufferer was so strong, and struggled so violently, as nearly to tear the post down. I do not wonder at this, for the post was so loose in the ground, that I almost kicked it down; it was also quite rotten, and one of the arm-holes (on the right side) was completely broken away, leaving hardly any curvature to receive the arm of the criminal.

When I was about leaving the Haymarket, I found myself surrounded by the gipsies who inhabit this part of the town. They invited me to go and hear them sing. This is one of the *lions* of Moscow. Accordingly I went with them into a low dirty hovel, and here two old sibyls and six young almés, placing themselves in a circle, began their song. It consist-

ed of a theme sung by one of the voices, which finished, all the rest joined in a chorus, which was well managed, the various parts being distinctly preserved of alt, contralt, and soprano. My dragoman Francesco informed me that the burden of the song was love. "Amor chi fer' i Numi."

I thought of my adventure at the foot of the Balkan, in the Bulgarian Cottage at Dragoleu, in 1827. Two of the young almés were very pretty and roguish.

On my return to the fashionable part of the town, I promenaded upon the Tverskoï boulevard with Princess Dolgorouky and the fair Catharine Boulgakoff; after which I called upon the Tcherbatoffs, whom, it would seem, I am destined never more to see, for out of five visits I have only once found them at home.

CHAPTER X.

Foundling Hospital.—Exposition of native Manufactures.—Theatrical fracas and its consequences.—Conduct of Nicholas.—Mischiefs of a Political Police.—Defeat of the Guards by Skrzineçki.—The Chérémetieffs.

MAY 15-27.—This morning, accompanied by Niccolini, I paid a second visit to the Treasury and Armoury of the Kremlin. From thence to the Great Hospital of the Foundlings, now called la Maison Impériale d'Education. I next went to the Bazaars and Alexander's Garden, but a thunder-storm drove me home at three o'clock.

The Foundling Hospital of Moscow, as frequently called the Imperial House of Education, was founded by Catharine II. in the year 1762.

The late Empress-Mother, Maria Feodorovna, among her many great and excellent acts of benevolence, took it under her especial protection.

This splendid building consists of four stories besides the ground floor. It has a principal front or *corps de logis*, and a square, attached to the left wing. The length of the *corps de logis* is 43 sagènes by 16, (or 301 feet by 112,) that of the square is 63 by 48, (or 441 by 336 feet.) It accommodates upwards of 3000 persons, and has 2228 windows.

The centre of the *corps de logis* is ornamented by a large dome, flanked by two cupolas. This centre was built by M. Procopius Demidoff, and contains a very handsome church.

Every day children are received into this munificent establishment, either orphans destitute of the means of existence, or foundlings abandoned by their parents. 4600 children, upon an average, are admitted annually; no questions are asked, and they are never refused,

excepting when the person who brings them declares them to be legitimate children of superior officers or of soldiers.

When a child is received, a ticket with a number is tied round its neck, a duplicate of which is given to the person bringing the child.

The 600 children* who are lodged permanently in the Hospital, are classed according to their sex, age, and capacity, and are taught various trades and pursuits.

The boys learn Latin, German, French, Russ, history, geography, physics, mathematics, and catechism.

Many of them, having finished their studies here, are sent to the University, and to the School of Medicine, where they regularly graduate; from thence they are incorporated as teachers in the national schools, or into the various departments of civil administration.

* The building is said to accommodate upwards of three thousand persons; many of these, from the above statement, after allowing for nurses, servants, and *employés*, must be persons *not objects of the charity;* nay, I am told that it has become in a great degree a sort of asylum for old worn-out servants and favourites of powerful nobles and of the Crown.

The girls are taught French, German, Russ, the elements of mathematics and of physic, music and dancing, and catechism. They are afterwards placed in families, as governesses, in the interior of the empire, but are not allowed to remain in either of the two capitals.

The various trades are likewise taught to such children as are chosen to be apprentices, such as tailoring, and boot-making, for the boys—embroidery, lace-making, mantua-making, dress-making, &c. for the girls.

Those children, who by personal deformity or infirmity are rendered incapable of exercising a trade or profession, are lodged at the Hospital of Public Charity, but are maintained by the funds of the Foundling Hospital.

Every child, upon its admission into the Foundling Hospital, is vaccinated, and, after having remained a certain time at the establishment, is sent into the country to be nursed.

At eighteen years of age the lads intended for agricultural pursuits are located in some one of the villages of the crown as agricultural peasants. They are often adopted by the far-

mers in whose houses they may have been placed.

Of late years some of these, with young females from the Hospital, have been colonized in the government of Smolensko.

When the pupils of the Hospital leave the establishment, having finished their education, they are free, and receive a passport as such: they cannot be made slaves upon any pretext.*

Number of children belonging to the Foundling Hospital, or Imperial House of Education, in 1824:

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
Pensioners and pupils of the house	504	651	1155
In the city, at the houses of their parents	758	708	1466
At the hospital, bound apprentices, at the university, at the academy, and other places . .	94	43	137
In the villages, including those of the other Governments . .	4294	5023	9317
Grand Total . .	5650	6425	12075

* In Russia a free woman marrying a slave, (serf,) becomes a slave.

The Foundling Hospital contains likewise two infirmaries, one of a hundred and twenty beds for children of both sexes, and another of twenty beds for the people attached to the service of the house.

The Empress-Mother founded also six beds for indigent lying-in women. But these must be married women, and are required to suckle their own children.

M. Demidoff founded also, in 1774, a hospital of maternity, containing forty-four beds, in favour of certain unfortunate women, the victims of seduction. Here no impertinent questions are asked, and all is wrapped in perfect mystery. The objects of this charity are only known to those who serve them by the number of the ticket which they receive on entering the hospital.

The obstetric art is taught in the hospital, during three years, to sixteen young women, pupils of the establishment. They are then allowed to practise in the hospital, and after-

wards, having passed an examination, are sent into the towns of the government of Moscow.

There are sixteen medical men, and six midwives attached to the establishment, and these latter persons are bound to serve gratuitously in the houses of indigent women.

There is a farm belonging to the Foundling Hospital, to which, during the summer months, the children of the establishment are sent by divisions, for the sake of change of air. Those who are ill are allowed to pass the whole summer there.

Nothing is more striking than the extreme cleanliness which pervades the whole of this immense establishment, and it is not easy to conceive how such a change can be wrought in the habits of the nurses and other attendants, coming, as they do, out of the dirty cottages and hovels of the peasantry.

The funds for the support of the Foundling Hospital are derived partly from territorial possessions, and partly from the profits made by

the Lombard bank, which forms part of the establishment, as is likewise the case at Petersburgh.

The profits of the Lombard bank are derived from the following sources:—

1. From 1 per cent. interest, being the balance in favour of the Lombard, which lends money at 6 per cent. but receives it at 5.

2. From the produce of certain leases.

3. From the duty upon playing-cards, the amount of which is very considerable.

4. From a tax upon plays, public concerts, and fêtes; for formerly the theatre and the corps dramatique belonged to the Foundling Hospital, even the orchestra and the dramatis personæ being chosen from among the foundlings: of late years this system has been abandoned, but the government of the Hospital has reserved to itself a certain portion of the profits derived by the administration of the theatres, equal to a tenth.

5. From the produce of fines.

6. From the hire of baths upon the Moskwa.

7. From a tax upon sales by auction.

8. From voluntary contributions.

9. From sums frequently deposited with the children.

The revenue derived from these sources is very considerable, and I have often heard Russian nobles of much intelligence and commercial knowledge regret the vast sums tied up by the laws and vested in this and the many other public charities; not that they regret the existence of such charities, but because they well know that a great part of the expenditure of these establishments is *not bestowed upon the objects of the charity*, and might have been more profitably turned into other channels. Commerce, for instance, would produce in Russia more like 20 per cent. upon the capital of the Foundling Hospital than 6 per cent., and the money thus employed would be productive of incalculable benefit to the community.

There are in Moscow no less than fifty-six hospitals, two hundred and sixty-three parish churches, and twenty-one convents. There are thirty-two public baths, and two hundred and sixty-four manufactories.

After dinner I went to the Great Theatre, built by M. Bové. It is a vast and commodious edifice; but although its proportions are grand and majestic, its details are poor, mean, and unfinished. It is cold and gloomy. There are four rows of boxes above the pit-tier. As a solecism in architecture, the roof is supported by a colonnade of Doric pillars, while the boxes have no pillars to uphold them, but rest entirely upon the end of the projecting beams. The corps dramatique is very inferior indeed, particularly the men. The corps du ballet is above par. One of the actresses in the pantomime of Bluebeard performed divinely. Her terror at the sight of the forbidden cabinet —her fear of death upon the return of her ferocious bridegroom, were sublime pieces of act-

ing. The Muscovite public, (like all other publics,) had not the good taste to applaud, or the discernment to appreciate the efforts of this admirable actress. They thundered out their approbation of a favourite but indifferent *danseuse;* they overwhelmed with applause a wretched German-looking puppy, a sort of Dandini in the comedy; they raved at the ridiculous and awkward efforts of a Calmuck-visaged, hideous lover, travestied as a French officer; but the feeling, the pathos, the terribly beautiful acting of the heroine in the pantomime seemed quite thrown away upon them. Niccolini and myself were in agonies. The orchestra is badly conducted by the maître de chapelle, and badly led by the first violin; it might be good, if well commanded. I was delighted by the dancing of a group of pretty little boys and girls, the children of the Beneficière (for it was a female benefit). I never see a *ballet d'enfant* without being affected by the graceful motions of the little innocent disciples of Terpsichore.

May 16-28.—At noon I went to call upon my *compagnon de voyage*, Monsieur Hernozant. I was shocked to find him dreadfully altered, and looking like one raised from the dead. He had caught a cold in the carriage, which fell upon his chest, and necessitated bleeding and starvation, which in their turn had nearly produced the event they were called in to avert. He is now, I am happy to say, free from fever, and out of danger. Poor Lord Byron was wont to say, that more persons had died of the lancet than of the lance. He fell a victim to his own pun.

After dinner I visited all the churches of the Kremlin, beginning with the Cathedral of the Assumption, (Ouspenskoï.) This is a very curious and interesting church, of I know not what style of architecture, but partaking of the Norman, Saxon, Byzantine, and Lombard. Its interior is decorated with very curious old frescoes, which are valuable, not for their intrinsic merit, but inasmuch as they show what was the state of the art of painting in 1475, or

rather in 1514, when the church was decorated by the Tzar Vassili Ivanovitch. This cathedral boasts of a Virgin ("but well I wot the only virgin there,") painted by St. Luke, (the sweet physician,)—the said St. Luke could have hardly had time to paint all the pictures, bad as they are, attributed to him, and to write his Gospel into the bargain. This black ill-looking idol is decorated with a superb solitaire, valued at 80,000 roubles: the frame containing her ladyship's portrait is estimated at 200,000 more. Money badly spent, thought I.

There are so many holy pictures of Saints, Martyrs, &c. here, miraculous as well as ludicrous, that I cannot attempt to name them. This church contains the tombs of the Patriarchs, and abundance of highly venerated relics. *C'est un triste sort que celui d'un Saint;* he is not permitted to rest quietly in his tomb, but is exposed to the gazings, and mouthings, and mumblings of *devôts* of all ages, classes and sexes, from the rising up of the sun until the

going down of the same. The Iconostase, or Holy of Holies, is resplendent with gold and silver, and magnificence. It contains inestimable riches, consisting of ornaments belonging to the Patriarchate and priesthood, and to the divine service; besides which, are various valuable presents made to the church, and abundance of relics, by Tzars and nobles. The silver lamps alone in this cathedral are said to weigh 8 poods. The Iconostase contains 50 poods more silver.

2nd. The Cathedral of the Annunciation, founded in 1397, rebuilt in 1489, finished by Aleviso in 1507, repaired by Peter the Great, and brushed up by Catharine II. in 1770; it is also ornamented with curious frescoes, among which are the heads of heathen philosophers. The Iconostase dazzles the eyes with gilded silver. This church contains a great variety of musty and disgusting relics set in silver frames, which the deluded and absurd people were kissing with great veneration. Independently of these spi-

ritual riches, the temporal of the church amount to 2 pòods, 5 pounds, 2 zolotniks of gold, and 34 poods of silver.

3rd. The Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, founded in 1333, in commemoration of a famine, contains the tombs of the Grand Princes and Tzars up to Peter I. ranged in battle-array all round its interior. Here are likewise the relics of St. Michael of Tchernigoff, and of St. Dimitri of Ouglich.

4th. The Church of the Saviour in the Woods is a curious old specimen of Muscovite architecture. It contains the relics of St. Stephen of Perme. It was founded in 1330.

5th. The Monastery and Church of Tchoudoff, founded in 1365. Here the Grand-Duke Vassili Vassiliévitch shut up the metropolitan Isidore, who was upon the point of making common cause with the Western Church, by acknowledging the supremacy of the Pope. Here are a few relics of saints, &c. and a great many Persian banners captured by Yermoloff and Paskewitch.

6th. The Church of the Nunnery of Vossnassenié. Here I saw all the nuns, and d—d ugly they were.* They looked like travestied men. Nothing can be more unbecoming than their high black cap, shaped like the helmet of the infantry of the feudal times; and their long, slovenly, black and dirty gown, or rather coat;

* The morals of the cloister are said to be dreadfully depraved; I hear of things so grossly licentious, that I can with difficulty attach credit to them. I must here observe, that the nuns in Russia are not confined to the convent, excepting at night, so that they have abundance of opportunity for depravity. The young Russ seigneurs of my acquaintance assure me, that the convents are complete bagnios, and that the favours of any particular nun may be had for asking. I am more especially informed of a convent in the neighbourhood of the famous Pilgrimage of Troitza. To this convent a post-house and inn is attached; *les bonnes religieuses* think it, no doubt, quite right to do nothing by halves, and that they should contribute their utmost efforts to the consolation, bodily as well as spiritual, of the weary pilgrims. I have a great mind to make the pilgrimage on purpose to verify the fact. If, however, the sisterhood be as ill-favoured as that of the Vossnassenié, I may as well remain at Moscow. Shall I be believed in England if I even prove the truth of these stories?

The conventual regulations and vocations in Russia, totally differ from those in Papal Europe.

and ye gods! how they did smell of garlic! The church contains the relics of the Grand Princess Eudocia, who founded the convent in 1389. She took the veil upon her death-bed, under the name of Euphrosine, and therefore became entitled to the honours of the Apotheosis. The church, which was founded in 1407, and dedicated to the glorious Ascension, shelters the tombs of thirty-five Grand Princesses and Tzarevnas.

I next visited the bizarreries of Vassili Blagennoi; here are the relics of his saintship and his fetters and chains, for the poor Saint was mad! probably his chains made him so. They are dreadfully heavy. I felt the iron sink into my soul:—how terrible is the cruelty of man to his unfortunate brother! how corrosive must be the rust of the fetter upon the mind as well as the body of the enchained!

The interior of this church is unworthy of its exterior; it contains two churches, one above the other.

I passed the evening very merrily at a little

fête given by Madame Dimitreff, to celebrate her pretty daughter Mary's birth-day. Here we danced and sang until three o'clock of

May 17-29.—This morning it hailed, and a little snow fell. The glass was at + 4°; the day before yesterday it was at + 25°. At one o'clock I went to the Exposition of Manufactures in the Assembly-room of the noblesse. The various articles were tastefully and advantageously disposed, and many of them were very well worthy of attention; more particularly the fine cloths made from Russian wool, the cloths of gold and silver, the richly ornamented crapes for ladies' scarfs, the clocks, and mathematical instruments, (among which were many azimuth compasses, a theodolite, a sextant, and a little orrery, close imitations of those made in England;) the kid gloves, the cutlery, the porcelain and glass, the gilt, bronze, and iron ornaments for tables, &c. There were also two specimens of gobelins from the looms of the Imperial manufactory at Petersburgh, which reflected much credit upon that establishment.

The cottons, the muslins, the shawls, and finer silks, have not reached the same degree of perfection which the other manufactures have. The Russians are admirable imitators, and very soon learn how to captivate the eye by the general effect of their works; but you must not too narrowly examine the details, for these are very faulty and imperfect. All my acquaintances here, good patriots and true Russians, seem to be convinced that they have nearly, if not quite equalled England in their manufacturing arts. They say triumphantly, "We are now able to produce all these things for ourselves; we shall soon have no occasion to take any of your manufactures; we make every thing nearly as well as you do; we have in fifteen years reached the same point of perfection which it has cost Europe so long to attain." All this is very fine, but it is not true; they have not reached the same point of perfection with either England, Germany, Switzerland, or France; it will take them twenty-five years to reach the point at which those

nations now stand; but will the said nations halt in their manufacturing career while Russia is urging on? Even supposing that Russia had attained such perfection, she forgets that, if she will take no manufactured goods from England, England will take no raw material from her, but will carry her goods to that market where she can exchange them against raw material, or against those articles of which she herself stands in need, and which she does not produce. All nations cannot be essentially manufacturing; such a state of society implies a superabundance of population, which, not being employed upon the soil, is easily led to the loom. Russia has not arms enough to cultivate her vast steppes; she is essentially agricultural, and such must be for many centuries to come her real position. Such, indeed, has been the history of all young nations, and particularly so in those where the soil is fertile, and easily yields a rich harvest to the labours of the cultivator. However all this may be, commerce will force its way every

where, in spite of fiscal regulations and protecting duties: the better article, whether it be native or foreign, will beat the worse out of the market; so let things have their course. The Russians will find some day that England can supply them with better articles at smaller cost than their own manufacturers can, and they will give up their present manufacturing mania after a few bankruptcies, and a great many confiscations.

I hope yet to see the day when the system of reciprocity shall be fully understood and acted upon; for I am firmly convinced that upon this wise and beneficent principle depend the welfare and happiness of mankind.

I had the pleasure of meeting at the Exposition most of my fair acquaintances of yesterday evening, and was invited by Madame Dimitreff to dine with her and her pretty daughters, which amiable invitation I gladly accepted. I met at her table Alexis Bobrinski, Norhoff, and a Polish gentleman, M. Pilchinski, attached to the Financial Department.

The evening I passed at the Pachkoffs', where we sang and danced, and played *chat et rat*, &c. until one o'clock in the morning, when I drove home in a prodigious storm of rain, thunder, and lightning.

May 18-30.—Heavy rain, and cold wind. I did not stir out all the morning. Ditto ditto ditto all the afternoon. It seems to be a sort of universal deluge, such is the violence of the rain.

At eight o'clock in the evening I drove to the Princess Dolgorouki's, where I passed the evening quite *en famille*.

At night it rained harder than ever.

May 19-31.—Rain, rain, rain, with cold and chilly wind. It seems that a second winter is coming on. I do not venture out of doors. The afternoon very cold and miserable. I stayed at home the whole day; but in the evening I went to pay my visit of digestion to Madame Dimitreff, at whose house I passed a few hours very agreeably, with her two pretty daughters, Mesdemoiselles Marshencka and Do-

shencka. The pretty Doshencka was the idol of Koshrew Mirza, when he was here on his way to Petersburgh; she, on her side, has not forgotten his bright large black eyes.

May 20. (June 1.)—The weather has somewhat a better appearance this morning: it has ceased to rain, and a sharp wind dries up the streets rapidly. At one o'clock I went to examine, more minutely than I had done the first day, the Exposition of Manufactures. I am of the opinion which I first formed, that the fine woollen cloths are the articles in which the Russians have made the greatest progress. Of these, the finest were twenty-three and twenty-seven roubles the archine. Their cutlery looks well at a distance, but the finish is very inferior to that of Sheffield and Birmingham. Their silks, although of very seductive appearance, are flimsy, and weigh nothing. The crape and gauze scarfs, ornamented with gold sprigs, are very showy, but the sprig is very ill designed, and worse executed. Their cottons are all very inferior. As for the mathematical instruments,

clocks, and the machines of various sorts, they must be submitted to the test of experience before their merits can be judged of. The designs upon their porcelain are all very ill executed. However, on the whole, the Exposition is creditable to the industry of the country; but I do not think England is as yet in much danger from Russian rivalry and competition.

I took my usual lounge upon the terrace of the Kremlin and its pretty gardens, and called upon the Tcherbatoffs. In the evening I went to the French play at the Great Theatre.

In the year 1826 or 1827, I am not sure which, a sort of theatrical row took place here, which was followed by disagreeable, nay serious consequences, but which served to show the independent feeling of the Muscovite noblesse, and the generosity of the Emperor Nicolas.

The circumstances were briefly these:—A benefit had been announced for a certain fa-

vourite French actress, but, owing to the jealousy of the wife of the Intendant of the theatres, the benefit did not take place as intended.

When the curtain drew up, and another play was commenced, the audience, who were not instructed of the change in the managerial arrangements, headed by Counts O——f, P——n, and some other men of high rank and influence, exasperated at their disappointment, began to hiss and shout, and beat the floors with their walking-canes; in short, a regular fracas ensued. In vain the manager apologised; he was not listened to for a moment. The Police Master who was present, made his notes of what occurred, and as it is forbidden in Russia to hiss or hoot, or to express *dissatisfaction* in the theatres, he, who might have had perhaps his private motives for what he did, sent away a special messenger to the Emperor, giving a most exaggerated account of what had happened, and in short a political colouring to a mere theatrical row.

The Emperor, who had not yet forgotten the

conspiracy of the year 1825, immediately despatched a Field Yäger down to Moscow, with orders to place Counts O——f and P——n, and the other two principal offenders, under arrest in different guard-houses for fifteen days.

The Imperial mandate was obeyed; the gentlemen went to their prisons; but as the order was limited to their mere arrest, the officers commanding the Guards freely admitted all the friends of their distinguished prisoners, who passed their fifteen days of confinement in one perpetual scene of hilarity and enjoyment.

Never was such a sensation produced by such a circumstance in Russia. The prisoners were at the height of popularity; the people were in a ferment, and openly murmured against the Emperor and the Court; the Police Master was in danger of lapidation whenever he appeared in public.

All this reached the Emperor's ears; he went quickly down to Moscow, sent immediately for the offending persons, told them that he had been deceived by false reports, that he

regretted what he had hastily done, and that he asked their forgiveness; adding that he had been disabused, and had punished the Police Master by dismissing him from his office; and by nominating in his stead one of the most virtuous individuals of Moscow, he hoped to avoid a similar error in future.

I believe that those distinguished men have freely and truly forgiven the Emperor for the involuntary wrong he had done them, and that they all stand very high in the Imperial favour at this moment.

Happy the Prince who, having done wrong, is magnanimous enough to acknowledge, and atone for, his errors; and who, having wounded the feelings of meritorious and distinguished subjects, can find the means of healing the sores inflicted by the hand of arbitrary power upon minds sufficiently generous to forgive and forget their sufferings.

The mischief done in Russia by the secret denunciations of the political police, is inconceivable. Spies abound in all directions; your

very thoughts are pried into by these abominable pests of society: — these vultures who batten upon the off-scourings of unsuspecting men's conversations; who disfigure, and torture the most innocent expressions of incautious individuals into political crimes; who denounce, not real and dangerous conspiracies, (for of these they know nothing,) but words uttered hastily at table, at the theatre, or at the ball, as the case may be; or if it be a plot—one which they have themselves originated.

Did they, with all their astuteness, denounce the horrible affair of 1825? did they denounce the revolt of the ——— regiment of Guards? did they denounce the first conspiracy of Warsaw? did they denounce the last terrible movement, the consequences of which now shake the empire to its foundations?

No! no! no! but they will poison the ear of the Sovereign against faithful servants or incautious foreigners. They will get the first sent into Siberia, and the last across the frontiers; and they will thrive upon the sighs and

tears of innocent, of broken-hearted and ruined men, while the real conspirator weaves the meshes of his slimy web, unknown, unseen, undenounced. Alas! for poor humanity!

May 21. (June 2.) — Fine, but cold and windy. I called upon M. Hernozant, whom I found much better, and quite out of danger. At three, my diurnal meditations upon the terrace of the Kremlin. After dinner I drove to the pretty gardens of the Presnia, where I found but one solitary couple walking arm-in-arm. These gardens of the Presnia are a delightful lounge, but they do not seem to be the fashion, probably on account of their very beauty. (Observe that the crowd is of *la race moutonnière* in all countries, and seldom is guided by good sense in what it does, but is sure to follow the lead *du grand Belier du jour*.) When I came to the little iron wicket which opens upon the bridge dividing the two gardens, I found to my great surprise that it was locked, and guarded by a sulky police-officer. "Friend officer," said I, "let me out." He shook his head; he expected a douceur. "You

won't let me out, then?" Another shake of the head. "Good b'ye, then," and over the wall I sprang into the road, to the great discomfiture of the policeman, who did not expect such a harlequinade. I jumped into my drosky, and away like the wind to the Tverskoïa boulevard, where I found my amiable little friends, the Dimitreffs, with whom I walked until I was dead tired. At half-past nine I went with the Boulgakoffs to Madame Hitroff's *soirée dançante*, where, tired as I was, I danced away quadrille, mazurk, waltz, and galloppe until three o'clock. There were four very fine girls here, viz. Mademoiselle Shichkoff, Mademoiselle Buckharine, Mademoiselle Gorskin, and *la belle* Catharine Boulgakoff, but almost all the rest of the society consisted of old women, little children, and dwarfs, both male and female. These Gilpin Horners and Flibbertigibbets abound in Russia in an extraordinary proportion. I have before alluded to this subject at Petersburgh. How delighted Walter Scott would be in Russia!

May 22. (June 3.)—Weather fine, but rather cold. I drove at one o'clock in search of Messrs. Mullor and Co. for roubles. From thence to the Exposition, where was assembled all the beau monde of Moscow and the environs. I had the pleasure of being introduced to the charming Mademoiselle Chérémetieff, one of the belles of Moscow, (and indeed one who would be considered a belle anywhere). I had known her brother in Petersburgh, of the Chevaliers Gardes. There is another sister, likewise a very fine girl, a dark brunette, with sparkling black eyes. From the Exposition I went to pay my visit to the Kremlin. After dinner the Tverskoïa boulevard, and the evening at a very pretty dance given by Madame Dimitreff to celebrate her fête. Here I became acquainted with a very fine woman, Madame Lazareff. We danced away like mad people until three o'clock of

May 23. (June 4.)—Weather bright, but cold. The Gazette of St. Petersburgh, dated 19-31 May, gives an account of several affairs

between the Imperial Guards, under the Grand Duke Michael and the Poles, commanded by Skrzineçki, on the 30th of April, 4th and 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 10th, 11th of May. Happily for the Grand-Duke, Diebitch arrived in time at Nur to save the Guards from destruction. They have, however, been pushed back all the way from Zambrow to the Bug at Nur, and the Narew at Tykoczyn. The Russians claim victory, and sing Io Pæans; but the chart shows that they have lost ground; ergo, they have been beaten, as they say, "*by superior forces.*" This forenoon I paid sundry visits, at Prince Pierre Wiaselmski's, Madame Dimitreff's, and Madame Hitroff's, and then to Ivan Velikoi. The evening I passed at the Chérémetieffs', where the pretty Annette sang to me, and with me, all the evening. M. Chérémetieff is the Inspector General of the magnificent hospital of this name. His house is detached from the great building, and is spacious, airy, and elegant. It has a fine garden attached to it. The various members of the

family, and I know not how many degrees of consanguinity, seem to live altogether here. Unfortunately they were chiefly old women. After supper they all arose and kissed each other, quite in the style of patriarchal times. I shall go some fine morning and inspect the hospital.

CHAPTER XI.

The Gallitzin Hospital.—Nieskouchnié Gardens.—Simonovskoï Convent.—Pilgrimage to Troitza.—Exposition of Manufactures.—Manufactories in Moscow.—Ability of Russ Peasantry.—The Chérémetieff Hospital.—Promenade at the Summer Gardens.—Battle of Ostrolenka.—Mirza Achmet.—Preparations for departure from Moscow.—Il Signor Morini and Theatrical Anecdote.—Russian Police.—Farewell Visits.

MAY 24. (June 5.)—At eleven I drove to the Hospital Gallitzin, to hear the music of the mass, celebrated as being the best of the sort in Moscow. This is all vocal, as is that performed by the Chantres de la Cour at Petersburgh, and indeed in all Greco-Russo churches. The hospital is a splendid establishment, and is one of the many monuments of national piety

which do so much honour to the Russian character.

This hospital, says M. Laveau, was founded in 1802 by the Great Chamberlain, Prince Gallitzin, by virtue of the will of the Prince Dimitri Gallitzin, ambassador of Vienna.

The building at that time cost upwards of a million of roubles, worth at present nearly four times that sum.

The centre, or *corps de logis*, is ornamented by a very handsome peristyle, which leads to the chapel, ornamented by a dome. There are two wings attached to the *corps de logis*.

The hall of the Council, which is on the first floor of the centre, is embellished with portraits of the Emperors and Empresses, and with those of the founder, Prince Dimitri Gallitzin, and several of his family.

There are in this hospital one hundred and fifteen beds for ordinary, besides ten for extraordinary cases; and lately another building has been completed, which contains thirty beds

for old and incurable persons: this is called the Infirmary.

No indigent person is refused admittance into this munificent establishment, whether Russian or foreigner, provided he be free; and all are treated gratuitously.

The cleanliness of this hospital, and the system of ventilation, are remarkable.

In the year 1822, the number of rations distributed to the persons borne upon the books of the establishment was 72,964. This memorandum will suffice to give some idea of the scale upon which it is conducted.

In the garden behind the hospital (independent of the infirmary of thirty beds, of which I have spoken) there is another on the left-hand as you face the river Moskwa: here on the ground-floor are forty beds for infirm men, and on the first-floor are sixty-five beds for old women; all of these are admitted for life.

My servant Francesco had been once an inmate of this benevolent institution; he

speaks of it in high terms of gratitude and admiration.

The funds of this hospital consist of a sum of 850,000 roubles, deposited by the founder in the Foundling Hospital; and there are likewise the revenues derived from two estates, the one of nine hundred peasants, and the other of eight hundred.

The staff of the hospital consists of a director-general, a physician in chief, who is inspector, and three physicians in ordinary; an apothecary and his assistant, and a steward with two assistants, and an under inspector.

The garden attached to the hospital is, I should say, more calculated to make sick people than to cure them. It is full of stagnant water and sappy damp trees, and extremely well contrived to generate a *malaria*. From hence I drove to the Donskoï convent, celebrated for its beautiful cemetery. The tombs of the rich and the great, with bronze and marble, affected me not; but there was one grave which awakened in my breast sensations

which I had hoped were at rest for ever. It was fresh, and lately planted with heart's ease, forget-me-nots, and lilies, and carefully watered by some pious hand. * * * * * * * * * * I dare not trust myself upon this subject; it is too painful, too recently sensible.

To change the scene and the current of my ideas, I next drove to the Nieskouchnié gardens. Here is nothing very remarkable, save a tremendous ravine, over which an insecure and trembling wooden bridge is thrown. From the bank of the river over which the garden domineers, you have a splendid view of the city, and of the Devitcheï convent. There is a wooden amphitheatre erected in the garden, for the purpose of exhibiting fire-works, &c. To-day being a fête, there will be this evening a spectacle of this sort, to which all Moscow, excepting myself, will no doubt go.

On my return to the city, I was a good deal annoyed by the endless files of peasants' carts going in the direction of Kalouga. This being

Sunday, the peasantry are not forced to work for their lords, so they take advantage of it to work for themselves. I never before saw such a savage assembly.*

After dinner I drove to the promenade of Tverskoïa, and passed the evening at the Princess Dolgorouki's. I regret to say that the said excellent princess, with her amiable daughter-in-law, are going into the country to-morrow. All my friends will soon be on the wing: *ergo*, it is time for me to take flight also.

May 25. (June 6.)—Weather cold and cloudy. We shall have more rain. I drove at noon out of the town, to the Simonovskoï Convent, celebrated for its beautiful position upon a hill, looking down upon the Moskwa, and commanding a splendid view of the city of Mos-

* These files of carts in Russia are one of the characteristics of the country; nothing is so disagreeable as falling in with them upon the road. The drivers are generally asleep, and the conduct of the file is left to the sagacity of the leading horse.

cow, with the slender and elegant tower of Ivan Velikoi, glittering in the sun. Here I ascended to the top of a tower, called the Belvedere. The monastery is surrounded by an embattled wall, and I was much amused at perceiving some half a dozen little swivels peeping out of the embrasures in the parapet. Also, a large gun, an eighteen-pounder, lying dismounted near the great gate, (Fulmini della Chiesa.) The monks were all asleep.

Observe that the convents and monasteries of Moscow are so many fortresses surrounded with walls and towers, in the style of the Kremlin. Here formerly the sovereigns frequently took shelter against enemies, foreign or domestic.

I was nearly suffocated by the dust on my return, the wind being high and cold.

The evening I passed at the Princess Dolgorouki's, taking leave of her and the amiable Olga.

The good Princess sets off in the night, and intends hearing the mass at Troitza, at nine

to-morrow morning. Her *campagne* is only twenty wersts further on. She told me that she had once made the pilgrimage all the way from Moscow to the said Troitza, on foot, (sixty wersts,) in company with many other ladies and gentlemen, and that it was a very merry party. She assured me that such is still the custom. I asked her why not pray God at Moscow, where there are so many churches? "Oh!" said she, "there are certain relics at Troitza which we venerate, and which make our prayers more acceptable."

May 26. (June 7.) Slight rain and gloomy. I passed the morning and afternoon in making purchases, and in visiting the Exposition. I observed that there were only two specimens of fire-arms here, from Toula—one of these, a double-barrelled detonating fowling-piece, has already one cock broken. Inference, the steel of Toula is not worth much when such is the fate of its best specimens. I have before remarked upon the cheapness and beauty of the superfine woollen cloths. It is said here that a merchant has

given an order for five hundred pieces of the said fine cloth, at twenty-seven roubles the archine, and that the manufacturer,. Count Kammarowski, or rather his agent in Moscow, being well aware that he cannot *in reality* make such cloth at such price, has declined executing the order, foreseeing therefrom immense loss. The Russians understand most thoroughly the art of *humbug*. The Exposition is chiefly got up for show, and is a piece of charlatanism. I will give another instance in point. A leather manufacturer of Petersburgh, (a foreigner,) looking over the skins of Morocco leather in the Exposition, found one which he had himself manufactured, and sold to a Russian merchant at such and such a price. This said skin was now exposed as the manufacture of Moscow, at a much lower price than it had cost originally at Petersburgh. The foreign manufacturer claimed the skin as his own production, and named the Russian merchant to whom he had sold it. The affair got wind, and reached the ears of

the committee, who examined into the matter, but as the foreign manufacturer could not identify the skin by any positive proof, his allegation was not received in evidence, and the affair was hushed up.*

It rained hard from two till five.

Moscow possesses a very considerable number of manufactories of silk, cloth, cutlery, hats, brandies, cloths of gold and silver lace, morocco leather, soap, sugar-refineries, shawls, handkerchiefs, cottons of all sorts, velvets, ribbons, carpets, founderies of copper and iron, machinery, screws, pins, nails, drugs, pottery, paper, colours, skins of all sorts, candles, mohair, tobacco, &c. &c. &c. In short, it is in vain to shut one's eyes to the immense progress made by Russia in the manufacturing arts. These establishments, it is true, are chiefly directed by foreigners; but surely the Russian serf will learn some day to become a master manufacturer.

* The object of all this chicanery is to obtain either a gracious notice from the Emperor in the Gazette de Commerce, or a decoration through the Minister of Finance.

* In 1821 in Moscow there were, 175 manufactories, employing 17,688 hired artisans, 286 serfs: lent by the Crown, 345.

In 1822 there were 110 manufactories, employing 10,197 hired artisans, 569 serfs: lent by the Crown, 84.

In 1825 there were 264 manufactories in Moscow. But since that period the number of those establishments has very much increased, more particularly in cloth and cotton manufactories. I have been told by an intelligent cloth manufacturer of Silesia, who had come here to inspect the progress of these branches of Russian industry, that Russia has nothing to envy of Silesia or of Switzerland, either in her cloths or cottons. There were, however, he remarked, some shades in the scarlet and crimson dyes, in the cottons, which were still wanting.

. The Russ peasant is early imbued with a taste for the manufacturing arts. He is bred up with the hatchet in hand; he is an excellent carpenter and joiner, and as in his cottage he has always been surrounded by simple

* See Laveau.

machines for making cloth, linen, &c. he is easily converted into an able artisan. Traffic of all sorts is his delight, and has been exercised by his nation from a very remote period with the Greeks, Poles, Swedes, Germans, and Asiatics. Catharine and Peter, feeling the importance of commerce, gave great privileges to merchants of all sorts, such as tribunals peculiar to themselves, exemption from corporal punishment and recruiting (provided they find a substitute.)

They are divided, as at Petersburgh, into three guilds, according to the capital which they declare themselves to be possessed of.

Moscow is celebrated for its market of furs. The ancient Russians made use of furs as a medium of valuation. Twenty martin skins were equal to a silver grivna; and twenty squirrel skins were worth a koun.

Moscow at present manufactures all the chemical dyes which she before took from England. Excellent beer is brewed upon the banks of the Yaousa, by an Englishman of the name of Danielson. M. Martini had a privilege for

distilling brandy from grain, in contradistinction to the native merchants, who were only allowed to procure it from unrectified spirit. He laid out an immense capital of 400,000 roubles upon this establishment, and went on very prosperously for some months, when complaints made by the native distillers against his *privilege or monopoly*, induced the Minister of Finance to take it from him; and I now fear that he is ruined!

I passed the evening at the Princess Tcherbatoff's. The Princess Annette is a fine creature, and a charming and lovely young woman. Poor Pauline is ill and in bed, of an inflammation in the stomach. Natalie is not so pretty as the other two girls, but is very amiable and accomplished. The charming Annette talks with much pleasure of the Duke of Devonshire's splendid ball given here during the Coronation; she must have been at that time almost a child.

General Paschewitch has passed through Moscow, on his way to Petersburgh. It is supposed that he is nominated to the com-

mand of the army in Poland, *vice* Diebitch, who is to be recalled. One of the young Princes Tcherbatoff is on his staff.

May 27. (June 8.)—Weather fine and hot. I drove at noon to inspect the Hospital Chérémetieff, under the auspices of its Inspector-general, M. de Chérémetieff. It is a splendid establishment, and embraces a vast many objects.

This hospital stands near the Tower of Soukhareff, noted as being the place from whence Peter the Great destroyed the Strelitz in their famous mutiny directed by the Tsarevna Sophia against her aspiring brother's life. Soukhareff was the colonel of this corps, and took part with his master against that turbulent and dangerous soldiery.

But to return to the Chérémetieff Hospital, it was founded in the year 1803, by the late Grand Chamberlain, Count Chérémetieff. It is built in the form of a crescent, and consists of a ground floor and a first story.

A handsome portico forms the centre of the

half-moon, and leads to the church; the horns of the crescent are terminated by elegant colonnaded fronts. A corridor conducts all round the building.

There is a large and well-wooded garden behind the hospital, for the convalescents to take exercise in.

In the first story of the building are eighteen large wards, of which seven are for sick women, and eleven for incurables or infirm females.

Upon the ground-floor are seventeen wards, of which seven are for sick men, and ten for infirm and incurables.

I remarked that at the head of every bed was a Latin description of the complaint of the occupant, and that each phial of medicine standing by the bed head, bore a label with the prescription of the physician attached to it.

The sick seemed contented and grateful. M. de Chérémetieff appears to be much beloved by them, for I could observe an expression of pleasure lighten up the dim eyes, and shine upon the pale countenances of the sufferers, as

he addressed words of kindness, commiseration, and consolation to each in his turn.

I observed that the sick people were great enemies to free circulation of air. Some of the chambers were so close as to give me a headache.

The total number of beds is two hundred; of which sixty-six are occupied by the sick; two are reserved for extraordinary cases, and one hundred and thirty-two belong to the infirmary.

In the beginning there were but a hundred and fifty beds; but the Count Dimitri Chérémetieff, during his minority, added eight beds, and endowed the hospital with an annual revenue of 23,000 roubles for the maintenance of twenty-four infirm, and sixteen sick.

All the bedsteads (as is likewise the case at the Foundling and Gallitzin Hospitals) are of iron, and the mattresses and pillows are of hair.

The rations are extremely liberal, and of the best possible description; in short, nothing that the physician can recommend is denied, whe-

ther it be simple or luxurious fare, according to the nature of the case.

The building cost 500,000 roubles to the founder, Count Chérémetieff, who endowed it with a revenue of 26,250 roubles, arising from a capital deposited at the Lombard; and of another annual sum of 67,892 roubles, derived from estates granted in perpetuity to the establishment.

Add to these sums 23,000 roubles of annual rent given by Count Dimitri Chérémetieff, and you have a total of 117,142 roubles.

The Count Dimitri Chérémetieff is Curator of the establishment, and has resigned to it as a gift, the salary of 10,000 roubles attached to his office. In the year 1810, upon the opening of the hospital, 50,000 roubles were given away in charities.

I will here add to these notes, which are chiefly extracted from M. de Laveau's book, a table which he gives of the annual expenses of the hospital.

	roub.	cop.
For expenses of administration, honoraries, and appointments	17,550	
For the maintenance of 132 infirm persons	21,051	10
For the maintenance of the Hospital	22,593	
To the servants and people connected with the service of the Hospital	7,300	
For fuel, lighting, paving, repairs, &c.	18,315	
For the church	333	
Annual pensions to 50 poor families	5,000	
Annual dowers given to 30 poor girls	10,000	
For the purchase of tools given annually to indigent artisans	4,000	
For works of charity, such as burials of the poor, alms, &c.	5,000	
To form a sinking fund, or capital of reserve	2,000	
Distribution of alms, the 2nd January, anniversary of the death of the founder	4,000	
Total	117,142	10

The medical staff of the Hospital is composed of a curator, and a council of administration, which consists of an inspector-general and three assistants, a physician in chief (Dr. Kieran) and an officiating priest. Three physicians in ordinary are also attached to the hospital, and there is an excellent pharmacy, or laboratory,

served by an apothecary and his assistant. There are, besides, for the service of the sick males twelve men and their superintendant, and ten women and an inspectress for the attendance of the females. There is also a housekeeper, and eight surgeon's boys.

In the whole, ninety-six persons are employed in the various departments.

Observe, that this splendid establishment is more an infirmary, or house of asylum, than an hospital. I saw here two old ladies, one of whom has a son a general, and the other is the widow of a colonel. Yesterday in the hospital, an officer of the rank of colonel died; for alas! in Russia there is no provision for decayed and veteran officers, no half-pay, no pension.

The church is very handsome, and well constructed for the use of the sick and infirm, who can hear mass from the corridors and galleries, if not able to enter the church. The hospital possesses a fine electrifying machine. The great saloon is a very fine room, ornamented at one

end with a full-length portrait of the founder of the hospital, Count Dimitri Chérémetieff. Here annually, on the twenty-third of February, a distribution of money to necessitous persons, and dowers to young brides, is made to the amount of 15,000 roubles. In short, it is one of the most beneficent establishments in Europe, and confers immortal honour upon its founder and the city in which it exists.

The comfort and cleanliness which reign throughout are very striking.

From the hospital I drove to the country palace of Petrovsky, belonging to the Imperial family. Here is nothing at all remarkable, save a fine view of Moscow. Napoleon fixed for a while his head-quarters here. It is three wersts from the barrier of Petersburgh. At present the garden does not present many attractions; but people are employed in planting and decorating a very large space all round the palace, which in a few years will be pretty and sheltered.

After dinner I strolled for an hour amid the

shady walks of the Presnia, from thence to the boulevard Tverskoïa, where I met the pretty little Dimitrieffs, with whom I went to see the garden of an old General close by. From hence we adjourned *chez elles*, where we passed the evening with cards, conversation, and music with Mademoiselle Bartinieff, to whom a lesson in "*Soave imagine d'amor e pace.*"

May 28. (June 9.)—Fine and cool weather. At eleven o'clock I went to hear the musical mass at the church of the Hospital Chérémetieff. It was very inferior to that of the Imperial Chapel at Petersburgh. After mass, a visit to the pretty Chérémetieffs. From hence to my usual lounge in the gardens of the Kremlin, and a visit to Annette Tcherbatoff.

After dinner I drove to what is called the Summer Garden, in the German quarter.—Here are beautiful trees, alleys, lakes, parterres, and palaces. It was an annual promenade to-day, and I was astonished at the display of elegance and prosperity, with a very consider-

able share of female beauty, which was here exhibited.

A singular custom exists here; on a certain day of the year (Pentecost) the young persons of the softer sex (as Brummell would say) all repair hither, and range themselves in rows on either side of the Great Walk, to be chosen by their future lord. It is a sort of St. Valentine's day.—There is a handsome palace built by Elizabeth in this garden.

I had the pleasure of meeting here Madame Lazareff, Mademoiselle Bukarine,* the Dimitrieffs, Catharine Boulgakoff, and for the first time the old Prince Youssoupoff, who insists upon it that I must go and see his *campagne*. I fear he is too late in the field, as I have made my arrangements for returning to St. Petersburgh on Monday next, for I hear of cholera

* Mademoiselle Bukarine was educated at the Smolnoi Convent at Petersburgh, one of the many institutions of that high-minded and benevolent personage, the late Empress Mother. Mademoiselle Bukarine does honour to the seminary, for she is extremely elegant and accomplished.

upon the Volga, and wish to reach Petersburgh before it.

I passed the evening at the Chérémetieffs', where the pretty Annette and myself sang away the whole night long. She is a sweet creature, and sings like an angel.

May 29. (June 10.)—Plagued to death all the morning about passports and certificate of owing no money to anybody: for which latter I am obliged to pay 1-60 copecks. I wonder how much I should have to pay for said certificate, which I should have just the same, supposing me to be over head and ears in debt like the Russian gentry. It seems that I must make my personal appearance at the police-office before they will grant me my passport. I have a mortal aversion to all police-men and police-offices, and being thus sensitive as a man without crime, what should I be were I a malefactor? I cannot divine why the Russ authorities plague strangers so much in this matter, unless, indeed, it be for the purpose of

extorting money from them at the various bureaux.

At noon I drove to the old Prince Youssoupoff's,* but he was flown to his lares and penates in the country; from His Excellency's I proceeded to Messieurs Müller and Co. for roubles, without which *la machine ne roule pas;* from thence to the Exposition, where I met some of my fair friends, with whom *il dolce favellare* until half-past two P.M.

To-day there is a bulletin from the Grand Army, dated 15th, giving an account of a very warm affair at Ostrolenka on the 14-26th, between the guards, supported by Diebitch in person, and the Poles. The Russians claim the victory, but they acknowledge the loss of 4000 men (say 8000) and four generals wounded. The Poles have been pushed back from Ostrolenka across the Narew, thirty wersts; also

* Prince Youssoupoff's *campagne* is by all accounts a sort of Sybarite's palace. He is enormously wealthy, and is fond of pleasure and luxurious enjoyment.

from Lomza. They have lost three cannons and 1500 prisoners, among the rest a general of brigade, Krassitzky. They do not, however, seem to have been demoralized by this check, although I fear that this has been a very severe blow to them. A corps of Poles, 4000 strong, has likewise been defeated in Podolia, by Roth, and forced back upon the Gallician frontier. It would seem, then, that Dwerniçki's movement has not been without its effects, and that although he himself has failed, he had contrived to sow the seeds of revolt throughout the two provinces of Volhynia and Podolia.

I passed the evening at Madame Lazareff's, gazing upon the bright eyes of the pretty little Armenian Princess Abimilech. The company were principally entertained by the frolics of a droll little dwarf, belonging to General Strikaloff, the sub-governor of Georgia. The said dwarf is a Georgian, by name Mirza Achmet, and is dressed in the becoming costume of his country and class. All the

pretty women make great love to him, behaving to him with that familiarity and tenderness with which they would treat him were he a child. All this gentle badinage must have its effect upon the passions of the poor dwarf, and must produce in his unfortunate *physique* an unquenchable fire. I endeavoured to hint to some of the prettiest of his admirers, the cruelty of their inconsiderate conduct to him. They either could not, or would not understand me.

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Mademoiselle Bartanieff, Prince W. Gallitzin, Madame Lazareff, and the Dwarf sang.

May 30. (June 11.)—This morning Police-office and Bureau des Diligences. Rain, and hot scirocco wind. I shall set off on Tuesday, and if all is as prosperous as I desire, I shall reach dear England in a fortnight, from Moscow!

My diurnal walk to and meditations at the

Kremlin occupied me till dinner-time, after which the Tverskoïa, and a visit to the Tcherbatoffs and Boulgakoffs. The evening I passed at the Dimitrieffs'. At night heavy rain. We hear of fresh successes over the Poles.

May 31. (June 12.)—Rain and gloom, and cold. Il Signor Morini, Maestro di Capella, called to beg me to sing to him. He was at the Chérémetieffs' on Thursday last. He amused me very much by his description of the impatience of many of the Russian nobles who had engaged him to teach their daughters to sing.

"Je veux, M. Morini, qu'elle apprenne à chanter, mais à chanter bien, à tout déchiffrer, enfin à chanter à livre ouvert;" but before a month had elapsed, and when they found that Mademoiselle was still at the gamma, the "do re mi fa so la si," they would get tired of the *principes*, and insist that Mademoiselle should learn some *grand morceau du grand théatre*, to sing at the fête of Madame sa Mère, or M.

son Oncle. In short, they wished to do *impossibilities in the least possible time*—to reap and sow in the same day.

M. Morini was once upon a time employed by the director of the Italian Opera, as singing-master for the *corps d'opera*. Among the rest of the singers was a pretty little girl of great talent, a foundling; but who was to be ready at all hazards by a certain day, to sing a principal part in a particular opera. This pretty little girl was not only a singer but a figurante in the ballet; and was chosen, from her light airy form, frequently to perform the part of a flying Cupid or Zephyr, upon which occasions she would be slung round the waist, and by one foot, and carried by a wire, suspended horizontally, across the stage. This rough sort of treatment, by injuring the chest, interfered with the *solfeggio* of the artist; she complained of pain in her chest, and back, and loins, and could not sing well enough to please the Signor Maëstro.

Away went he therefore to his Excellency

Prince ———, director-general of the theatres. "Eccellenza," said il Maëstro, "la mia Cantatrice non può e cantare e ballare e volare di questo modo; è pure impossibile; Cantatrice non può esser ballatrice. Noi altri Italiani abbiamo un proverbio che dice che il canto e la danza son il diavolo e l'acqua santa." "D—n your proverbs," said his Excellency; "in Russia nothing is impossible!" Morini resigned his office, and the Italian opera, with its Cantatrice, Ballatrice, Figurante e Volante, all went to the devil.

In the afternoon it cleared up a little, and enabled me to get a stroll in the gardens of the Kremlin.

I heard to-day at dinner of a most extraordinary case of murder in the open day, in face of all the world. An old woman, known to have money upon her person, was killed by a blow of a hatchet in a public garden, and her pockets rifled of two hundred roubles. The assassin walked coolly away. The person relating the story, had just come from assisting

at the opening of the body. The murder occurred only yesterday. So much for the vigilance of the preventive police in Russia.

N.B.—The Russian police is chiefly political, and therefore does more harm than good. Nothing of this affair will appear in the papers.

After dinner I called, to say adieu, upon the Tcherbatoffs, and passed the evening at the Paschkoffs'.

June 1-13.—Showery and dark. Farewell visits to friends, and the Kremlin, occupied my morning. After dinner I drove with Comte Galen to the Presnia; from thence to say adieu to the Chérémetieffs. The evening at the Dimitrieffs'. I was *triste* and out of spirits enough; for to say the truth, I quit Moscow with regret. I like the old Muscovite capital with its Kremlin, its ancient souvenirs, and admire its modern dames and damsels.

I believe that I who have visited so many countries, never quitted *but one* of the said countries without regret, and this one was Denmark.

The pretty ——— almost wept when I kissed her hand, and received her salute upon the cheek. It is a graceful custom, this Muscovite salutation. I had been so kindly received and treated in Moscow, that it is not at all extraordinary that I should have been sorrowful at leaving persons and places comparatively dear to me.

CHAPTER XII.

Remarks on the Cholera, and Miscellaneous Notes.

FROM all that I have been able to learn, during my stay at Moscow, respecting the terrible epidemic, or rather endemic, which is now committing such devastation in Russia and Poland, I am thoroughly persuaded that it is *not contagious*. I have conversed with many medical men, and with a great many unprofessional persons, both male and female, of the higher grades of society, who have served voluntarily in the cholera hospitals, and who have attended the sufferers in all stages of the disorder. From the universal testimony of these persons, I cannot shut my eyes to this convic-

tion, so strongly obtruded upon me by the fact, that out of all the persons so serving in the hospitals, amounting to certainly several thousands, only four individuals took the disorder.

I am intimately acquainted with a French gentleman who was at Tiflis when the malady made its appearance there in the year 1829. He took it, and nearly fell a victim; he is nevertheless persuaded that it is not contagious, for he was nursed and attended by his friends and servants, none of whom caught it. He states that those persons who left the city and fled to the mountains of the Caucasus escaped the scourge, while those who remained in the town, and in low situations, died in a frightful proportion. He describes the air, before the breaking out of the malady, as stinking, with a *thick fog or exhalation* arising out of the earth, and the atmosphere as swarming with *small green flies*.

I have heard both at Moscow and at Petersburgh an anecdote, a terrible proof indeed of what barbarities men will commit when driven

to despair by the enforcement of a code more barbarous than themselves. In a certain infected village, whose name I have forgotten, the unhappy peasantry, shut up in their miserable hovels by a sanitary cordon, seized upon two doctors who had been stationed there by the Government, and to whose reports they attributed their being cut off from all the sympathies and succours of humanity, dying as they were daily from a noxious and impoisoned atmosphere, from which they were not allowed to escape. The infuriated peasants tied these unlucky doctors breast to breast to the warm and livid corpses of two victims to the cholera. "You say that the cholera is contagious; we say that it is not. If it be as you say, you shall prove your words; if it be not, we have returned you good for evil; for if you survive, you will undeceive the Governor General, and make your own fortunes." With this bitter irony they threw the doctors into the pit dug for the bodies of the choleric dead, where they

remained for two days and nights, and were at last released from their horrid prison by some charitable females who came in the night and freed them. These men did not take the cholera!

While the public impression existed at Moscow of the contagiousness of the disorder, and while people put themselves into close quarantine, that is, while the panic predisposed people to catch the prevailing epidemic, many persons, it is true, took it; but most of them were either infirm, sickly, intemperate, or exceedingly poor and miserable people. Many of these would have died nearly about the same time had the cholera never made its appearance, and many of the rest would never have taken the malady at all, had they not been predisposed, either from an already *disordered bile*, or *from panic*, and the effects of the depressing passions.

I have learned, from very good authority, that the mortality in Moscow, from the month of September 1830, to the month of April 1831,

(that is, during the existence of the malady in that city,) did not exceed the usual average by more than one-third, or indeed one-fourth. Why then this terrible alarm about contagion? does this amount to contagion? The typhus in Ireland and in the manufacturing districts of England, commits more havock in one month than the cholera in six; and yet we pay little heed to the former, because we are accustomed to it, while we are frightened out of our wits by the other, because we know but little of it.

What was the state of the atmosphere at Moscow upon the appearance of the cholera in that city, as compared with that of Tiflis at the corresponding epoch? The answer to this question would perhaps furnish us with a clue by which to trace the march of the malady much more rationally than by having recourse to a concatenation of confused evidence, to prove that it was transmitted from hand to hand, by boatmen, carriers, and students, &c. It is said to follow the channel of rivers and

the course of high roads; to follow armies and caravans; but in Russia, which is a thinly peopled country, with but few towns and few roads, it must of necessity show itself in such situations as these, because towns and villages must be seated upon the banks of the large navigable rivers, and near the sides of the great practicable routes, by which alone armies and caravans can proceed to their destinations. Ask the vulture and the wild horse of the steppes and deserts, whether the cholera is there? Man can only answer for the provinces he inhabits; and in them the seeds of the cholera must be sown and will fructify.

It is notorious that after the first report made by M. de Cancrin in the winter of 1830, and after the relaxation of the vexations of sanitary regulations in consequence of that report, (which vexatious regulations had driven the peasantry into open revolt and rebellion,) the cholera became less destructive: and why? first, because the afflicted population were enabled to escape from infected spots,

and breathe a purer air; and, secondly, because people, by mingling freely with each other, returned to their pleasures, danced and sang, drove away care, and forgot the pestilence.

In India the cholera has never been supposed to be contagious by those who know any thing upon the subject. I have often heard of its existing in the front, or rear, or centre of columns of soldiers upon the march, without affecting other parts of the mass. I have often heard of its existing upon one side of a street, and not on another, although the inhabitants had free communication with each other. I have heard of its progress being checked by building up high walls in the direction it is supposed to travel.

In Moscow it is notorious that the nurses often slept with the cholera female patients, and that they in no one instance took the disorder from such a circumstance. In the Foundling Hospitals, sometimes a cholera nurse has given the breast to a child, which child has not taken the disorder, nor conveyed it to another nurse upon the death or removal of the first.

The opinion of a majority of the Medical Board held at Moscow by order of the Emperor, was decidedly contrary to the doctrine of contagion. They even held that fumigation for merchandise was unnecessary, for it would certainly spoil the goods, and most likely do no good to the community. Merchandise was consequently freely transported from Moscow to Petersburgh, during the winter and spring of 1830 and 1831, without taking the cholera along with it. The drivers or carriers, it is true, were put into quarantine while their goods went on, but not an instance occurred of the cholera making its appearance at any of the quarantine stations.

In short, the absurdities of the sanitary code, which was enacted against the plague (of which disorder we know nothing, from our fear of grappling with it,) have been equally applied to a disorder totally differing from it in all its symptoms and character, but of which, upon its first appearance in Russia, nothing was known but by conjecture and analogy.

During three months, 7500 sick were treated by the Medical Council of Moscow, and fifty-two bodies were carefully opened and examined; and the result of all this experience upon the minds both of the public and of the faculty, has been a firm persuasion of its non-contagiousness.

Again, the medical and other attendants in the Cholera Hospitals never found that their clothes communicated the disorder to persons out of doors; nay, many of them put on the garments, and bathed in the water used by the sick, and still took not the complaint. It is likewise a well authenticated fact, that the cholera patients have continued to wear, during convalescence, the same clothing which they wore during the height of the disorder, and this without such clothing having been subjected to any fumigating or other purifying process, yet that nevertheless such convalescents have recovered.

The Prussian Medical Deputation, headed by Dr. Albers, have given it as their opinion that the cholera is, in some cases, *contagious*, but not

to be transmitted by merchandise, or by inanimate objects.

Of the Austrian deputation I am not correctly informed. I rather think that they inclined to the doctrine of contagion, but by personal means, and not through the transmission of merchandise.

Dr. Walker wrote a long report to Lord Heytesbury upon the subject. He seems at first to have inclined to the anti-contagion party, but soon wavered in his opinion, and at last came to the decision that it was not to be propagated by merchandise, but in some cases by persons.

In short, people seem to think it most prudent to err on, what they conceive, the safe side.

For my part, I am a sworn enemy to quarantine (except in cases of the positive exhibition of the disorder to be guarded against,) knowing, as I well do, all the evil it causes to persons and to commerce, and doubting extremely if any good be derivable from it.

It would be worth while to examine the re-

cords of the various Lazarettoes in Europe, and learn from thence if there be any instances of people, or ships and cargoes, coming into quarantine with clean bills of health, upon whom the plague, or other epidemic, shall have made its appearance after being so placed in quarantine.

Then make a calculation of the value of the goods detained in the said lazarettoes, to be purified, and fumigated, and tossed about, and spoiled, then see how much they have lost in value by the said detention and purification.

Next see if any of the persons employed in the said purification took the disorder, supposed *prima facie* to exist in the said cargoes; next see if any of the *guardiani* took the disorder in the lazarettoes.

If the answer to all these queries be in the negative, we shall make out a case which would prove that all the precautions used respecting vessels, cargoes, or individuals, not having the plague or any such disease on board, are vexatious, unnecessary, costly, injurious, and absurd.

If ships, cargoes, or persons, have the plague or the cholera, let them be put apart, and well attended in airy and well-ventilated lazarettoes, hospitals, or apartments; but, in the name of Humanity, let them not die of destitution and abandonment because men are afraid of contagion, which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred does not exist. Nor, on the other hand, coop the infected up in the same ship, or house, or village, or town, as the case may be, with the uninfected, who, by being condemned to breathe the same air, and being frightened by the display of anti-contagious precaution and sanitary tyranny, take the disorder, from which they would otherwise have escaped.*

I shall never forget the panic created last year in Petersburgh upon the appearance of the cholera in Moscow; and since I have been in this city, I am persuaded that the peo-

* It would be worth the while of statesmen at the next General Congress to take the state of the Sanitary Code into their deep consideration; for why should people be treated as malefactors who are in reality merely unfortunate?

ple of the capital were much more terrified with the malady seven hundred and forty wersts from them, than were the Muscovites with it at their doors. The fumigations with vinegar and mint, the smell of chloride of lime and other precautions, always appeared to me to be likely to generate a disease as bad as the one they were intended to avert. Many a time have my head and chest ached with the effect of such admirable precautions; none of which proved of any avail in the hour of need.

The Reports of Dr. Walker, Dr. Albers, and of the Medical Commission of Moscow are before the world: they state facts, as well as give opinions. Meanwhile, let not men's minds be biassed by professional prejudices, or acted upon by panic, which blinds the eyes, and frightens away the understanding. Prevention is better than cure: let people attend to cleanliness, sobriety, and diet; above all things let them attend to ventilation and change of air, and to keeping up the spirits; they will not then be likely to catch the cholera; and if it should

please God that they do take the disorder, these measures will mitigate its virulence.

TOPOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.*

Moscow is placed upon the 55° 45′ 45″ degree of latitude, and upon the meridian 55° 12′ 45″ east of Paris: it stands upon both banks of the Moskwa. It is divided into four quarters; namely, the Kremlin, the Kitaï Gorod, the Zemlenoï Gorod, and the Beloï Gorod, around which, as a centre, are disposed the various suburbs.

The Kremlin is in form, as I think I have before stated, an irregular polygon, having a round tower at each of its angles, and in the intervals between the flanks, at equal distances, square towers. These are supposed to have been built by Marco and Pietro Antonio,

* The following Notes to the statement of population inclusive, are abstracted from Laveau.

who were brought from Italy by order of the Grand-Duke John Vassilievitch, in the year 1485.

The five gates of the Kremlin are called Nikolskoi, Spaskoi, Troïtskoï, Taïnitzkoï, and Borovitskoï. It is in passing through the gate of Spaskoï that the passenger is obliged to pull off his hat, in reverence to a certain ugly picture, or as some say, in commemoration of a miraculous deliverance from the Tartars, no doubt brought about by the operation of the said ugly picture. On the tower over this gate is the following inscription.

"Joannes Vassilli Dei gratia magnus Dux Volodimiriæ, Moscoviæ, Novogardiæ, Tferiæ, Plescoviæ, Veticiæ, Ongariæ, Permiæ, Volgariæ, et aliarum, totiusque Roxiæ Dominus, anno 30 imperii sui, has turres condere jussit, et statuit Petrus Antonius Solarius Mediolanensis, anno nativitatis Domini 1491."

Peter the Great placed a carrillon, which he had brought from Holland, upon the gates of Troïtskoï and Spaskoï.

The city of Moscow is in form an elliptic trapezoid, whose greatest diameter runs from

south-east to north-west. Its greatest length, from the foundation of the Church of the Saviour, at the foot of the Mountain of Sparrows, to the Preobajenski Barrier, is thirteen wersts and three hundred and thirty sagènes. Its diameter, from the Prolomnaïa barrier to that of Drogorniloff, is eight wersts and thirty sagènes. Its total circumference is from forty to forty-five wersts.

Moscow is watered by three rivers, the Moskwa, the Yaousa, and the Néglinna, the former of which is of great importance to the city, inasmuch as it communicates, by means of the Volga, with Nijney Novgorod and Petersburgh. The Empress Catharine built handsome stone quays upon the Moskwa, from the stone bridge as far as the Foundling Hospital. There are two bridges over the Moskwa, one of which is near the Kremlin, and is of hewn stone and massive architecture; the wooden bridge is below the Kitaï Gorod, and there are four floating bridges in other parts of the city.

Moscow shows but few traces of the catas-

trophe which overwhelmed her in 1812; she has indeed risen, like another phœnix, more brilliant from her ashes. It is now forbidden to build houses of wood in the four principal quarters of the city. Such constructions are now confined to the suburbs, with the exception of those of that material which existed before the conflagration.

Almost all the great palaces of Moscow are built of brick, stuccoed; and it is extraordinary to observe the rapidity with which these solid and magnificent structures rise, as it were, by enchantment, from their foundations. It is not unusual, says M. Laveau, to see the piles driven for a foundation in the spring for a house, the roof of which is placed upon it by the autumn.

The number of inhabitants of Moscow may be estimated at 250,000; but in the winter this number is augmented by about 30,000 artisans and peasants of all sorts, who come from the country, and work, during the cold season, in the city.

There are about 10,000 houses in the city, which makes an excess of about 842 above the number existing before the conflagration of 1812. At that period there were 9158 houses, of which 6341 were burnt; but since the resuscitation of the city, 8027 have been built.

The population of Moscow may be classed and numbered as follows:

Nobles	14,724
Servants of the Crown	3,101
Clergy	4,388
Merchants	12,104
Strangers	2,385
Citizens	28,029
Artisans	10,384
Military	22,191
Manufacturers	1,854
Voituriers	1,882
Servants	53,541
Peasants	72,758
People of various denominations	19,204
	246,545 *

There is a nominal advantage derivable in Moscow from the issuing of bank paper; for

* See Laveau.

instance, the five rouble note is said to be worth five roubles and forty copecks; but it is in reality worth no such thing when you exchange it against silver, for then you receive each eighty copeck piece at a nominal value of eighty-five copecks, so that the gain is purely illusory. However, when you buy any thing, take care to stipulate that you pay the price in the silver currency, and not in paper or assignations. This nominal advantage is attached likewise to gold; for instance, the demi-imperial, which in Petersburgh is worth nineteen roubles and a half, goes for twenty-two nominal roubles in Moscow.

This phenomenon arises from a financial regulation which requires the Crown taxes and duties of all sorts to be paid either in gold or in assignations paper.

In spite of the beauty and apparent prosperity of Moscow, I fear that she is in reality falling rapidly into decay. The great seigneurs are either ruined or residing at St. Petersburgh, and all the money which should be spent in the

ancient capital of the Tzars, is squandered in the sister-city of the Baltic, upon piles, pillars, and palaces, granite and grenadiers.

The Governor-general was at Petersburgh during the greater part of my stay at Moscow, and when he returned thither, it was only to remain a few days preparatory to his departure for his country-seat. I regret very much that I had no opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with a nobleman of whom every body in Moscow, of all classes and of all parties, agree in speaking in terms of admiration. Nothing can be milder, more judicious, or more salutary than his sway. He is adored both by natives and by foreigners.

Remark, that in Russia, Sunday is not considered as the Sabbath, but that Saturday is, as with the Jews: hence you see the peasantry more at work on the Sunday than on the Saturday, which is a holiday.

The hotel Kopp is the best in Moscow, but the worst in Europe; the filth of a certain nameless place is beyond even Russian abomi-

nation. Apartments are very dear and ill-furnished, the servants perfect barbarians.

Some writers have been a good deal puzzled to find out why the Cross surmounts the Crescent upon the churches of Moscow and Petersburgh, to which latter place the Mahometans never penetrated. The type of Christianity soaring triumphant over the Koran, is, in my opinion, an excellent emblem of the Russian Church, which so long suffered from the persecution of the Tartars, but at length shook off their yoke, and may apply equally all over the empire.

I have not seen above three or four houses in Moscow of which the windows are of plate-glass, while at Petersburgh such are of common occurrence.

The dirtiness of the anti-rooms and corridors and staircases in Moscow is indescribable. The Russians have an odious custom, in common with most Continental nations, of spitting about on the floors, in all directions and at all times. They have likewise a singular trick of taking a little piece of wax from the candles and rolling it up between finger and thumb into a little

ball. I have often observed in society half-a-dozen persons, one after the other, walk up to the candles and carry off their little spoil: this is a most ludicrous and unaccountable custom.

In Moscow it is at present the fashion among a certain number of the higher classes to wear enormously long finger-nails, like eagles' claws, and these not always very clean.

The Gallomania is still very prevalent in Moscow, despite the evil Russia, and more particularly Moscow, has derived from the French nation. French is the language of the Muscovite noblesse, as well as of that of Petersburgh. Community of language and literature, and consequently tastes and ideas, has in all countries produced the ties of affection, though these may be slackened or broken for a time by particular events.

Nothing can be shabbier or more provincial than the equipages of Moscow in general, except the *droskies de place*, which are much better horsed, and are driven by smarter Ishvochicks, than those of Petersburgh.

The frequency of Russian ablutions, although insisted upon by the priesthood, is, I am told, very doubtful.

I must not forget to mention the amazing number of kites and buzzards of all sorts which scavenger the streets of Moscow, as they do likewise at Constantinople; also a disgusting sort of carrion crow, with deformed beak and red breast, which performs the same service.

English governesses are still very much in fashion at Moscow; I own I know not why, for those that I occasionally saw did not seem to me to be very much fitted to teach either good English or good manners to the fair demoiselles of Moscow.

The activity of the Muscovite Fire Police is very remarkable. I saw a fire burst out one day in the Tvertzkoïa, in the house of a druggist; in five minutes the engines, with their huge barrels of water following them, bestridden by firemen, and escorted by *gendarmerie*, came galloping up; the firemen mounted to the top of the house, and in half an hour's time

the fire was extinguished. The organization of this corps is most perfect.

I have remarked with regret in Moscow, in all the societies which I have frequented, an exasperation and national animosity against the Polish nation difficult to conceive.

"We will march the last man against them; we will pay our last copeck to support our Emperor in this war," said the Princess T——f to me one day when talking upon this subject.

"If I had twenty sons," said Madame de C——f to me, "I would send them all to fight against the Poles."

"When we make war upon Poland," said the Prince —— to me one day, "we are but avenging wrongs which the sight of half the objects about the Kremlin, (which you so much admire,) recalls to our memories. Do not believe that we are actuated by a love of conquest in our quarrels with that nation: she is our old, uncompromising, and unforgiving enemy. We cannot forget Minin and Pojarski. When Catharine partitioned Poland, she only took

back from the Poles those provinces which they had formerly wrested from Russia."

Admiring as I do the heroic acts of the Polish army, and sympathizing, as every freeman must do, with the wonderful efforts that unhappy nation has made to throw off the Muscovite yoke, yet I cannot help thinking that the authors of the Polish insurrection have not been justified either by sufficient provocation, or by rational prospect of ultimate success, in undertaking, single-handed, a war with so gigantic an enemy as Russia. He who lifts the standard of revolt should well consider the probable result of his acts; for every unsuccessful rebellion adds so much more iron to the yoke of the oppressor, so many more links to the chains of the oppressed. I am intimately persuaded that the Republican party in Paris has been the secret cause of this melancholy struggle. I am convinced that France looks upon the Polish revolt as the advanced guard of her own revolution; and I am, moreover, morally certain, that the party Propagandiste

behind the scenes has precipitated the unfortunate Poles into this dreadful war, by promises of succour and support. I have reason to know, from many Poles and Russians well acquainted with the state of the kingdom, and of the feeling of the great majority of the nation, that at the time of the lifting the banner of revolt in Warsaw, the quarrel was not a national one, and that it was the extraordinary conduct of the Grand Duke, and the bad success of Diebitch, which turned the rebellion of a few *têtes exaltées* into a national movement.

I remember, in Petersburgh, in the latter part of last year, before the revolt broke out in Warsaw, to have seen a paragraph in Galignani's Messenger of the middle of November, announcing prematurely that a revolutionary movement had commenced in that city; and I believe it to be notorious, that the revolt of the Papal Legations was announced in Paris the very day that it took place in Bologna; nay, I have heard it said, that Lafayette had openly ac-

knowledged, that in order to embarrass the Emperor of Austria, he would arrange for him a little rebellion in Italy.

The battle of Ostrolenka will most likely be productive of fatal consequences to Poland; for it will enable the Russian armies to cross the Vistula, which river has hitherto been the impassable barrier, the Rubicon of the Polish cause. Should Diebitch once reach the left bank in force, and capture Warsaw, I should think the Polish quarrel will soon be decided.

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Moscow.—My travelling companion.—Russ Postilions and Yamshicks.—Canal of Vishneï Voloshock.—Lake of Waldaï.—Novgorod.—Death of Diebitch.—Arrival at Petersburgh.—Conflagration in the Vassilly Ostroff.—Promenade at the Yelagin.—Paschewitch's delay, and the cause thereof.—Casan Church, and Davoust's Baton.—Polish affairs.—Reflections upon the death of Diebitch, and the probable success of Paschewitch.—Trophies in the Casan Church.—State of the Canals of Petersburgh.—Dom Pedro.—Comtesse Boleslas Potoçki.—Defeat of Gielgud's corps in Lithuania.—Medical opinion upon Cholera at Petersburgh.—The Emperor, M. de Cancrin, and the English Merchants.—The Cholera breaks out at Petersburgh.—Preparations for departure for England.—Death of the Cæsarévitch.—Alarm in Petersburgh.—Capture of Plotck by Toll.—I embark in the Nicholas I. steamer for Lubeck.—Cronstadt, and detention thereat.—Sail for Traavemunde.

JUNE 2-14.—At ten o'clock I left Moscow in the *velocifère,* having resisted successfully an attempt on the part of the *Employés des Bu-*

reaux, to surcharge me for my baggage. I had paid ten roubles for the same on my journey hither, in the identical *velocifère*, and I saw no reason why I should now be charged 17-50. I was, however, obliged to display considerable resolution, and threaten them with evil reports at Petersburgh, and to all other travellers, ere I could bring them to reason. I even ordered them to dismount all my effects, and to send away their carriage without me, protesting that I would sooner forfeit the price of my place already paid, and go by *la diligence Tschapline*, than submit to any thing like extortion. This last argument was successful. They took my ten roubles, and off we drove.

At the Petersburgh barrier we took up a long-bearded, greasy Russian tallow-merchant, who is to be my companion in the *coupée*. He speaks no civilized tongue, and spits out of window every five seconds, to my infinite disgust and annoyance. Fortunately outside is a commissary belonging to the iron-mines of my friends the

Pachkoffs, who have recommended me to his care and good offices. The weather is superb. At Klinn we passed a gentleman's seat. Here we found a large body of recruits marching for Petersburgh, all looking out of spirits and miserable. Ah! thought I, you are beaten before you reach the Vistula by your own hearts. We lose half-an-hour at every relay by the length of time required to bring and harness the horses. The country is very pretty.*

* Peter caused villages with five or six hundred peasants, Yamshicks by profession, to be built along the line of road between the two capitals, at certain distances, whom he obliged by a law to serve the post for a fixed sum. He exempted them, in consideration of this duty, (for which they are indeed but imperfectly remunerated by travellers,) from recruiting in the army and navy, and from certain taxes.

I was much amused by the tossing up of the Yamshicks at a post-house beyond Vishneï Voloshock, for who should serve the *velocifère* with horses: the Yamshick whose turn it was to perform this duty, having no cattle on the spot, and offering money for substitutes.

In Finland, the price of posting is six copecks per horse, per werst; in Russia, between Moscow and Petersburgh, it is eight copecks, but beyond Moscow, it is only five or six

June 3-15.—We reached Twer at a quarter-past two, A. M. Nine wersts from Mednoi is a pretty *campagne*, seated upon a hill looking down upon the Tvertza. It has four domes, and is surrounded by woods; below it is a mill and its dam.

We reached Torjock at mid-day, which looked very pretty and flourishing, with its numerous green cupolas surmounted by spires, and its yellow towers and belfries. Here it is customary to buy some of the pretty embroi-

copecks. The driver will go like the wind, and kill half his horses for forty copecks a station of thirty or forty wersts.

It is in vain that the coach-builders at Petersburgh build handsome carriages with spreaders, outriggers, &c., for two, three, or four horses, abreast; the savage Mujicks* take fir trees, and lash them with ropes along the spreader, instead of using the outriggers, and this operation is to be changed at every post, with every alteration of arrangement; thus much time is lost at the relays.

The contrast between our handsome *velocifère* and the rough horses and Yamshicks, formed an excellent commentary upon the civilization of Europe and the barbarism of Russia.

* Mujick signifies little man, or man of no dignity; Yamshick signifies carrier.

dered shoes and boots for which the town is celebrated.

Many parts of the country to-day looked fertile and diversified with glades, woods, cattle, and corn; in short, very different from what it was a month ago.

The inn at Torjock is clean and excellent. Observe, however, that there are no beds for weary travellers, but merely morocco sofas: this is perhaps very prudent, *vue la sâleté des voyageurs Russes.* We reached Vishneï Voloshock at ten, P. M. Here I examined a second time the canal, of which a word or two in this place.

The canal of Vishneï Voloshock is one of the many proofs of the wisdom and transcendant genius of Peter the Great. I must here observe that the rivers Tvertza and Msta have their rise near this town, which stands upon a sort of crest, from the south side of which rises the Tvertza, and from the north side the Msta, or rather its source, in the Lake Mstino; but it is here necessary to state

that the said rivers Tvertza and Msta are very shallow, and have of themselves so little water that they would not be navigable during the summer months. To supply this deficiency, Peter profited by the Lakes of Sharapolo and Plino, and others standing upon a higher region, uniting the said lakes by canals, and carrying them through artificial conduits, both into the Tvertza, when necessary so to do, and into the Msta by means of his canal of Vishneï Voloshock. By closing the gates at each end of the canal, or basin, and then letting in the water from the Lakes of Sharapolo and Plino, through the above-mentioned artificial conduits, he produced the means of introducing one by one the vessels of the caravan, and of pouring a sufficient quantity of water into the shallow lake Mstino, in its turn closed upon the Msta by a gate, to enable the said lake to float the whole caravan, which being received into the said lake, the caravan goes on to the gate upon the Msta, and is then passed through in its turn into that river, which,

increased in depth by the waters thus poured into it, carries the caravan safely down into its deeper channels, until it debouches into the Ilmen near Novgorod. Now all this is perfectly original, for Peter had seen nothing at all like it in Holland, the country in which he studied canal-making. It is not, however, very unlike the system of the bendts and aqueducts in the woods of Belgrade, although of different adaptation.

Upwards of 120,000,000 poods of heavy merchandise pass through this canal yearly. It would be well worth while to make a tour of inspection of all this series of water communication, which embraces the whole district of the Waldaï, in which region most of the waters have their rise; but to do this, one must have the leave of, and an order from the government, and one must be accompanied by an officer well versed in the subject. These are obstacles difficult to be surmounted. I admire the wisdom of Peter in choosing Petersburgh for his *commercial capital.* What other

spot possessed such advantages for uniting his grand system of internal and external navigation?

We have now no night, for I can read at eleven o'clock.

June 4-16.—We breakfasted at half-past six, A. M., at a wretched station called Edrovo; on our left hand we observed a lake. We reached the town of Waldaï at nine; behind it, in a bottom, is the beautiful lake of that name, famous for its convent standing upon an island, This lake is twenty wersts in length. Here I strolled about while the horses were changing, and surprised a party of nymphs bathing *in puris naturalibus*. They were not at all alarmed at my apparition so near them, and continued their natation with perfect *sang froid;* some of them were very pretty, well made, and dark as Italians.

At nine P. M., we reached Bronitsi, and found here more recruits, to the amount of 1500 or 2000; upon quitting this place we crossed the Msta upon a fine bridge. On the

right hand of the road a canal has been commenced, to unite by a short cut the rivers Msta and Yaskera, instead of following the former river into the Ilmen below Novgorod; this cut will save a *détour*. It seemed to me, however, to be very insignificant in point of size, and is probably destined to some subordinate office. There were a few parties of labourers at work upon this canal, most wretchedly hutted by the road side, amid swamps and forests, fitted for malaria, but not for human beings. We reached Novgorod at ten, and drove over its beautiful bridge across the Volkoff, and through its ancient and turreted wall at half-past ten. The said wall has, I suppose, at all times served as a *tête du pont* against Finns, Swedes, or Poles; it does not embrace the city, but merely makes a sort of half circle, its ends resting upon the river, and its centre guarding the pass.

There is a deep fosse outside of the old wall, and a charming promenade, where we saw many pretty dames and damsels.

June 5-17.—We breakfasted at Pomerania in an Imperial post-house at seven o'clock A.M. At Sloboda Jjora we met many carriages and parties taking flight for Moscow, alarmed by the approach of the cholera, which is at Witepsk and Wilna, as indeed we had done frequently before, though I have forgotten to mention the circumstance. Here I learned from a young gentleman the sudden death of the Field-marshal Diebitch, said to be from cholera. At half-past two we reached Tzarskoçelo, and Petersburgh at half-past four. I drove to my old quarters at Bouillery's, *où me voici*. After dinner I strolled to the banks of the lovely Neva, and crossed the bridge of Isaac to gaze upon the scenery.

Paschewitch is to set off for Memel by a steamer this evening, to take command of the native army in Poland, *vice* Diebitch, deceased.

I spent the evening *en famille* at the Bazaines', and walked home at *midnight by broad daylight*. I could get no sleep from change of position, and the said daylight staring through

my windows, which, like all others in Russia, are unprovided with shutters.

The Emperor has ordered the army to wear crape three days for the Field-marshal Diebitch; the greater part of them do not obey the order, alleging that, before they well know how they are to wear the said crape, the three days will be expired.

June 6-18.—I called upon Lord Heytesbury, who informed me, to my great surprise, that the cholera had declared itself at Twer, which town I passed through on Wednesday morning, without hearing a syllable upon the subject; he tells me also, that there is already a quarantine of seven days established at Lubeck upon the steam-boat from Petersburgh, so that now I am fairly caught. It is to be feared that the malady will soon make its appearance here, in which case the quarantine will be lengthened to twenty or thirty days. It seems, however, to be abating its intensity already at Riga.

I walked in the Summer Gardens with Lady

H. and daughter, and from thence home, to dress for dinner at the Embassy. An immense conflagration has been raging in the Vassilly Ostroff all day, and has already destroyed nine or ten houses. The Emperor has been upon the spot. The engines were badly served; the police robbing the houses, and throwing every thing out of window; two or three firemen were burnt to death.

The evening I passed at the Bazaines', every body else being at the Kammenoi Ostroff and the Yelagin, to which beautiful promenade I have not yet been able to go, being without an equipage.

June 7-19.—Weather fine and hot, too warm for much external exercitation. After dinner, I drove in drosky to the Islands and to the promenade at the Yelagin. Here I found all the beau monde assembled, listening to the band of the Chevaliers Gardes, and gazing at their Majesties, who drove repeatedly up and down in a calêche and four, with postilions and outriders, *à l'Anglaise*. Here I had the pleasure

of meeting most of my fair acquaintances. These Islands realize the scenes of fairy land.

Later in the evening there was a soirée at the palace of Yelagin, where the Court is now residing for a short time. I drank tea with the Modènes, who have a little box near the palace, a sort of out-lying picquet for the Count, who is *Grand Maitre de la cour de l'Impératrice.* These drives, and walks, and villas of the Islands are extremely pretty; but I apprehend very unwholesome, inasmuch as there is an immense exhalation from the waters and thick woods and swamps among which they are placed. As soon as the sun was down, this became to me very sensible, and I was in constant dread of an attack of ague.

Should the cholera reach Petersburgh (which is more than probable), I should fear that the Islands will suffer dreadfully, for here every thing predisposes to infection.*

* Fortunately I have been mistaken; the Islands, thank God! have totally escaped the visitation.—(*Subsequent note of the Author's.*)

Paschewitch did not leave Petersburgh until Saturday morning, because it would have been an ill omen to set out on a Friday. The people would have attributed any future evil to that circumstance: this is a fact. How very Turkish!

June 8-20.—Weather hot and sultry. At two I walked to the Summer Gardens, which I found full of police-officers and soldiers. To-day there is a celebrated promenade, that in which the young fillies range themselves in two rows along the principal alley to be chosen by their future spouse.* However, it was as yet too early for this exhibition, and there was nobody here except police-officers, the very sight of whom makes me sick; so off I set, and was caught near the Newski Prospekt in a tremendous thunder-storm, which forced me to take shelter, first under the arch of a *porte-cochère*, and secondly in the Casan Church, in which I discovered for the first time the bâton of Marshal Davoust, stuck up in a glass-case

* I have alluded to this custom as prevailing at Moscow.

against one of the piers supporting the dome of the Church. Underneath the bâton, upon a gilded metal-plate, are two inscriptions, the one in Russ, the other in Latin, which state that the bâton is that of Marshal Davoust, taken near Crasnœ, 5th Nov. 1812; so there can be no doubt of the fact.

I was a good deal amused with a bad painting over the simple unassuming tomb of the immortal Kutusoff, representing the Kremlin, the church of Ivan Blagennoi, and a procession of priests marching out of the former by the Holy Gate towards the latter. Kutusoff's tomb is shaded by banners taken from the Poles, the Prussians, and the French, having at the ends of their staffs, the eagles of the two former, and the horse of the latter.

In the evening I drove to the Ambassadress of Austria's, at the Kammenoi Ostroff, and from thence to the Boulgakoffs'.

June 9-21.—Weather hot and clear. The Gazette of to-day gives the following information from Riga:—"4th June. From the 1st

to the 2nd June, seventy-nine persons have been attacked by the cholera; there have been sixty-five cures, and thirty-one deaths. The 3rd of June, there were eighty-five sick, sixty-three cures, and twenty-nine deaths. From the commencement of the malady we have had two thousand six hundred and twelve individuals attacked by the cholera; eight hundred and sixty-seven have been cured, and one thousand two hundred and eighty-five have died;—there still remain four hundred and sixty sick. From the 1st to the 2nd of June nobody has been attacked by the malady in the city, properly so called; but in the faubourg of St. Petersburgh there have been two sick persons; they are both cured. On the other side of the Dvina there has been only one death."

Meanwhile I am horror-struck at seeing that not only is there a quarantine at Lubeck of seven days for us Petersburghians, but likewise another in England of the same term for all vessels arriving from the Hanse Towns, of which Hamburgh is one.

At two I walked in the sun to Pachkoff's, and found it as hot as the West Indies; from thence to the Casan Church, in whose southern beautiful portico I observed that the capitals of several of the columns have never yet been finished, but that many of the acanthus leaves have been left quite in the rough. The fact is, that the said portico is never seen, being quite turned away from any great thoroughfare, therefore the *decorators* have thought it but of little consequence whether it was finished or not.

I passed the evening quietly at the Bazaines'.

We hear of a quarantine at Novgorod, to cut off communication with Twer, and of one between Petersburgh and Schlusselbourg, for it is said that the malady has shown itself between the lakes Ladoga and Onega. We shall soon have it here. I have just arrived in time.

June 10-22.—Hot and sunny. I did not move out of doors at all until after dinner, when I took a long solitary walk upon the quays of the Neva. I passed the evening at the Kossakowskis', where I lost money at whist.

(N. B. I am always unlucky at cards.) We hear that Toll has crossed the Vistula, but we do not as yet know whereabouts. Meanwhile it is thought that he has been nominated to the command in Georgia, *vice* Paschewitch. Should he capture Warsaw, he will give an entirely new face to the war, which hitherto certainly has been any thing but favourable to Russia. For the last four or five days reports of the capture of Wilna and Kovno by the Poles have been in circulation, but as yet we know nothing certain about them. There are three corps of Poles at present making war in the empire: one which is in Samogithia, another in the Wilna country, and the third which is marching upon Breslitocki. This manœuvre upon the rear of the Russian line of operations is worthy of Scipio Africanus, who, seeing that he could not beat Hannibal in Italy, carried the war to the gates of Carthage.

The Gazette preserves an ominous silence upon the Polish affairs.

June 11-23.—Weather fine and hot. The Journal of to-day mentions that the cholera has

reached Mitau and Dantzic. Where will it stop? Not a word about Poland or Wilna; but I am happy to see an ukaz rescinding, in a great degree, the severe one of April last, which ordered fusillades and deportations of offending Lithuanians. The clemency of the Emperor, although late, may do good, while severe measures only produced retaliation. Remember Spain! The fall of Diebitch from the highest pinnacle of military fame to the bottom of the abyss of defeat, despair, and consequent death, is an extraordinary and striking lesson of the instability of human affairs. Diebitch had been raised too high; his reputation (always doubted by those who knew him well) was acquired by a hardy movement against the Turks; but when he came to be tried against a civilized force, he soon fell to his proper level—his true value was soon ascertained. His death is a blessing to Russia; but in him the Poles have lost their best friend. They should raise a monument to him, for his faults have up to the present moment saved Poland.

I am credibly informed, that for some time

past Diebitch had solicited his recall, and that in his private correspondence with an august individual, he had described himself as labouring under some sort of spell which prevented him from doing any thing against the Poles. He had likewise deceived himself, from the commencement of the campaign, as to the nature of the war, which he could not, for a long time, persuade himself to be national.

Let all military men learn this great lesson, viz. that regular armies cannot, without immense losses, overcome the obstacles opposed by a national war. They may beat their enemy in the field; but they must suffer dreadfully from a war which cuts off all their resources, all their convoys, all their communications. Spain has shown the truth of this maxim.

What will Paschewitch do? is the question in the mouth of everybody. He is a Russian of Little Russia; he enjoys great reputation, but it is one gained in Asia over Circassians, Persians, and Turks. Will he not find the Poles more difficult to vanquish than the hordes

of Mussulmans whom he has so often beaten? He has, however, the confidence of the nation and the army, and should he not be very successful at first, he may attribute his failures to the faults of his predecessor, while whatever advantages he may obtain will be attributed to his own superior conduct and genius, and he will profit by all the arrangements made by the poor deceased Marshal. The period is critical and interesting in the extreme. He will find it difficult to join the head quarters of the army, beset as he will be with spies and enemies, open and hidden.

I went in the afternoon to visit again the Church of our Lady of Casan, not from devotion for her ladyship, but to copy the inscription underneath the bâton of Davoust; here it is:—

Scipio Davustii Francogallor.
Ducis
In strage exercitus ab illo ducti
Inter cætera trophea expugna-
tus apud Crasnoy V die Novembris
Anno MDCCCXII.

Above this trophy are suspended the keys of

many fortresses and cities, entered by Russian armies in 1813 and 1814; for whenever the municipalities, in compliment to the Russ generals, offered them the keys of the cities which they entered, whether as friends or as enemies, the generals sent the said keys to Petersburgh as trophies. The Christians do indeed make of their God a Lord of Hosts, inasmuch as they decorate his temples so frequently with the spoils and banners of vanquished armies, which they in a manner dedicate to the God of Battles.

The tomb of Moreau is not here, but in the Catholic church, he being of that communion. Over that of Kutusoff a golden lamp is kept constantly burning.

After dinner I drove to the Cheneretka, to call upon Gritti and Madame Klein; from thence to the Yelagin, to ramble amid its pretty sylvan walks: from thence to pass the soirée at the *campagne* of the Princess Youssoupoff, where I found but very few persons, the greater part of the society being at Stanislas Potoçki's.*

* Since dead of the Cholera.

June 12-24. — Weather fine and sunny. All the morning occupied about passport.

There is a most ridiculous and inconvenient Police regulation existing in Russia, which obliges all persons intending to leave the empire to advertize their intention three successive times in the Police Gazette, which only comes out twice a week. He must also give his place of abode, and procure a certificate from the Police Master of his quarter that he owes no money to any one in Russia. This is a relick of Peter the Great's legislation, which might have been all very well in his time, but is now utterly inconsistent with the spirit of the times. A douceur of five roubles to the Police Master would procure a certificate of any tenour required. I was advertized as residing in one quarter while I lived in another, and got the necessary certificate from the Police Master of the quarter in which I did not reside, so that I might have cheated my creditors.

I passed the evening at the Bazaines', and was caught in the rain upon my return home

with M. Didelôt. The Caterinski canal is stinking dreadfully; this horrid smell is sufficient to generate a pestilence. The engineers have chosen this season to clean out the canal, and have dammed it up at one end, so that there is no current in the water above the dam, and all is mud below it. I am forced to stuff a handkerchief into my nose and mouth in crossing the Caterinski bridge, to avoid breathing the impure atmosphere, and to drive rapidly away from it. I mentioned the subject to-day to Bazaine, and told him that I feared fatal consequences from such a cause at such a season. He laughed at me, and said my nose was too delicate.

June 13-25.—Fine and sunny. The papers give us the account of the abdication of Dom Pedro, the mock Emperor of Brazil. It was time to drive away such a phantom, such a caricature upon the Imperial office. He has now seen the folly of his conduct in preferring the uncertain sceptre of a demi-barbarous colonial state, to the more sure and solid throne of his

ancestors. He made his election, and he has paid the forfeit of his want of discernment. He tried with his Infantas and his Regencies of Terceira, &c. to hurl his brother from a legitimate throne, and has himself fallen in the effort. "Between two stools, &c." says an old and homely proverb. He would have done better to have chosen the diadem of Lusitania for his own brow, and to have allowed Don Miguel to wear the new coronet of Brazil: this arrangement would have saved Portugal a vast deal of misery, Europe a great deal of embarrassment, and himself an old and glorious throne. Brazil must one day follow the impulsion of her neighbouring republics.

I pity the poor Princess of Bavaria, so lately separated from a happy family to become a miserable Empress, and now to return without a crown to Munich, from whence she had better never have gone. Abdications seem to be the fashion of the day. England, that refuge for ex-sovereigns, will most likely have to receive and to maintain this fallen cacique.

I dined at the Duc de Mortemart's, where I met all the *corps diplomatique*. At eight I drove to the Kammenoï Ostroff, to call upon the charming Countess Boleslas Potoçki, where I found the Countess Choiseul and the Princess Dolgorouki, with a few gentlemen. There was a little boat upon the canal in front of her *campagne*, and she insisted that we should make a rowing-party. Accordingly, Apraxin and I jumped into the boat, and placed in it the Countess, who, to our great surprise, took an oar and pulled away like la Biondina in Gondoletta, or La belle batelière. Apraxin sat in the stern sheets, and I pulled the bow oar. The Princess Dolgorouki and the Countess Choiseul remained in the garden, like two Syrens, singing "O Pescator delle onde," while we navigated between Scylla and Charybdis.

Upon landing, the pretty Countess Boleslas sang with me the duo in the Straniera, "Serba i tuoi segreti." It was the first time that I had had the pleasure of hearing her. She does much honour to her master, Rubini, and has a

sweet voice and excellent style. We danced mazurk, galloppe, and quadrille, &c. until ten, when we dispersed, some to the Countess Bobrinski's, and some to the Countess Laval's.

We learn to-day that one of the Polish corps, commanded by Gielgud, which had penetrated into Lithuania, has been totally annihilated near Wilna, by the army of Count Tolstoï, and that twenty-two pieces of cannon have been captured. I can hardly conceive how so small a corps as this Polish one could have had so many guns with it, more particularly as it had penetrated the line of Russian operations, after the affair of the Guards in the beginning of April. They will most likely turn out to be swivels, and blunderbusses, and jinghals, like Sir —— ——'s trophies in ———. To-morrow we shall have an official account.

Lady Heytesbury tells me that I shall have fifteen days' quarantine at Lubeck, on board of a *ponton*. I can hardly credit so bad a piece of news, and would prefer staying here and facing the malady to passing so long and

disagreeable an ordeal. It would be the very way to give me the cholera.

June 14-26.—Fine and hot. I dined at the Embassy. I cannot as yet learn with any certainty what is the length of the quarantine at Lubeck; it is an odious subject. The medical men of Petersburgh have been ordered by the Emperor to give a categorical opinion upon the question of the contagious or non-contagious qualities of the cholera morbus. Thus closely pressed by the sovereign, all of them, except one, have answered that *it is contagious*. The one excepted gave no opinion whatever. Cancrin will get him a decoration.

Apropos of decorations; it is the custom at Easter for the Emperor to distribute honorary rewards to such persons as shall appear deserving of these distinctions. His Imperial Majesty, upon the last occasion, desired M. de Cancrin to furnish him with a list of the members of the Finance Committee, (composed of foreign merchants,) in order that he might decorate the most remarkable of these persons.

When the list came in, the Emperor observed to the Minister that he saw there the names of many Germans and French, but not of one Englishman. "Why is this?" said his Majesty. "Sire," replied the Minister, "should your Majesty offer a decoration to a British merchant, he would decline receiving it, and your Majesty must not be subjected to a refusal."

No official account of the defeat of the insurgent corps in Lithuania has yet reached the capital; but it seems pretty clear that the said corps has been severely beaten by the young Baron Sacken, united to another corps belonging to the army of reserve.

I passed the evening at the Bazaines'.

June 15-27.—Very hot and close weather. The canals Moïka and Catherinski are stinking for want of fresh water. Plagued to death about passport. All sorts of difficulties are thrown in the way of strangers wishing to leave the country.

I dined at the Bazaines'.

The steamer from Lubeck is not yet arrived;

most likely she has been put into quarantine with all her passengers at the said port, there being as yet no lazarette established there.

In the evening I went to the Kammenoi Ostroff, to call upon the Boulgakows, and here I learnt that the cholera had broken out in the course of the day in Petersburgh. This does not at all surprise me, and I have been fully prepared for such a disaster. I had, however, indulged in the hope that I might have got away before it should have made its appearance here.

From the Boulgakows' I went to the Princess Youssoupoff's to say adieu. Here I heard various and conflicting accounts of the malady, some persons insisting that five victims had already fallen in the city, some disbelieving the whole story.

June 16-28.—Weather oppressively hot and close; fine time for the developement of the cholera. (Police Bureau for *carte de sureté*.) Steamer not yet arrived.

I dined at Lord Heytesbury's, and passed

the evening at the Countess Pouschkin's at the Cheneretka, the conversation turning entirely upon cholera, and anti-cholera precautions. I believe that as yet only one person has died, and he is said to have caught the disorder on board of the boats come from the Volga by Twer and Vishnei Voloshock, although none of the boatmen had it. He was a drunken glazier, and might have originated, and not have caught the cholera.

June 17-29.—The weather most oppressively hot. I stayed at home all the morning, but at half-past five went to dine with Cayley, to meet his brothers and some other fellow-travellers, bound as well as myself to Lubeck by the steamer, which arrived this morning at Cronstadt. We are in the most glorious uncertainty with respect to the quarantine which we shall have to perform. I fear that it will be rigorous, more especially as the cases of cholera are now too clearly established to be denied by the consular authorities of Cronstadt, so that we shall have a " foul bill," as it is called.

We had a merry party, which was prolonged until a very late, or rather early hour of the morning. Several speeches and songs enlivened the circle very much, despite the cholera.

June 18-30. Hot as the Indies, without a breath of air to refresh us. *Bureau des Etrangers* for passport, which is still delayed until to-morrow, when I shall have to scorch myself again in the sun. Necessary visits to banker and steam-office engrossed my morning, and indeed afternoon. I hear that the *corps diplomatique* think of going to Tsarskoçelo to be out of the way of the cholera. We are perhaps fortunate, who are leaving the country; but who can say whether the malady may not reach Lubeck before us, or at all events before we are out of quarantine? Two English doctors, Messrs. Russel and Barrie, have arrived, sent out by the Government to observe the disorder; they were to have gone to Riga, but could not obtain permission to enter that city, so that they have just reached Petersburgh in time.

We hear that the Grand-Duke Constantine * is dead of the cholera at Witepsk! What a pity such an event had not happened twelve months ago! how much misery would have been spared to Russia, Poland, and to Europe!

In the evening I paid my visit of leave-taking to the British Embassy. Here I met Count Langeron,† who is very much alarmed about the cholera, and has shifted his lodgings from the Maison Tchapline, which he hears is infected, and to be *cernée*. The Emperor retires to Peterhoff, and is to be followed by Nesselrode. The *corps diplomatique* are to communicate solely with the Senator Divoff. The Empress is very unwell, and is near her confinement: the poor Emperor is in the greatest

* Since my return to England I have heard, from a letter written by General Fanshawe, that the Grand-Duchess, and all the suite, nursed the Cæsaréwitch during his illness with the greatest assiduity and affection, but that none of them took the cholera. The poor Grand-Duchess has worn ever since, next her heart, the handkerchief with which she wiped the damp forehead of her suffering consort.

† Since dead of the cholera.

possible distress of mind, overwhelmed as he is with public and private misfortunes.

Several persons have died to-day of cholera, and some houses are already *cernées* by the police. The city will soon be surrounded by a cordon sanitaire, and all communication with the interior cut off; even the various quarters will be placed under quarantine, in proportion as the malady spreads.

Meanwhile the wind has changed round to the westward, and there is every appearance of wind and heavy rain, which God grant may come and purify the dreadfully heated and suffocating atmosphere, the state of which is of itself sufficient to generate a pestilential fever. I know not what may be my fate at Lubeck, but I think it would be the height of folly for me to remain here any longer, having no earthly interest in Petersburgh, and having nothing to do here of any sort. I should not be in the least surprised if we were caught by the malady, either at Lubeck or at Hamburgh;*

* Hamburgh offers many attractions for an epidemic, seeing the poverty and filth of its Hebrew population.

but the sooner we reach those places, the better chance we have of escaping. At 10 o'clock I paid my farewell visit to the Bazaines.

June 19, (July 1.)—Rain and cool atmosphere: the change is quite astonishing. To-day I feel as if a load had been taken off my head, chest, and loins. My mind was so fully occupied yesterday about cholera and the Grand-Duke, that I forgot to mention that a despatch has been received from the Grand Army, informing the Minister of the capture of Plotck by Count Toll. This is very important, inasmuch as this place commands a passage across the Vistula, and puts the army into communication with Prussia, from whence it can draw its supplies. Toll must now invest Warsaw, and take it, and thus put an end to the war.

At four o'clock, having taken leave of all my friends, and got through a world of business, I embarked aboard the steamer for Cronstadt, in company with sixty-nine other passengers, among whom we have M. de Malvirade, Consul-General of France, with his wife, a Rus-

sian lady; Madame Gerepsoff, with her daughters; Mademoiselle Melas, ex-prima-donna of the Italian Opera, with her family; my friend Alopeus; the two Messrs. Cayley; Count Manteuffels, and many other ladies and gentlemen, to go by the Nicholas I. to Lubeck. We reached Cronstadt at about seven, and were, after a long delay on the part of custom-house people and police formalities, allowed to go on board the Nicholas, when our baggage was very strictly examined, and sealed letters cautiously sought for, which found, render the bearer liable to a fine of twenty-five roubles for each. I happened to have two old ones of introduction, which I had totally forgotten, the one for Count Woronzow, at Odessa, and the other for General Fanshawe, at Warsaw, to neither of which places I had gone, and consequently could not deliver the said letters. I had a long fight with the chief of the Customs about them, and at length came off triumphantly, and have now my old letters safe in my portefeuille.—I got no sleep all night for noise and novelty.

June 20, (July 2.)—We are surrounded by the yellow symbols of the pestilence, which has broken out in Cronstadt; some of the ships have hoisted the colours half-mast, indicating thereby the catastrophe of some one of their crew or officers. We are detained here by force, that we may carry a mail to Lubeck, which mail has come down from Petersburgh; but the boat, threatened with quarantine, has taken fright and returned back to the city with the letters to demand instructions, so that we must await here its second arrival ere they will let us go. God knows if in the mean while the disorder may not reach us also, and then what will become of us all, shut up, as we are, in the same small space, and condemned to do quarantine together!

In the course of the evening we made such a dreadful attack upon the Skipper, that we frightened him into the resolution of weighing his anchor, and setting off without waiting any longer for the mail. At nine we passed the guard-ships below Cronstadt, and soon got out of gun-shot.

Being Saturday night, we made a bowl of punch, drank to sweethearts and wives, like jolly sailors, and confusion to the cholera, until four o'clock in the morning.

CHAPTER XIV.

Remarks and Miscellaneous Notes.

DEAR READER,

Now that I am on board the steam-boat, and have taken leave of a country in which I have been treated kindly and hospitably, and which with "all its faults I love still," let me throw together a few notes which I find scattered here and there in the margin of my manuscript, and in the corners of my memory, as well as a few references drawn from such authority as I have within my reach, in order that I may endeavour to make more intelligible and complete, the rambling, desultory scribbling which I have the honour to lay before you. For indeed when I look over what I have written, I feel how much I have dilated upon

trifles, and how little I have said upon important subjects.

Will you then, dear reader, excuse me, if I bring in, "better late than never," the following general remarks and justificatory notes, pardoning me for what I have omitted, which you will find elsewhere better told than it could have been by me.

THE COLUMNS OF ST. ISAAC'S CHURCH.—And first let me advert to the Columns of the new Church dedicated to St. Isaac, which stands nearly opposite to the Admiralty, with the statue of Peter the Great in the foreground, the great Riding School on its left, the Palais Labanoff on its right.

These unique and splendid columns are forty-eight in number; they are fifty-six* feet in height, and are each of one solid shaft of purple granite, highly polished, with bronze pedestals and capitals. They are all in their places, and form two double porticoes, and two single, the former, on the north and south

* See Granville.

fronts of the intended church, of sixteen columns each, and the latter, on the east and west sides, of eight columns each. The architect, who has had the charge of the whole work, nay, indeed, the merit of the idea, is a French gentleman, M. Montferrand. The Russians say that a Mujick was the inventor of the apparatus used for weighing and placing these immense columns on their pedestals, but this is a little piece of pardonable national vanity. The fact is, Fontana's scaffolding and Betancour's capstans did the business. I have been told by eye-witnesses, that the time elapsed in weighing and placing each of these immense columns, did not exceed from forty to fifty minutes; each of these columns costs the Imperial treasury 80,000 roubles, and weighs nearly 290,000 pounds English.

I do not think that the church will ever be finished; money is wanting, and the work nearly stands still; besides, I doubt the solidity of the foundation to bear the immense weight proposed to be placed upon it, although

many thousand piles have been driven to strengthen the old bottom upon which the former much smaller and lighter church stood; moreover, there is an intrigue going on against M. Montferrand, who will most likely be ruined by the undertaking, for he now advances money for the works, while the Treasury does not disburse him a sous.

PALACE OF ST. MICHAEL—The Palace of St. Michael is now turned into a cadet school for the engineer department. The Grand Duke Michael is at the head of this institution, which contains a great many beautiful models of fortresses for the use of the students. The boys enter the establishment from the years of fourteen to eighteen. Great pains are bestowed upon the education of these youths, who are taught French, German, mathematics, algebra. They are instructed in field fortification, and, as in our superior Engineer School under Colonel Pasley, they have a piece of ground given to them to fortify before they quit the college.—(See Granville.)

THE NEVA AND ITS QUAYS.—The Neva, opposite the fortress, is 3500 feet wide. There are three floating-bridges across it, namely, the Isaac's bridge, near the Admiralty, the Summer bridge, opposite the fortress, and the Voskresenskoï bridge, which connects the Litennoï quarter with the Viborg quarter. The first of these is 1500* feet long by 60 broad, and has an opening in the middle for letting ships come through to the Custom-house. This operation is always performed during the night, or very early in the morning. The second bridge is 2456 feet in length, and the third bridge is 1260 feet long. The depth of the Neva at Isaac's bridge is about fifty-two or fifty-four feet at the usual height of the river.

The English and Russian Quays are unrivalled in the world for the splendour of the work, and the magnificence of their materials. They are built of red granite brought from Finland, and are raised ten feet above the usual level of the river. Upon these quays

* See Granville.

stand the finest buildings in Petersburgh, and the pedestrian has a fine lounge of at least three miles from the Little Admiralty to the Haymarket, upon a well-swept and sanded trottoir of seven or eight feet wide, by the banks of the most beautiful of rivers (with the exception of the Admiralty, round which he will walk upon the Boulevards). That part of the Quay extending from the Isaac's bridge up to the Little Admiralty, is called the English Quay, because formerly, during the days of the splendour of the British merchants resident in Petersburgh, these individuals almost all inhabited this quarter. This is, however, no longer so much the case. The Russian Quay extends from the Admiralty all the way to the Haymarket, in the Litennoï quarter, near the Arsenal.

The iron-bridges are very well deserving the attention of the traveller; one in particular across the junction of the Fontanka, Catherinski and Moïka Canals, near the palace of the Grand Duke Michael, and the Champ de Mars, is a

very extraordinary specimen of bridge-making in iron. It has three arches, each diverging in a different direction. Another, on the suspension principle, over the Fontanka, near the Summer Gardens, is very beautiful, with a handsomely ornamented iron screen, at each extremity of the bridge, over which the ends of the chains are thrown. There are a great many, both suspension and standing iron bridges in Petersburgh, all of which I believe have been constructed by French officers of the Engineer corps.

THE POPULATION OF PETERSBURGH is generally reckoned at about 360,000 souls, exclusive of the garrison, nominally consisting of 60,000 men; but a great part of these are dispersed in the environs, such as Tzarcoselo, Peterhoff, Oranienbaum, Gatchina, Katerinehoff, the Islands of Kammenoi Ostroff, Yelaguine, Kristoffski, &c. &c.

Inscription upon Peter the Great's Statue :—

"PETRO PRIMO, CATHARINA 2da, 1782."

The same on the opposite side in Russ.

THE SENATE HOUSE is not yet finished; it will be gigantic and imposing; it fronts the Neva on the north, the Admiralty on the east.

CLIMATE OF PETERSBURGH.—I must say that I never suffered so little from the cold in the winter of any country as I did at Petersburgh. I never wore but one blanket in bed, and had simply a cotton dressing-gown without wadding, yet I never felt cold in my bed-room, which was only warmed three times a week. The rooms and corridors of all the houses are so admirably heated by means of stoves and double sashes, that in-doors you never feel that it is winter; and when you go out you are generally well primed with caloric, and well wrapped up in your pelisse. However, it is not safe to venture out when the wind is very high, and the glass at 14° or 15° of Reaumur, below zero. Keep your room at +14° of Reaumur. Colds in the head, and consumption, consequent upon such colds, the plagues of England, are hardly known at Petersburgh. The English are observed to bear the climate of Petersburgh better than

the Russians themselves for two or three years, after which they become chilly and cautious, and cover themselves up to their eyes with fur shubes and wadded pelisses. I wish my good countrymen could learn a little from the Russians upon the subject of heating their rooms. What can be so wretched or so unhealthy as our system of cold draughts, hot faces, shivering backs, and aching shoulders? our freezing bed-rooms, and our smoky chimneys? our creaking doors, and our rattling windows?

COLUMN TO ALEXANDER.—There is a project for raising a gigantic column of granite in honour of the Emperor Alexander, on the square of the Winter Palace, opposite to the Triumphal Arch, which bisects the palace of the Etat Major. The shaft will be eighty feet in length, of one solid block of Finland granite, dug out of the quarries of Peterlax. A raft or flat-bottomed ship of immense dimensions and peculiar construction, is building at Catherinehoff, for the purpose of transporting this enormous column

form the quarry to the quays of the Neva. It would be worth while to make a trip to Petersburgh next summer, in order to witness the poising and placing this prodigious stone upon its pedestal — an operation by far exceeding in magnitude of design and in grandeur of conception any thing of the kind related in the pages of antiquity.

DAWE'S PAINTINGS. — The Military Portrait Gallery by this artist is the most extraordinary example of diligence and despatch ever given by one artist. Nearly four hundred portraits of the most distinguished of the Russian admirals and generals, painted by the late Mr. Dawe, an Englishman, are collected into one gallery, one hundred and eighty feet long, in the Winter Palace, adjoining the Hall of St. George. Among the most remarkable are those of Alexander, Kutusoff, and Wellington. The effect of the gallery is a good deal spoilt by a number of tin chandeliers, painted green to represent wreaths of laurel. Mr. Dawe must have realized a large sum of

money by this extraordinary work, for I think he was handsomely paid for each portrait, although he is said to have treated many of his subjects very cavalierly. I have seen some of his portraits of the present Emperor and Empress at the Palais Annichkoff, which are not at all inferior to those by the best painters of Europe. He was the painter *par excellence* in Russia, and every one from the Emperor downwards, who could afford to pay for his portrait, employed Dawe. I fear, however, that he fell a victim to too close an attendance upon professional pursuits.

For a detailed account of the Hermitage with its galleries, paintings, pensile garden, Horloge du Paon, theatre, pictures, &c. &c. and the Winter Palace, with its halls, chapel, splendid suites of rooms, &c. &c. I cannot do better than refer my readers to Dr. Granville, chapter vi. vol. 1, who has with great diligence collected every tittle of interesting matter connected with these unique residences of the Tzars. I must, however, acknowledge that I

was disappointed in the Pensile Garden, which shrinks into utter insignificance when compared with the prodigious and wonderful conservatory at the Taurida palace.

REVENUE. — Nothing can be so simple as the mode of collecting the taxes in Russia. The Government looks to the great landed proprietors as the source from whence to derive the principal part of the revenue of the state. The number of serfs upon each estate is known to the Government, and it requires of the proprietors to pay into the Imperial treasury exactly a tenth part of the obrok that he derives from his peasantry. The rest of the revenue of the empire is derived from customs, excise, stamps, licences, &c. &c. &c. It may be calculated at 500,000,000 of roubles in assignations or paper. The national debt is inconsiderable, for the reduction of which there is a regularly organised sinking fund. The quantity of state paper in circulation is reckoned at about ten roubles for every inhabitant of the empire, or 520,000,000. The stability of the Russian

funds, since M. de Cancrin has so ably presided over the financial affairs of the empire, has been very remarkable. There is but a very small quantity of gold and silver bullion in currency, but a great abundance of copper. There are notes of different values, from five roubles to a thousand, each distinguished from the other by size, shape, or colour.

The balance of trade has been, as far as can be shewn by ciphers, much in favour of Russia for several years past. Her exports are chiefly iron, hemp, flax, tallow, and corn. Her imports are principally colonial produce, and certain sorts of manufactured goods; of these latter, for some years past, many have been totally prohibited; but they do and will find their way into the country, in spite of rigorous custom-house laws, confiscations, and deportations to Siberia. The Russian merchant at present enjoys great advantages in trade over the foreigner; among the rest the following are the most remarkable. In his transactions with the foreign commission merchant, the former

pays for his goods by instalments, at six months, twelve months, nay sometimes two or three years; but the foreigner pays him generally half the value of what he purchases beforehand, and very often the whole amount. He likewise pays all the duties and freights, and runs all the risks of transport, while the native merely signs his contract for the delivery of the goods at a certain fixed time, and is paid, as I said, beforehand.

THE ADMIRALTY.—This is one of the most magnificent buildings in Europe. Its gilded spire and cupola are fine objects from whichever side they may be viewed, and form the most prominent features of Petersburgh. The front of this immense building, facing the Isaac's Place, is nearly six hundred English yards in length. In the rear towards the Neva are four building-slips for ships of the line, but at present there is merely a brig laid down. The Admiralty was formerly surrounded by a rampart and fosse, but Alexander changed all these into a planted promenade or mall.

The model-room is well worth seeing. At the building-yard of the Little Admiralty are laid down an eighty-four gun ship and a corvette.

THE CHANTRES DE LA COUR. — Rubini, who is now Maître de Chapelle de la Cour, tells me that most of these delightful singers know nothing of music, but sing entirely by ear, and that he has in vain attempted to persuade the most promising of the young men to become musicians. "What should we gain by it?" say they; "we are slaves, and must always remain so: we are now well fed and clothed, and receive a salary for not knowing music, why should we give ourselves trouble to learn that which cannot by any means better our condition, while the acquirement of it would give us great trouble?" In vain Rubini pointed out the possibility of their being freed, and becoming singing and music masters themselves in their turns; to all his observations they replied, with stoical apathy, "Nietchevo," "It is of no consequence."

But in spite of their ignorance of the rules

of art, they form in their full chorus of a hundred and twenty or a hundred and thirty voices, the finest harmony in the world. The music of the Sistine Chapel, in my opinion, does not come within a hundred degrees of this mixture of basso, barritono, tenor, alt, contra alt, and sopran, unaccompanied as it is by a single musical instrument.

I never shall forget the magical effect of their Hallelujah, at the Imperial Chapel, upon the throwing open the doors of the Iconastes, and the appearance of the officiating priest. I felt as if I had been suddenly transported into Heaven.

THE MARBLE PALACE.—This most beautiful specimen of architecture was raised by Catharine for her favourite Orloff Tchesmeski, in commemoration of his services in Moscow during a terrible plague. Alexander gave this palace to Constantine; it had been also the abode of the last unfortunate but weak King of Poland. This palace is now untenanted, but I believe it contains the studio of the Rus-

sian painter Orloffski. This fine monument of the arts stands upon the Neva, close to the Hermitage, and the eye of the traveller rests with complacency upon the beauty of its details, its gilt bronze capitals and balustrades.

THE COTTAGE OF PETER THE GREAT.—I am ashamed to acknowledge I never went to visit this relic of the Conqueror of the North. It is of wood, and stands near the Fortress of the Neva. It is encased in an arcade of brick, which has been built to preserve it from time and weather. Here is shown a boat built by Peter's own Imperial hands.—(See Granville.)

LAMPS AND LIGHTING.—Petersburgh, in its *great streets*, is extremely well lighted at night; but I have frequently observed during my nocturnal winter drives, that when there was a bright moon, the lamplighter went his rounds and extinguished half, sometimes the whole number of lamps; and of a morning I have frequently come home quite in the dark. This is done for the benefit of the "Caisse d'œconomie" of the Police. In short, the present

Government is running into the opposite extreme to that of Catharine and Alexander. Economy is the order of the day, and this often degenerates into parsimony; the chiefs of departments grinding their subordinates down to the last degree of endurance, in order that they (the chiefs) may receive a decoration for such service rendered the State, or a gracious rescript in the Gazette.

THE ENGLISH MAGAZINE.—Do not forget to visit this unique establishment, which, arranged something upon the principle of our London bazaars, contains articles of every description under heaven, all good of their kind, and at fixed prices. The attendants and proprietors are all English, and are extremely civil and attentive to their customers, speaking French, Russ, and German with fluency. I believe, the principal conductor of the magazine, at present, is a Mr. Nicholson, and I understand that it is a very profitable concern, as indeed it well merits to be.

CLOTHING.—Petersburgh can boast of several excellent tailors, principally from London and Paris; among these M. Rauch, from Stultz's, residing in the Newski Prospekt, at the corner of the Little Morskoi, is perhaps the best. Coats of English or French cloth will cost 150 roubles; other things in proportion. Furs, although they bear prices moderate as compared with those of London, are dear at Petersburgh. A pelisse, lined with fine bear skins, will cost 300 roubles; with beaver, 2000 roubles. Sables are not worn by the noblesse, but are confined to servants and shopkeepers. The beaver, or castor, is the most fashionable, and a collar of this skin for your great coat will cost you from 150 to 200 roubles. The Russian military dress remarkably well,—the *civile* not so. The ladies vie in elegance of toilette with the belles of Paris. Almost all the *marchandes de modes* are Frenchwomen.

THEATRES.—There are several of these in Petersburgh, namely, the Great Theatre, where

the Italian troop performs; the Little Theatre in the Newski Prospekt, allotted to the French company; also a National Theatre, where Russian operas, ballets, comedies and tragedies are performed; and a German Theatre. The French bear off the palm from the other houses, and indeed their company possesses many artists of great merit, particularly Mademoiselle Bourbier, and M. Vernet. The Imperial family very often honour this theatre with their attendance; and I doubt whether a more agreeable and well-conducted assembly of the sort is to be met with in Europe. An immense new building is now erecting behind the French playhouse, to be called the Imperial Theatre, and this will equal, if not surpass, any edifice of the kind in Europe, both in beauty, splendour and size. Russia must do every thing upon a colossal scale.

I regret to say, that the Italian company is totally broken up, on account of some disagreement between the director of the theatres and Mademoiselle Melas, the prima donna sopran;

and it is not likely, seeing the distance from the rest of Europe and the rigour of the climate, that any first-rate artist should be tempted to make a permanent engagement for an opera in Petersburgh; although I am bound in justice to say that the salaries paid by the direction are extremely liberal, and certainly quite commensurate with the merits of the artists.

A singular privilege attaches in Russia to the direction of the theatres, namely, a right to oblige all the artists belonging to the Opera-house to sing once in the season for the benefit of the direction; and this is rigorously exacted of them. This usage most likely arises out of the circumstance that formerly all the singers of these establishments were foundlings, and accordingly belonged to the Crown. The direction of the theatres has also the monopoly of printing the playbills, which it farms at present to a French stationer in the Grand Morskoï, Plucharts.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE OF THE RUSSIANS.—In Petersburgh in one street, namely, the Newski Prospeckt, may be found five or six churches of different communions. The Russians, although certainly they pay the greatest respect to the external ceremonies of their own church, and are, I believe, as a nation, extremely attached to it, (for they look upon it as the primitive church planted by St. Paul,) never interfere, either by word or deed, with the religious tenets of foreigners, who may worship God after their own fashion in perfect safety and liberty. The lower orders of the Russians are extremely rigorous in observing all the rigid fasts, penances, vigils, &c. &c. of their church; but *en revanche*, they have abundance of holidays and seasons of jollification, of which they take good care to profit by most exceeding drunkenness.

The English have a handsome church upon the English Quay, with a permanent chaplain, paid by the Russia Company.

The ecclesiastical architecture of Petersburgh,

although very striking, is inferior in splendour and originality to that of Moscow. Voronikhin (a serf of the Strogonoffs) has, however, immortalized himself by the church of our Lady of Cazan, which, despite its many faults, is a beautiful morceau.

ON THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.—The government of Russia is a pure despotism. The Imperial will, made known by ukazes promulgated from time to time, and registered by the Senate, is the supreme law. These ukazes, unfortunately, by rescinding, contradicting, superseding, or confirming those which have preceded them, and emanating, as they do, from one irresponsible lawgiver, render the system of legislation (if such it can be called) extremely contradictory and uncertain.

There is, however, in Russia a regularly organised form of government, consisting of tribunals, political, civil, ecclesiastical, legal, warlike, &c.; but every sentence rendered by any one of these tribunals is subject to being reversed by an appeal to the Emperor, who issues,

in such case, an ukaz to the Directing Senate, as it is called.

This Senate is not at all a deliberative body, but is merely a supreme court for the registering of ukazes, wills, marriage settlements, &c. and the promulgation of edicts. It is also a court of appeal, but, as with the other tribunals, its sentences may be reversed by the Emperor. The number of senators is unlimited. Their functions are not very onerous or dignified; and although they hold a high honorary rank, they are in general old and dismissed servants of the crown, who are not fit for much arduous or delicate business.

There is also a Council of State, who assist the Emperor upon all deliberations of difficult nature.

There are Ministers of War, of Marine, of Finance, of Justice, of Foreign and Home Affairs, of Public Instruction, &c.

In short, there are the elements of every thing; no one means seems to have been overlooked by the Sovereigns of the North for the

civilization and political advancement of their immense empire; but nevertheless with, as I said before, the elements of every thing, and with institutions of all sorts and kinds, Russia does not produce *great men*. How is this?

Before we pretend to answer this question, we must remember that the civilization of Russia dates only one hundred and twenty years, and that the early Emperors were obliged to call in the assistance of foreigners to enable them to carry into effect their vast and benevolent views. It was necessary to tempt these foreigners with offers of high rank and great emolument. They came, and brought others after them, who by degrees possessed themselves of every situation, mechanical and philosophical, in the country, and indeed introduced themselves into the army, navy, the law, the state, physic, &c. In short, they were like locusts, who came and devoured every thing. But these halcyon days are passed in a great degree. Foreigners, it is true, continue to occupy many very important posts in the empire,

but the Russians are growing very jealous of their influence, and begin to see the necessity of exertion on their own parts to enable them to play that stake in the empire's game which hitherto their own indolence and inaptitude for business threw into the hands of strangers. The growing intelligence, commercial and civil, of the native inhabitants both of Moscow and Petersburgh, proves beyond contestation, that the Muscovite people is capable of making as much progress in a short time as any nation which may have started in the career of civilization before then. There is, however, another obstacle which now opposes itself to their advance in many of the arts and sciences, namely, the system of grades. No native Russian is esteemed any thing, unless he have a grade, and wear a decoration or a star of some sort. Now these distinctions, although they are squandered with profusion to the right and to the left, do not often fall to the lot of humble artisans or mechanics. It is necessary to have protection at court, or to be supposed to have distinguished

oneself in war, or in the arts and sciences, to get one of these bits of parti-coloured ribbon and enamelled metal to dangle at one's button-hole.

The foreigner mechanic more easily obtains this than the native, because he is supposed, *prima facie*, to be cleverer or more scientific, and he has generally some protection. He then bears away the palm from the native, who is thus deprived of the great incentive to exertion, namely, the prospect of honour. Again, the native workman is probably a slave, while the foreigner is free.

The same reasoning will not, it is true, perfectly apply to the aspirant for naval and military fame; but he has the incubus of foreign competition constantly weighing upon his shoulders, and I rather think, that as long as Russia continues to make mere machines of her officers and soldiers, which is certainly the case with her present system of naval and military education, she will seldom have great men to head

her fleets and armies drawn from her native ranks.

That system which makes a soldier of a priest, and a priest of a soldier,* can never make either good bishops or good generals.

Moreover the despotism of the military system existing in Russia crushes the generous and enterprising spirit of the young officers, and disgusts them with the service.

Russia, it is true, possesses her universities, colleges, lycæums, museums, observatories, anatomical schools, hospitals, &c.; but as I have elsewhere remarked, the professors of all the arts and sciences taught in these institutions are too badly paid. Sufficient temptation is not held out to induce men of talent and learning to fill these chairs. The chances then are, that the professors not being of a very superior class,

* It is no uncommon thing in Russia to unfrock a priest and to make a private soldier of him. I have heard of a Preobajenski grenadier who was made a priest because he had a fine voice and handsome person, and was likely to look well at the altar in priestly vestments. The "Ministre des Cultes," I am told, was a subaltern in the army.

the pupils will not attain to any very high degree of knowledge. Besides, as yet, Russia can hardly be said to have a literature of her own; her learned men are principally occupied in making translations from the works of foreigners; but still the good seed is sown, and must some day produce fruit.

With respect to medical and surgical practice and science in Russia, I may merely observe, that these very important professions seem to be pretty nearly in the hands of foreigners. There are among these several eminent men; but as far as I have been able to learn, they differ extremely from each other in their mode of practice. It is not likely, seeing how these professions are overstocked with foreigners, that there should be much chance left for the native Russian to earn a competent livelihood by the practice of them. Indeed I believe that the only theatre left open for them is to be found in the army and navy; and if all I hear upon this subject be true, their field and hospital practice is indeed lamentably backward.

With respect to the administration of justice, it cannot be denied that there are abundance of tribunals of every sort and kind, in which the Russians can indulge in one of their favourite predilections, namely, a love of litigation. There are courts of appeal, courts of equity, criminal courts, civil courts, ecclesiastical courts, commercial courts, municipal courts. There is, moreover, a sort of grand jury; for every Russian, in questions that affect his person or his property, has a right to be tried by his peers. There are tribunals of police, tribunals of first instance, councils of tutelage for the nobility (governed by an unpaid magistrate, or officer called le Maréchal de la Noblesse); but with all these facilities for the administration of justice, I believe there exists no country in Europe where the blindfolded goddess is so slow in her decisions as in Russia, (always saving and excepting our own dear little Court of Chancery). I have heard of processes, which were expected to last seven weeks, lasting seven years; and I very much fear that decisions

are to be purchased; in other words, that it is necessary to bribe the subordinate officers of the various courts in order to quicken the march of justice, and sometimes to decide upon which side the scale shall preponderate. But unfortunately, when the litigant may have obtained successive decrees in his favour, in the various courts necessary to pass through, the Emperor, by an ukaz, may reverse them all.

I have heard a great deal about the punishment of the knout, but I believe it to be very seldom inflicted, and, as I have elsewhere stated, the number of strokes cannot exceed twenty-one. I hope and trust that this dreadful instrument will gradually grow out of fashion, before the encreasing civilization and consequent humanization of the public mind.

OF THE RUSS ARMY.—I have elsewhere estimated the Russian army at 800,000 men of all arms, and I have endeavoured to show that the empire cannot maintain beyond its own frontiers above 120,000 men upon the war establishment for any length of time. I do not

think, from all I have heard and seen, that Russia can, before a very remote period, become really formidable to the west of Europe, except as an auxiliary to either Prussia or Austria: in which case the force she could send to coalesce with these powers, composed as it would be of men possessing some of the best military qualities, such as bravery, devotion, patience, docility, and a total submission of the will and body to the command of their superiors, might indeed cause the scale to preponderate towards such an alliance. But Prussia, although allied to the Muscovite Empire by marriage, and willing to avail herself of the protection of the Czars against France, cannot in reality be the friend of Russian aggrandizement. Austria, governed at present by the same motives, has more reason to dread her than even Prussia, for she has no frontier to protect her against the 40,000 Cossacks who could be let loose upon the plains of Hungary, and gallop up even to the walls of Vienna, unless protected by Hungarian bosoms, aided by the soldiers of Frederic William. Austria

and Prussia must then, by every rule of policy, make a league defensive and offensive. These two powerful states must become the barriers against French restlessness on one side, and Russian ambition on the other. Prussia counts 300,000 bayonets, and Austria 350,000. The Germanic body can send as many more. These are all good troops, and are concentrated; while Russia has to drag her masses from the frontiers of Asia, from the Polar regions, and from the banks of the Araxes to the borders of Silesia. Half of these men would never reach their destination. We have seen, and still do see the prodigious sacrifices made by the Empire to put down a revolt in Poland; an army of 150,000 veteran warriors matched against 30,000 good troops and 70,000 of indiscriminate levies. We have seen this terrible struggle prolonged from the month of February to the month of July; and who can as yet, with certainty, predict the event? If Poland, single-handed, can contend for such a length of time with doubtful success against Russia, what has Western Europe to fear from

her? Suppose she conquer Poland; what will she be the gainer? A tomb! and the temporary subjugation of a people who always was her bitter enemy, and who then will hate her with accumulated fury. The loss sustained by the armies of the Czar, in this disastrous conflict, may already be estimated at 60 or 70,000 men. Is Poland worth subjugating at such a price? Can Russia, with her scanty population, easily recover from such losses? Did Russia display much military talent or power in her campaigns against Turkey and Persia? Were not the resources of the Sultan and the Shah over-estimated, and the difficulties of their country exaggerated by the admirers of the Mussulmans and the depreciators of the Muscovites? and thus, when their conquest was effected, were not the triumphs of the Russian arms too much exalted by the very parties who had before held them too cheap? The Sultan and the Shah may indeed lick the dust from the footstool of the Czar, for he is their master; but, nevertheless, if Europe be true to herself, she need not fear

the Giant of the North,—this bugbear which Napoleon set up to account for his own failure in his rash campaign against Moscow, which very campaign would most probably have produced the results he proposed to himself, had he acted with common discretion. It answered the purpose of England to set up Alexander as the Chief of the destinies of Europe, to sing the heroic deeds of the Muscovites, and exalt their power to the utmost as a check upon France; but now our policy is altered; let us look nearer at the Colossus, and we shall find that his head is of brass, but his feet of clay.

As a maritime power he is utterly contemptible, for the Turks shut him up perpetually in the Black Sea, and the ice in the Baltic, for six months of the year.

Nevertheless, Russia is advancing in intelligence, in wealth, and in power; but the empire, while it progresses towards civilization, must some day split into many parts, and with its integrity will vanish the prestige of its power.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival at Traavemunde, and Quarantine formalities.—Amusements and alarms on board.—Ordered to sea.—Copenhagen.—Absurdities of the Sanitary Code.—Carlscrona.—Swedish fleet.—Quarantine formalities.—Exequies of the Quarantine.—Sail for Lubeck.—Arrival at Traavemunde.—Uncertainty of Health-Officers.—Reach Lubeck.—Parting Dinner.—Hamburgh, and festivities thereat.—General break-up, and departure to our several destinations.

JULY 3. — Weather delightfully fine, and smooth water; we fly along at the rate of ten and a half knots an hour towards our port.

We passed our evening quietly.

July 4.—Weather fine and hot. At night Bacchanalian orgies. We have all assumed the style and attributes of the heathen mythology.

July 5.—Ditto ditto ditto.

July 6.—Hot and fine weather. At nine A. M. we arrived in the outer road of Traavemunde. We find ourselves surrounded by vessels in quarantine. The boat with the health officers has been alongside, and put us into quarantine. They looked terribly frightened, when they learned that the cholera had reached Petersburgh. We do not know what will be our fate, and most of the passengers are terribly alarmed at the idea of a long detention in the roadstead. Nevertheless, about a dozen of us laugh and sing, and dance, and keep away dull care as well as we can. "Viva Bacco é la Cucina, Medicina d' ogni età."

July 7th.—Ditto ditto weather. We have been mustered by a set of foolish-looking old doctors, soldiers, and senators, who seem to be dreadfully afraid of coming near us. We know nothing as yet about our fate. I must get up some scheme to keep my fellow-passengers in good spirits and in good-humour, and thus avert a malady, which may otherwise make its appearance among us.

From the 7th to the 14th, we were detained by useless *pourparlers* at Traavemunde;—the uncertainty upon all of our minds respecting our destination, and where we shall be allowed to perform our quarantine, has been during this period extremely painful. The Senators of the *Free Town and State of Lubeck* have been menaced by the King of Prussia with *cordons sanitaires* and *excommunication*, and they have at length decided that we shall not be permitted to purify in this port. So that they have ordered us to sea, to seek a port in which the quarantine can be performed. On the 14th, then, we took stock and coals aboard, and at seven P. M. weighed our anchor, and steamed out of the road of Traavemunde. We had not been at sea above an hour before we heard, to our great dismay, that one of the crew was missing, supposed to have either fallen overboard or to have deserted. This adds to our embarrassments, for it is very possible that this accident will be laid down to the cholera. We go to Copenhagen in the faint hope that

the King of Denmark will allow us to perform our quarantine in one of his ports. Should he likewise reject us, we must go to Carlscrona. While we were still at Traavemunde, the daughter of one of our fellow-passengers (Mademoiselle Gerepsoff) gave the strongest possible proof of filial devotion, by coming on board to pass the painful period of quarantine with her mother. The precautions taken by the health officers upon her embarkation, the manner in which she was put on board a little boat, and dropped, or rather warped alongside of us, the reception upon the gangway by her anxious and almost fainting mother, presented the most interesting and curious scene imaginable; the whole of the passengers, sixty-nine in number, received her with huzzas and clapping of hands,—a simultaneous and irresistible sentiment of admiration bursting from them.

July 15.—We reached the road of Copenhagen at eleven A. M. but were soon ordered outside of the Trekonen battery. We are very much afraid that we shall not be allowed

to stay here. Meanwhile I have written to Mr. Wynne, and have begged him to interfere upon our behalf. M. de Malvirade has also done the same thing to his minister, and I am willing to hope for the best. In the evening an extraordinarily heavy shower of rain cooled the burning atmosphere. The ladies and gentlemen played *aux petits jeux* under the awning all the evening.

July 16.—Hot and oppressive weather, with thunder-storms at intervals. I wrote to Mr. Wynne; but I rather suspect that he is not at Copenhagen, as I have received no answer to my yesterday's note. The steam-boat, Caledonia, from Stockholm, having on board my friend Baron Nicolay and his family, passed us close by, on their way into the port; they have done their quarantine at Äbo. We hope that he will interest himself on our behalf. In the evening a boat from the Captain of the port came alongside to inform us that we must go away; but that the Government would allow one of the passengers (a Dane) to leave the ship here. So much for the

justice of quarantine laws! As for their reasonableness, I will only remark that there are at this moment in the port seventy-one vessels all riding quarantine, without having (according to the Captain of the port's own report) a single sick person on board. These vessels and their cargoes are nevertheless under interdict as if they were infected. So much lost to markets, and so much abstracted from the comfort and happiness of mankind! In short, there is no end to the absurdities of the sanitary code. That it does a vast deal of harm, is clear; that it does good, is very problematical. The quarantine will put a total stop to the trade of the Baltic, so long as the yellow and green flags* shall wave their sinister folds over that sea. These barbarous laws are founded upon fear and ignorance, and enforced most despotically and indiscriminately. While medical knowledge has been advancing by such prodigious strides, the sanitary code stands still in all its

* In some of the Baltic ports the quarantine flag is green, in others yellow.

original ignorance, barbarity, and absurdity. We have now no hope but in the Swedes, who probably, from their hatred of Denmark, will receive us, for they will do exactly the reverse of the Danes.

July 17.—Hot and calm. Our Danish fellow-traveller left us, and was put on board a little quarantine sloop, where he will remain for a few days, and then be received. We weighed our anchor about noon, and steamed away for Carlscrona. At one a violent squall came on, which settled towards evening into a fresh breeze. All night it blew fresh. At midnight we passed the light of Bornholm.

July 18.—At daylight, fog and fresh breeze, with a good deal of sea. All the passengers except myself were very sick indeed. At eight the fog cleared off, and we found ourselves close aboard of Drottingskar among rocks and breakers. A pilot-boat came off to us, and guided us through the reefs into the outer roads. On our right hand is a splendid citadel, not yet finished, to mount at least 200 pieces of cannon, the greater part in casemate. On our left is a little

ancient fort, with four bastions, mounting about 50 guns, with a high bomb-proof *caserne* for the garrison. The officers of health came alongside at ten o'clock, and gave us hope of speedy purification here. Our spirits have risen to 120°. I hope they may not as suddenly fall again.

I count seventeen sail of men-of-war in the immense dock or basin of Carlscrona, considerably to the north of us, of which eight are of the line of battle, four frigates, and three brigs. One frigate is ready for sea. Of the line-of-battle one only seems to be sea-worthy, as she is the only one out of the whole number which is freshly painted. I cannot venture to the mast-head, as it is all covered with soot like the top of a chimney, or I would reconnoitre them more correctly.

This is a fine port, with many entrances, and room enough for the whole fleet of England to ride in safety.

It rained dreadfully, and blew hard all the afternoon and night, to the great discomfort of all our party, most of whom are still very sick.

July 19.—At eight o'clock we weighed, and ran farther into the port, inside of the fortresses. Here are riding quarantine seven small vessels, (*with no sick on board,*) and a schooner of war as guardship. The officer of the guard informs us that a physician from Stockholm is arrived, and will *inspect and purify* us to-day. God knows, we are purer now than any physician can make us. What can equal the absurdity of this system, to which reasonable men are obliged to yield a blind obedience?

In the afternoon all the party were dreadfully disheartened at a report from the officer of the guard, that we must wait here ten days before the result of our application to be allowed to perform quarantine here shall be known. How mercurial are the tempers of sanguine men! I wrote to Lord Bloomfield, in the faint hope that he might be able to assist us in our difficulties.

In the evening the weather became moderate and fine. Some vessels arrived here from Lubeck, which had sailed from thence the same day as ourselves.

July 20.—Moderate and fine; the water like a mirror. I went to the mast-head to reconnoitre. We are still kept in ignorance as to our fate. In the evening we were all mustered by a doctor's mate, in a little boat alongside. He conversed in Latin with those who could understand him.

July 21.—Moderate and fine. We are told that we shall soon be *perfumed* and *smoked*, &c. and sent off to Lubeck. Time will show: every successive day brings with it fallacious hopes and contradictory intelligence. I resign myself, with as good a grace as I can, to my fate. At night we had a sort of masquerade and dance, and *charade-en-action*.

July 22.—Fresh breezes, and squally. I wrote to the Admiralty, and to Lord Bloomfield. A doctor has been alongside, to order our surgeon to smoke us *daily for thirty days!* We shall be like good hams before our probation is finished.

July 29.—We were informed by the captain of the guard-ship alongside of us, that we were to be released after seven days' more quaran-

tine. The passengers are all wild with joy. In the evening we dressed up a figure to represent the Quarantine, and buried it with mock *Miserere* and *De profundis*; the passengers mostly dressed in white sheets, holding tapers, preceded by a high priest and his deacon, chanting, and sprinkling the figure with lustral water. The Devil rose through the quarter-deck skylight, and claimed the defunct as his legitimate prey. Afterwards, a ball and supper, to terminate the evening, was given by Neptune, Vulcan, and Mercury. We swam in champagne, punch, &c.

In the morning the surgeon of the guard-ship called alongside, to ask who was the dead person whose exequies we performed last night, and of what disorder he had died? He was much entertained when he learnt the truth.

July 30.—The fête of Mademoiselle Gerepsoff. The Gods, dressed in their appropriate costume, and with their attributes, gave a grand *Tableau de l'Olympe* under the poop awning. Mademoiselle Gerepsoff, as Hebe, gave nectar to their godships. After the *Tab-*

leau, a ball and supper was given by Madame Gerepsoff. Punch and champagne contributed to our hilarity.

July 31.—Repose and contemplation.

Aug. 1.—Idem idem. Bad news from Petersburgh. The deluded and infatuated Mujicks have risen in mass and stormed the Cholera Hospitals, under the idea that the doctors were poisoning the patients for the purpose of dissection. The Emperor came out to the people, reminded them of the fate of his brother Constantine, and falling upon his knees before the door of a church, implored Heaven to avert the pestilence from his suffering people; the poor Mujicks, affected to tears by the Emperor's conduct, imitated his example, prostrated themselves to the earth, and rising with converted hearts, shouted "Long live our Emperor!" and dispersed quietly to their homes.

Aug. 2.—Grand fumigation below. Jupiter and Apollo gave a fête and ball.

Aug. 3.—Ditto ditto ditto. Last day of qua-

rantine. We were mustered by doctors, and hauled down green flag, which we danced upon. We gave a dinner to Swedish officers of the guard-ship. At five weighed anchor, and ran out to sea. Beautiful weather and good spirits.

Aug. 4.—At seven P.M. we reached the outer roads of Traavemunde, but were not allowed by the health officers to run into the port. Imagine the despair of the passengers thereat! I still hope we shall be released at noon to-morrow. The evening was passed in gloom.

Aug. 5.—At noon the auxiliary steamer from Lubeck came out and informed us that we were released, and admitted to pratique: huzzas and rejoicings! Up anchor and ran into the river Traave, where we disembarked at Traavemunde. At half-past two we embarked in the auxiliary steamer, and reached Lubeck at half-past four P.M. We dined altogether; with felicitations, and toasts, and champagne. I took leave very affectionately of all hands at eight, and set off in a Stool Wagen with the Cayleys

for Oldesloe, which place we reached at half-past eleven. Here we reposed for the night.

Aug. 6.—We left Oldesloe at eight o'clock A.M. and reached Hamburgh at half-past two, in spite of rain, thunder, and frequent stoppages to bait. We drove to the Hotel de Russie, on the Yungferstieg, close to my old quarters of last year. In the course of the evening Sheremetieff and others of our party arrived. We went to the Opera,—"La Muette de Portici:" it was very well performed. The Hamburghers are in a state of revolt about tolls at the gates; the military are out with cannon.

Aug. 7.—Grand muster of the gods, and march upon Jupiter's quarters at the Hotel Bellevue.

Aug. 12.—The rest of my time at Hamburgh was spent in junketing at Saturn's *campagne* at Poseldorff, at Plutus's dinner in town, at Morpheus's fête at Rainvilles, upon the bank of the Elbe, at Vulcan and Mercury's feast at home, and again at Saturn's *en famille*. My theatricals were Oberon, the Landyounker in

den Hauptstadt, and the *ennuyeux* opera of La Vestale. The gods beat their retreat out of Hamburgh one by one, and I am to-day left with Apollo, who, as well as myself, goes to London in the steamer to-morrow morning. So good-night, and good-b'ye to Hamburgh!

ROUTE FROM MOSCOW TO PETERSBURGH.

Distance in Wersts.	
	Moscow to
28	Tchornoï-grèse
22	Peschki
31	Klinn (Town)
26	Zavidovo
34	Voskressenskoï (Government of Tver.)
26	Tver (Town)
30	Mednoë
33	Torjock (Here buy slippers, &c. &c.)
38	Vouidroponsk
33	Vishney Voloshock (Here visit Canal)
36	Khotilovo (Government of Novgorod)
36	Edrovo
20	Zimogoré (in the Waldaï)
21	Jagelbitsi
16	Rakhino
19	Krestsi (Town)
29	Zaïtsova
26	Bronitsi
25	Novgorod (city)
22	Podberosé
24	Spaskoï Polist
24	Tchoudova
25	Pomerania
32	Tosna (Government of Petersburgh)
24	Sloboda (Ijora)
11	Sofia
22	St. Petersburgh.

In Russia the distances along the high roads are very accurately marked at every werst upon a tall post, having at its

head two boards, upon one side of which is marked the distance you have gone from the last great town, and on the other side the distance you have to go to the next great town. Nothing can equal the splendour and beauty of the great chaussée between Petersburgh and Moscow, as far as it goes. It is, however, unfortunately not yet completed, although it has been paid for four times over. Peculation, peculation, peculation!

I have heard of persons having contracted to make so many wersts of this road, at such and such a price, retiring from the work with large fortunes made by the contract. The money is levied upon the towns and villages along the line of road.

In Russia the price of posting varies from 8 to 5 copecks per horse per verst. Along the principal high roads from Petersburgh to Wilna, Moscow, Warsaw, &c. it is quoted at the former price, but, upon the cross roads in the interior, at the latter. Thirty copecks a station is a liberal fee for the postilion. He will drive like a madman for 40. A stranger will find the diligences Tchaplines and the Velocifère from Petersburgh to Moscow, the most eligible mode of conveyance, for then all is done for him, and he has no trouble with post-masters, postilions, inn-keepers, policemen, &c.

I sold my calèche, and travelled by the velocifère, which I recommend to those who may come after me as an excellent and commodious carriage.

THE END.

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